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SIGHTS AT THE FAIR.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IT was in the Italian section of the Liberal Arts Building, and I was looking at a fine piece of armor well set up,—helmet with vizor, breastplate, greaves, etc.,—when a woman's voice behind me exclaimed: "It 's a diver. I 've seen 'em. Ain't he natural looking!"

They were evidently an elderly country couple, and she had just caught sight of the armor. I wondered what the smith who had wrought with such patient art would have said could he have heard the exclamation, and have seen the couple walk on perfectly satisfied that they had seen a diver, the husband delighted with his wife's knowledge. The very resemblance which made the mistake not altogether inexcusable made it all the funnier. Doubtless amusing mistakes like this have counted up into the millions at the Fair; yet in spite of these it has not failed in its function as an educator.

It is, however, as an exposition of landscape-gardening and architecture that the Fair will most grandly fulfil this function. If there were not a picture, nor a yard of textiles, nor a ton of machinery, inside the buildings, these themselves, and their disposition about the grounds, would preach most eloquently the gospel of beauty. For this reason the location of the Fair near the geographical center was most fortunate. No unprejudiced visitor to the West can fail to admire many of its characteristics; but cheerfulness in architecture is not one of these. Somberness is rather the prevailing key in the large business blocks of most of the Western cities. In Chicago there is nothing quite so bad as the rows of brown-stone fronts with which post-bellum taste made large portions of New York hideous, but there is generally a lack of the happy and the engaging. Surely the bright, cheerful buildings of the Fair must have a gladdening effect upon the future of building in the rapidly developing West.

Strolling through this fairy-land of modern enterprise, I often wondered what any one of the intrepid early navigators of this "brother to the sea" would have thought, if, as he approached this shore, he could have seen the White City rising in all its beauty as if out of the lake itself. Of course he would have laid it to mirage, and, having discovered that it was real, he would have had another and perhaps greater surprise on finding out that it was all in honor of Columbus. The latter, by the way, is not very prominent at the Fair. There is a statue of him on the basin front of the Administration Building, and I presume the central figure in the fine group of statuary on the peristyle was intended for him; but as a whole what started out as the "World's Columbian Exposition" has become simply the "World's Fair."

While the Fair lasts Washington will have to yield to it the title of "City of Magnificent Distances." One does not realize how much physical exertion sight-seeing requires until one has spent a day at the Fair. You are so occupied

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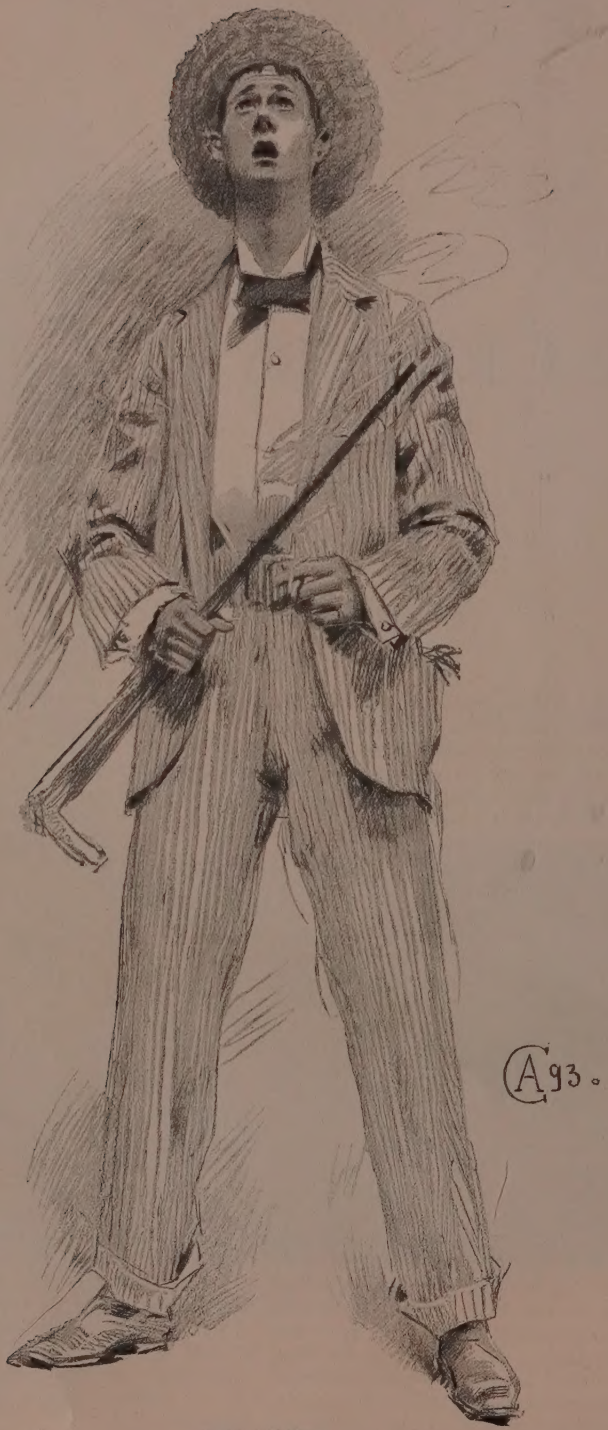


SPEECHLESS.

AN UNFRAMED PICTURE.

FROM THE TOP OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, LOOKING TOWARD MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL HALLS.

with looking at things that your fatigue does not find a chance to make itself felt until you turn homeward. Then you begin to wonder if you have any legs left. For this reason the wheel-chairs pushed by intelligent beings clad in sky-blue with white piping are a boon. You can "do" the Fair comfortably and systematically, and if you happen to have the same cicerone several days in succession he is apt to become *en rapport* with you, divining your tastes, and pushing you whither these would lead you. Many of the gracious pushers are theological students, a fact which has gradually fastened upon these chairs the appellation of "gospel chariots." The late Mr. Cook, in the earlier days of his efforts to excite the migratory propensities of the human race, was wont to add to his circulars the announcement that "a number of marriages have been among the results of these tours." From what I have observed, I incline to think that several of the "gospel chariot" excursions will lead to equally felicitous results.

The sum of human happiness being to get about without any effort on your own part, other means of accomplishing this are provided in the electric launches and gondolas. Of these the latter are the more pleasurable, because, as the gondoliers — real ones from Venice — are obliged to work, you are made to feel delightfully lazy, lying back and gliding over the pretty lagoons, and imagining yourself in Venice — providing you have never been there. The illusion continues until your round trip — at an investment of twenty-five cents — brings you near the little wharf from which you started, when one of your gondoliers remarks: "Finis'! Gli gondolieri lika some beer!" Among these gondoliers I found an inveterate fisherman, who, when off duty, could be seen dropping a line in the shadow of one of the arches over the lagoon. Even on illumination nights he would scorn the fairy-like scenes, and seek the shadows of the arch. Possibly the fact that he never caught anything made him feel as if he were at home again in Venice.

If you wish to see the buildings from the lake, there are steam-launches which, passing under

A CHICAGO STREET.

THE TOP OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

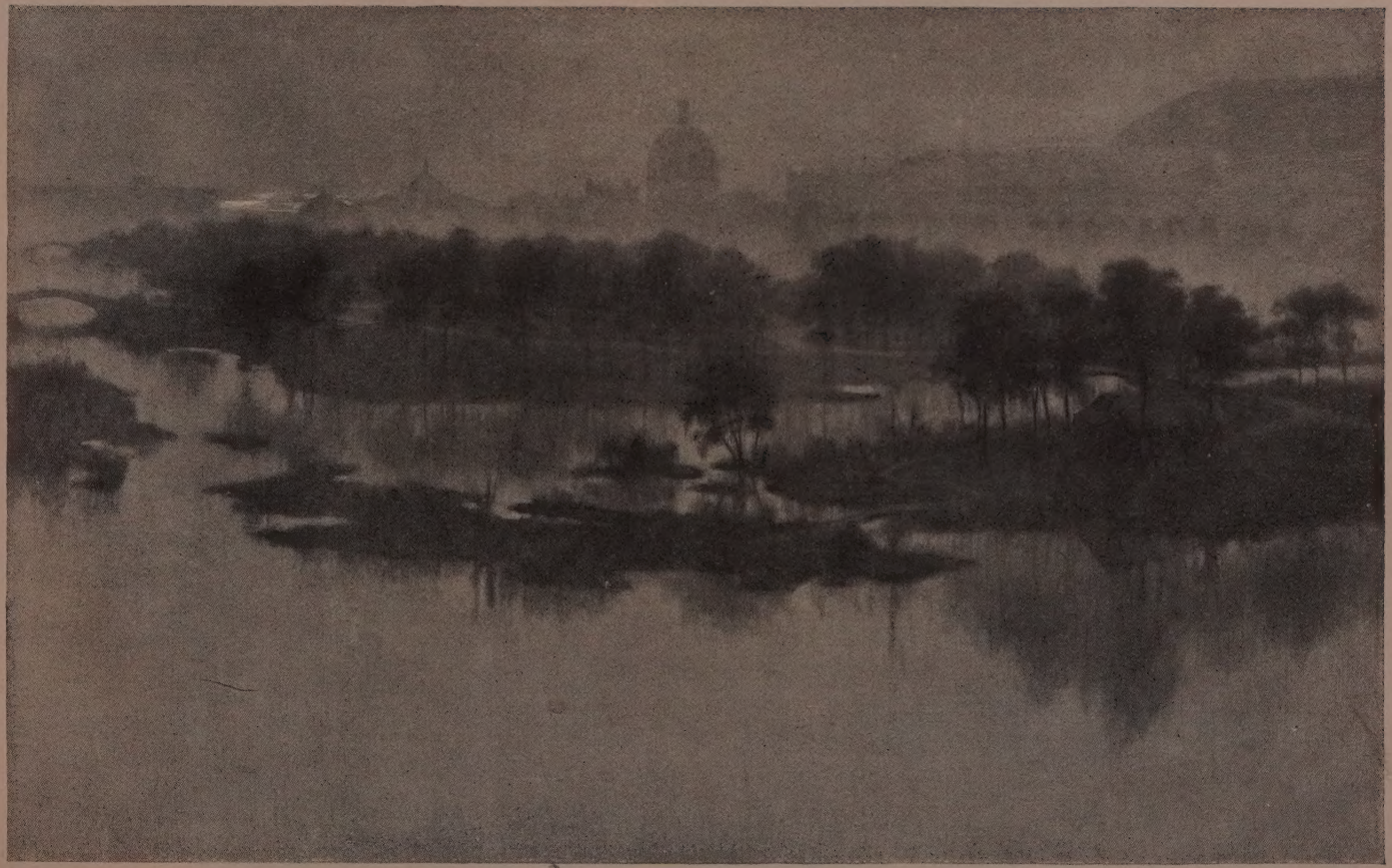
ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE CANAL, LOOKING SOUTH. (EVENING.)

the arches of the peristyle, run out to the end of the long steamer-pier, and then, turning north, convey you to the pier from which you can board the brick battle-ship *Illinois*. This is probably the most complete naval exhibit ever made by any country, and it attracts great attention. But I saw one man who did not go aboard. He was not allowed. "Ephraim," exclaimed his wife, "you don't know nothing about ships. It might sink, or it might sail away with you." And Ephraim wisely adopted the advice of his better half, and sailed away with *her*. By the way, I am always struck at expositions of this kind with the fondness of mankind for implements devised for the destruction of mankind. This battle-ship, the models of war-ships in the Transportation Building, the Krupp guns, and the guns shown by our own Ordnance Department, seemed to me the most popular exhibits. The superb guns shown by our Ordnance Department must have created the impression that our forts are as well armed as those of any country. As a matter of fact, each gun exhibited was unique—the only one of its kind at the disposal of our army, except that we have a few more of the fine modern field-pieces, an example of which was shown.

Speaking of the Transportation Building reminds me of the general subject of transportation to the Fair, and suggests an incident which has a decided Gilbert-and-Sullivan flavor. The Exposition managers were from the start anxious to have the railroads make a low rate to Chicago. Accordingly they appointed a committee on transportation which consisted entirely, I believe, of railroad men whose lines come into Chicago. In their capacity as committeemen these gentlemen passed a resolution requesting their respective railroads to make reduced rates during the World's Fair months. On receiving this resolution by mail the next day at their respective offices, they, in their capacity as railroad managers, wrote letters to the transportation committee denying the request which, as members of that committee, they had made.

The Transportation Building is one of the few instances of color in architecture at the Fair. Its prevailing tone is terra-cotta, and along its frieze, done somewhat after the manner of illumination in old missals, is a line of angels. This frieze is highly artistic, yet the idea of painting angels on the outside of the Transportation Building always had a humorous aspect to me—it was so suggestive of the



THE FAIRY ISLAND.

JUST FROM THE RANCH.

HARD TO PLEASE.

kind of transportation we are all anxious to avoid, yet (there was a touch of the grim in this) are perhaps most exposed to when we use modern means of transportation. The golden arch which forms the main entrance to this building is probably the architectural detail most admired by the general public.

France figures in a dual rôle at the Fair. She not only makes an exhibit, but shows the other nations of the world how to make an exhibit. After passing along the rows of sarcophagus-like show-cases in which the American textile exhibit is made,— an admirable exhibit so far as the goods are concerned,— it is a positive relief to come within view of the handsome façade with which the French have surrounded the space reserved for them in the Liberal Arts Building. Between the arches of this façade, fronting on the main avenue, are alcoves for the exhibit of furniture, costumes, and other articles requiring an interior for their most effective display. Through the main arch of the façade one enters an apartment hung with rich tapestries, and suitable mural decorations make the *entourage* of the section as artistic as the exhibits themselves. You leave the glare and heat of the rest of the building to find a subdued light and cool shade in the French section; for the French have made ceilings of cloths—some of them with borders or centers cut in lace patterns — to keep out the glare and the heat. Throughout their section they have placed comfortable settees, which are simply a boon to the weary. I have seen exhausted women throw themselves down upon these settees and fall asleep. The French section has become widely known as a place of refuge for those in need of rest. How many of those who admire the setting of this French section, and the humanity which prevails in all its arrangements, realize that it is simply the gracious expression of a national art-sense? Here was a lesson that to be great a nation need not be brutal. When I first arrived in Chicago a feeling of suppressed grief seemed to pervade the ranks of the French employees — even of the marines who stood guard in this section. I wondered what was the matter until I accidentally learned that one of the subordinate American employees in the Art Building had pasted a small label on one of Meissonier's paintings.

The Lyons silk exhibit — which has a "coast-line" of about 1000 feet of show-cases —is in the gallery. For the stairways which lead to the gallery in other parts of the building the French have substituted a broad and easy flight of steps, and the floor of the space occupied by this exhibit has been specially carpeted. The Soieries de Lyon attract a vast amount of attention from women; and, indeed, some of the silks are beautiful enough to be called woven music. This exhibit must equal in money value that of the combined textile exhibits of all the other nations. To show what a Frenchman can do with a loom, I may mention a piece of silk which represents a stretch of sea with sunset colors above it. It is not a set woven picture, like the woven copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, but a piece of delicate fantasy. Strange to say, the one blot on the artistic arrangement of

the French section was in this Lyons exhibit. The cases had been "dressed" about as prosaically as was possible. As an expert dry-goods man said to me, they could n't have been worse if the goods had "just been chucked in for a fire-sale." Yet so beautiful are these silks, that the men who usually rebel at the length of time they are compelled by their wives to remain among the textiles lingered willingly enough here. For myself, I prefer the small but exceedingly refined exhibit of hand-made laces made by the Compagnie des Indes down-stairs, the cheerful human toil which enters into the delicate products giving them an interest which no machine-made fabric can possess.

I happened to witness one rather funny incident in the American silk exhibit. A concern which manufactures spool silk has as a special feature a mammoth artificial silkworm. Under the case is an electric mechanical contrivance by which raw silk is made to pass into the worm at one end, and spools of silk are caused to drop out at the other. A woman, after watching this for some time, exclaimed, "Well, I can understand it all except how it manages to get the silk colored!"

In the Midway Plaisance is probably the greatest collection of "fakes" the world has ever seen. The proprietors thereof rejoice, however, in the proud title of "Concessionnaires." Whenever I grew tired of formal sight-seeing I would stroll down the Plaisance (which was so popular that everybody soon got the knack of pronouncing it correctly) to the Egyptian temple. Here was the greatest fakir of them all. I am proud to say he was an American. In Egyptian raiment he squatted in front of the temple, and delivered his speech as follows:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the temple of Luxor, the tomb of Rameses II. You will find his mummy about[1] the fifth one on the right. On the left the mummy of King Solomon's father-in-law — also his sister-in-law. The sacred dances are about to begin."

To discover, after all this, that the mummies at which people were gazing so reverentially were dummies was an unmitigated joy.

One evening after the Egypto-American above mentioned had delivered his speech about the temple of Luxor and the mummy of Rameses II., a man in the crowd turned to me and asked, "Is this the German Village?"

The personnel of the Plaisance shows reminded me of Thackeray's inventory of passengers in the *White Squall*. There are innumerable Oriental dances — Turkish, Algerian, Persian, and Egyptian, the latter in a theater annexed to the "Street in Cairo." These dances are supposed to be very suggestive, but I think most people must find them simply ugly, and wonder if they really convey the Oriental idea of grace in motion.

Much more interesting is the dancing in

A VETERAN.

the large Javanese village, and in the theater of the South Sea Islanders. The former is really graceful; the latter is the best dancing in the Plaisance. It makes no pretense to grossness, but is simply downright savage. There is a certain indescribable charm about the Plaisance with its varied life; and the crowd which it attracts is an added feature of interest. Not far from the Plaisance was Buffalo Bill's

[1] A most delicious inflection of the voice on this word.

WONDERFUL!

Wild West Show with its Deadwood Coach, "which, ladies and gentlemen, has carried more royalty, and more royalty at one time, than any other coach in the world—Colonel Cody on the box!" It costs about $30 in dimes and quarters to do the Plaisance. But the fakes, including the Beauty Show, are often seen in procession through the grounds.

Very little has been said about the music at the Fair, but it is an important "life" exhibit. I do not refer to the playing of the wind-instrument bands on the out-door stands, but to the concerts in the music and festival halls. At the head of the department of music is Theodore Thomas, who still conducts with his old-time grace and significance, and can get more music out of his orchestra with a simple wave of the hand than many conductors can with hands, arms, head, and body. He is assisted by Mr. Tomlins and Mr. George H. Wilson, the latter being in charge of the arduous duties of administration. Mr. Thomas has a permanent orchestra, which can be brought up to 150 by drawing in some of the players from the bands, who for this purpose become, temporarily, musicians. Choral and instrumental concerts, many of them free, are given nearly every day, and the results cannot fail to be far-reaching.

When I laid emphasis on the importance of the Fair as an exhibit of landscape-gardening and architecture, I had in mind the unusualness of those features as compared with the exhibits as a whole, among which there are necessarily few surprises. The great firms have done about what might reasonably have been expected of them; but those strokes of genius by which individuals hitherto unknown attain on occasions like these immediate and lasting fame are not strikingly apparent. Nor should I say that outside the Art Building and the United States Government Building, residents of our large cities see much that could not be found at home. It must be remembered that our great trade bazaars—which have come up since the Centennial—draw on nearly all industries and all parts of the world, and are really world's fairs. For this reason the location of the Fair in Chicago was fortunate. It has brought things which are familiar to us in the East, where our town and rural population often gets into the large cities, to the cognizance of the great West. Thus exhibits which, perhaps, strike the visitor from a large city as nothing more than rows of show-cases are veritable revelations to the vast majority of visitors.

I have seen many descriptions of the World's Fair, but none has quite expressed what seems to me its most valuable characteristic. That is neither its size nor its magnificence, but its gra-

VIEW FROM THE ISLAND AT NIGHT.

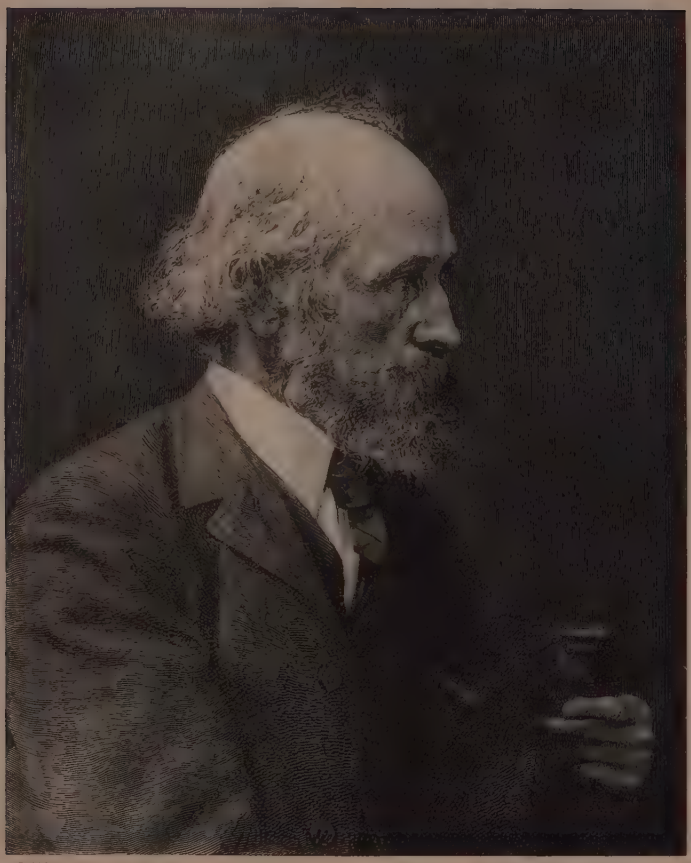
cious beauty and engaging loveliness, which linger in the memory like the remembrance of a pleasant dream. We Americans are apt to boast of the bigness of various things American; but here we have something as beautiful as it is big — nay, more beautiful. So let us for once overlook its size, and let the world know that we have something that is simply beautiful.

Gustav Kobbé.

STORM-VOICES.

THE night grows old; again and yet again
The tempest wakens round the whistling height,
And all the winds like loosened hounds take flight
With bay and halloo, and the wintry rain
Sweeps the drenched roof, and blears the narrow pane.
There is a surging horror in the night;
The woods far out are roaring in their might;
The curtains sway; the rafters creak and strain.
And, as I dream, o'er all my spirit swims
A passion sad and holy as the tomb;
Strange human voices cry into mine ear;
Out of the vexèd dark I seem to hear
Vast organ thunders, and a burst of hymns
That swell and soar in some cathedral gloom.

Archibald Lampman.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. COX.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN.

RETRACING the career of the author of "On the Track of Ulysses" is like following the course of Ulysses himself. "Much-roving," "much-enduring"—these Homeric epithets fit also our American, whose wanderings, however, are not yet over; at least he is still separated from his Ithaca by the full breadth of the unharvested sea. His very birthplace was a dislocation. I could never reconcile myself to Asa Gray's being native to New York, and not to the New England soil of his parents; and still more markedly did Stillman, born in Schenectady, New York, betray a Yankee lineage. Between the birth of his more mechanical brother Thomas, in fact, and his own coming into the world, the family had migrated from their Rhode Island home.

As if to set a seal on his unrest, fate would have it that the youth of twenty should graduate from Union College in 1848. Though he took at once to landscape-painting under Church, his ardent temperament could not be insensible to the revolutionary glow of the period, and Kossuth's arrival in this country in December, 1851, fully enlisted Stillman in behalf of the Hungarian cause, and gave him his first introduction to the complex "Eastern Question," which was to absorb the best thoughts and the best energies of his life. In 1852 he accepted from Kossuth a perilous mission to Vienna, to bring away the crown

jewels secreted by the exiled chief. I have heard him tell how, when his task seemed hopeless and the chance of his arrest unpleasantly good, he chose a stormy night to commit to the Danube his compromising credentials. The boot that hid them in its heel had hardly splashed in the river before he was challenged by a guard, who good-naturedly smiled at his bad German, and let "a foreigner" pass. The amateur revolutionist quickly made his way to Paris, and, taking up his brush again, entered an atelier.

This was Stillman's second visit to Europe. His first was in 1849, when Ruskin was midway in the publication of his "Modern Painters," and was hanging out his "Seven Lamps"; when, coincidently, the Preraphaelite Brotherhood was in the first twelvemonth of its existence. Acquaintance with Rossetti and the other leading spirits of this movement made of Stillman a true believer. With Ruskin, whose conversion came later, in 1851, he struck up the warmest friendship, and subsequently named for him his ill-starred first-born. The personal affection outlasted his detachment from the doctrine of that eloquent but incoherent moralist. After twenty years he could proclaim publicly that "Ruskin's *art*-teachings are utterly wrong." Meanwhile, in 1855, under the double influence of the prophet and the Brotherhood, he founded, with John Durand, the short-lived "Crayon" in New York, and though he still continued to exhibit at the Academy of Design, of which he had become an associate member, the litterateur began to get the better of the artist. The "Crayon," as conceived, had a literary as well as an artistic side, and this brought Stillman into familiar and delightful intercourse with Lowell and the Cambridge circle of wits, scholars, and savants. He joined a choice band of them in the Adirondacks in the summers of 1858 and 1859, and there was painted — I believe in the former year — his best-known and most poetic piece, "The Procession of the Pines." Another, and for its associations even more precious, canvas, now owned by Judge Hoar of Concord, Massachusetts, shows the distinguished group that included, besides the painter himself, Emerson in a white slouch-hat and blue hunting-shirt, Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Lowell, John Holmes (brother of the Autocrat), E. R. Hoar, Estes Howe, Amos Binney, and Horatio Woodman. "Wise and Polite," wrote Emerson of them in his poem "The Adirondacs" (and Judge Hoar has affixed the lines to the frame):

> Wise and Polite,—and if I drew
> Their several portraits, you would own
> Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
> Nor Boccace in Decameron.

Of this company Stillman was the guide, philosopher, and friend, and it was he who, after constructing a temporary camp on Tupper's Lake, called upon Lowell for an inscription, whereupon the bard reeled off, without pause or hesitation, an impromptu beginning,

> Whom rain doth welter
> Or heat swelter,
> Respect this shelter,

and weaving in a history of the shanty, the share taken by each in the work, and the names of the entire party.

The portrait which accompanies the present sketch of Stillman will give no idea of his appearance in those wild-wood days. Tall he was then, of course, and slender, and of a build which seemed to warrant the prediction of an early death by consumption, while in truth he possessed a wiry constitution and a remarkable vitality. A wealth of long, brown hair framed a handsome, smooth-shaven face, with broad, intellectual forehead, large eyes, and well-shaped mouth, of which the smile was something to be remembered. His sight was as keen for a mark as it was sensitive to the beauties of nature, and the supple fingers that bespoke the artist and the artisan pulled a trigger with good effect. Firearms have always been a passion with Stillman, and they typify his spiritual combativeness, his readiness to engage in controversy, which, after all, is perhaps only one manifestation of the Yankee impulse to propose an "improvement" on everything under the sun. His innate mechanical inventiveness has chiefly been expended upon cameras, for he has practised, experimented in, and written authoritatively about photography for more than a quarter of a century, and twenty years ago he published a manual of the art. When making the noble series of plates, partly architectural, partly picturesque, of the Acropolis of Athens which he published in 1870, the astonished Greeks saw him clamber to a windy perch on the top of the Parthenon, for the sake of that plunging view which shows the only portion of the sculptured frieze *in situ*, together with that convexity of the horizontal lines of their temples in which Stillman sees a subtle intention of the Greek architects to exaggerate the perspective.

The camera has but confirmed the practical divorce from the palette effected by his acceptance of office in 1861 under the administration of Lincoln. To use his own words:

> It was my misfortune to spend eight years of my life in the consular service of the United States. From the first post, that at Rome, I was removed to silence my remonstrances against the disgraceful state of our legation there; and, after

our usual shopkeeping system, I was sent to a distant station at my own expense, after having been financially ruined by my official countrymen at Rome.

The new station was Crete, where, in the spring of 1865, Stillman was brought face to face with "the unspeakable Turk," at a time when the island was on the eve of a fresh revolt. The history of this episode must be read in his "Cretan Insurrection," with its admirable descriptive chapters, and its graphic tale of the horrors of a conflict which he did nothing to incite, while sympathizing with the insurgents and risking his life for them. His complicity with them consisted in nothing more than being a sort of postman between them and Europe; and as his own consular colleagues were largely dependent on him for information to transmit to their respective governments, and were skilfully worked upon to that end and to procure intervention for the helpless objects of Turkish vengeance, Stillman naturally came to be regarded, both at Athens and at Constantinople, as the head and front of the rebellion. His activity in these two directions resulted in a great mitigation of suffering on the part of the non-combatant Christian population, who were taken off on foreign war-ships, and it more than once encouraged the combatants to fresh efforts which only Russian policy, perhaps, rendered futile. The persecution he had to endure in consequence from the local authorities and Mussulman population in Canéa made him almost a prisoner in his house, and finally drove him to transfer the consulate to a yacht. As the rebellion languished to its end, the Turkish government obtained from Secretary Fish his removal. Nevertheless, he was permitted and even encouraged to visit Constantinople on a peaceful mission which bore no fruit.

The Porte's nervousness in the presence of Stillman recalled that of the lion-tamer in the "Wandering Jew" on being followed about at all his performances by an Englishman who was bound to be in at the inevitable catastrophe. Nothing is more curious than Stillman's account, in his "Herzegovina and the Late Uprising" (1877), of his visits now to the half-implicated Montenegrins, now to the rebels in camp and on the battle-field, and now to the Turkish headquarters — all in the space of a few weeks. His immunity lay in his having become a correspondent of the London "Times," which he has remained to this day. His reports from the scene of action again enlightened Europe as to Turkish misrule and incompetency, and contributed not a little to the ultimate solution by which the Turk has been driven back upon the verge of the Balkan peninsula, pending his final expulsion from Europe.

In the service of the "Times," Athens was revisited in 1880. He revisited also the island of Melos, after an interval of a dozen years. A renewed study of the enigma of the famous Venus led Stillman to the belief, whose best ground is in his artistic instinct, that the statue is no Venus, but a Victory, perhaps enshrined in the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens. The discussion of this question is bound up with his "Ulysses" (1888), the record of an adventurous voyage undertaken in behalf of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. He also began with ardor the study of Greek archæology, especially in connection with the huge constructions which are styled Pelasgic, and which he has traced more thoroughly than any one, and pictured with his camera, up and down the Italian peninsula, in Sicily, in the Greek archipelago, and on the mainland. In the case of Mycenæ and Tiryns, he has been an unsparing critic of Dr. Schliemann, and so has brought himself into hot water with scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. But hot water is almost his natural element by this time, and he knows what it is to have incurred the resentment of the Florentines for his frank censure of their municipal insanitation, in the columns of the "Times," and to have been caricatured in the comic prints of Athens for his comments, also through the "Thunderer," on the political situation in Greece. Amid all this give and take, no one, happily, has ever accused him of a mercenary thought or a dishonest judgment.

It is not for me to estimate his worth as an artist, or to fix his rank as an art critic and connoisseur, great as is my admiration for the one and respect for the other. Nor must I here particularize the tragic or romantic features of his wedded life, doubly associated with Greece, and subject to the law of his wanderings. At home in divers lands and in divers cities, he is now seemingly a fixture in Rome. As I write, he is approaching his sixty-fifth birthday, and for more than a third of this period I have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, intimately and without reserve. But it is many years since we have met, and when shall I feel again the affectionate pressure of his hand — no, not the pressure, the confiding touch of palm to palm, the gentlest union of blade and sheath?

Wendell P. Garrison.

SIX BULLS TO DIE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

By the author of "In the Time of the Cherry Viewing."

I.

TWO very young ladies were the earliest guests to walk up the expectant aisle toward the flower-laden altar on the morning of Miss Ferris's marriage. They scanned with an air of responsibility the banks of tropical plants, the masses of yellow and white chrysanthemums accented here and there by the gleam of yellow satin ribbon, and the lavish bridal roses which already drooped a little in the warm air of the church.

"It is an old barn of a place," said the taller one, who had rather a critical and penetrating expression, "but the effect is really charming. I don't see how it could be improved."

"The yellow seems to light up the whole church," answered the other girl, who was more given to sentiment than her companion. "It is like the sunshine one covets for a bride."

They sat down, and looked about with evident self-complacency as they chatted. "It is well to provide the sunshine indoors in November," remarked the first speaker. "What a hideous day it is! But Julia Ferris won't mind."

"You seem positively spiteful about Julia this morning. Why won't she mind, pray?"

"Oh, she does n't mind about weather, and then she rises above everything. Her equanimity is beyond anything. It does irritate me. It is n't discriminating."

"Perhaps she does care, after all."

"Then it is n't honest. I suppose she is very lovely, as every one says, and it is extraordinarily amiable in her to make the best of everything; but she is too cheerful for me. I would rather know what she did prefer originally. I have the feeling she might be marrying any one else this morning, just as well as Mr. Phelps, and be just as well pleased and smiling and complacent."

"At all events, he is awfully in love with her."

But the taller young lady was not to be diverted from her critical analysis of Julia Ferris's character. It seemed to be a relief to her mind. "I am perfectly worn out with Julia's virtues," she said. "They palled upon me at school, and they have irritated me ever since. And her engagement has been the climax; it is so altogether suitable and desirable. I maintain she is absolutely self-centered. She never could have schooled herself to be what she is without too much care. Why, she has absolutely created herself. Her very simplicity is the highest art. It is the deepest sort of egotism never to refer to one's self; it must take constant thought. It is my opinion she never forgets herself one single minute."

"She certainly seems uncommonly interested in other people and considerate of every one."

"Oh, she is too considerate. Her sympathies are too universal; I don't believe in them. There are no miracles of loaves and fishes nowadays, and she has too many friends; it is a perfect prostitution of the affections."

"What shockingly exaggerated expressions you do use, Barbara," said the other girl, laughing. "I can't help liking Julia Ferris. I think I like people to be pleasant, and she interests me too. She is not stupid, you must admit that."

"No; she is not stupid."

By this time the ushers were gathered in a knot at the rear of the church, discussing their responsibilities apparently with a flurried sense of inadequacy. The more amiable of the two girls placed a freshly gloved hand on each side of her pretty little lavender bonnet, and deftly straightened and adjusted it after her careless looking about. "I suppose Bob will do some frightfully awkward thing," she said.

"Oh, nothing awkward will occur at Julia's wedding; her presence of mind will pervade everything. No detail will be overlooked, and nobody will be forgotten. You will see."

These sanguine predictions seemed destined for fulfilment. The ushers ceased to be anxious, flurried individuals, and became black-coated, white-favored adjuncts of the ceremony as they passed up the aisles with quiet conventional courtesy, and seated the guests with much discrimination. The organ sounded softly through the church, and then swelled into ready, joyous improvisations which told that the organist was happily at his best. Even the sexton granted, though grudgingly, a little tardy ventilation, and the drooping roses seemed to revive in the breeziness of the general stir and animation.

They were mostly women and girls who filled the church, but here and there a well-kept, middle-aged man sanctioned the affair with a good-natured jocosity, or a young fellow lounged in a back seat as if disclaiming his half-effeminate curiosity by his easy nonchalance. There were

male connections, and guests of honor, too, who sat erect in the front of the church with a certain pride of responsibility in the occasion which gave their presence not only excuse but dignity.

Presently the Lohengrin bridal music stilled the murmur of subdued chat, and heightened expectation into something just failing solemnity through the constant turning of heads and wandering of inquisitive eyes to catch the first glimpse of the coming procession, and at the very minute appointed expectancy was merged in gratified curiosity mixed with hopeful or retrospective sentiment, as the case might be. It was indeed a charming spectacle — the bewitching babies, too small for self-consciousness, under their absurdly wide hats, grasping their big baskets of flowers with precocious gravity; the girlish maid of honor; the fresh-faced bridesmaids in their quaint toilets of pale green; the white-robed bride, with her sweep of gleaming train.

The ceremony was long; but it was no less trying for those who felt bound to deny themselves the esthetic enjoyment of the tableau during the closing prayer, for the kneeling figure of the bride was the embodiment of artistic and graceful self-surrender, and the back of the bridal gown fitted to perfection. They were partly rewarded for their self-denial, however, by the slow progress down the main aisle. The most fastidious taste could suggest no improvement in the bride's appearance or carriage. She was pale, but not too pale. If she carried her head proudly, there were a gravity and sweetness in her expression which were the earnest of humility. She was neither self-conscious nor blank-eyed and oblivious; and as for her costume, it was the perfection of consummate art achieving simplicity.

If the bride appeared to advantage in the church, she was even more to be admired in her difficult rôle at the reception. Her graceful ease, her cordial kindness, her grateful affection, were as becoming as the bridal white and the softening veil. Each guest felt that for once the troublesome congratulations were successfully delivered. Each friend was flattered by a peculiar responsiveness and notice. Doubtfully chosen presents were complacently remembered by the most reluctant donors in view of the appreciative acknowledgments they had called out. The middle-aged men who had been dragged to the reception by their wives wondered at their own social ease, but were scarcely surprised to find their jocosity suddenly elevated to the effect of wit, while they spoke of the wedding afterward as much less of a bore than they had expected.

The tall young lady was still cynical as she made her way through the crowded rooms where the presents were displayed. They were indeed a magnificent tribute to the bride's popularity, but the girl seemed slightly fagged and dispirited by the sight of so many superfluous sugar-bowls and after-dinner coffee-spoons. She stopped to read, half mechanically, the titles of some sets of books expensively bound, and tied with bridal ribbons.

"If I had given Julia anything to read," she said, "it would not have been sets of books, but a volume of book notices. All she cares about books, I am sure, is to have a résumé of their contents, so that she can talk intelligently about them and adapt herself to those who do care."

"Why, I thought Miss Ferris was uncommonly well read, and fond of books," answered her companion, a young man and a connection.

"Of course you thought so. That is part of her cleverness; but I don't believe she ever lost herself in a book, or was ever roused to enthusiasm by a fine thought or a line of poetry in her life."

"You are very severe, Miss Barbara; I believe you bear Miss Ferris a grudge for not marrying your cousin."

"I have been thinking of Morris all day today, but I am sure it is a great mercy she did not marry him. Fancy her as the wife of an engineer! Imagine all that social experience and perfection of manner wasted in the wilderness!"

"I believe they are going West on their wedding tour."

"I can't imagine why they should. She does n't care a rap for nature; but it will give her a chance to rise above all sorts of discomfort — that will be something. Nothing will disturb or depress her. There will be no surprises for Mr. Phelps."

"Lucky man!"

"He may live to crave them."

"They are going to Mexico, too, they tell me. Down there I imagine she will have still greater chance to enjoy rising above discomfort, according to your theory."

In the pause of their chat a low and plaintive voice made itself heard. A tired little woman in a made-over black silk stood near by, looking rather wistfully at some painted dessert-plates. "Julia insists on my taking home a quantity of cake to the children, and a great bunch of roses to mother," she was saying to her husband. "How kind and thoughtful she is to think of us in the midst of all this excitement!"

The tall young lady walked on. "Is there no way of escaping Julia's praises!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I knew every one would have wedding-cake who ought to, and all the flowers and delicacies would be sent to invalids afterward, and she would think of everything and everybody. As for me, I wish she might at

least have been married in a fit of abandon and absent-mindedness. I don't consider all this thoughtfulness compatible with a proper state of feeling toward Mr. Phelps," she finished, half laughing at the climax of her own irritation.

They entered the long parlor just in time to see the bride leave it, and they caught only one more glimpse of her afterward as the carriage drove away. She wore a strikingly becoming traveling-hat, which did not look too new or bridal, and as she laughingly drew back into the carriage to avoid the shower of rice, there was just the suggestion of tearfulness in her smiling eyes which was fitting and appropriate. "What a charming wedding!" every one said.

"It has been absolutely perfect," remarked the tall young lady, with a sigh.

II.

THE arid plains of northern Mexico: sagebrush, mesquit, and cactus; purple mountains sharply outlined against the horizon; a broad river-bottom fringed with stunted yellow cottonwoods; a village of adobe huts under the brown bluff-like hills; a brush corral with a few jaded horses inside; some Mexicans with gay serapes on the brow of the cliff; a cloudless sky, and an air fresh and delicious, yet touched with the balminess of the South. Through the open car-windows with the soft breeze came the voices of Indian women crying tortillas and léach and limas, the sound of a blind beggar's guitar, a gay Mexican song.

It was the shipping-station for the mining district forty miles to the west, and two men, rough and dusty and unwashed after a day and night of staging, had just taken possession of a section in the Pullman sleeper.

"Well, I call this luxury," remarked the older man. "Don't it look good? Don't it feel good?"

"Rather," answered the younger man, shortly. He was busy stowing away his dusty and travel-worn traps, but he continued taciturn and preoccupied for some time after they were comfortably located and the train was in motion. At last, with a visible embarrassment, he said: "I see there is an old friend of mine on board. I think I must go and speak to her. I wish I was n't so confoundedly dirty."

"Oh, you 'll do; she won't expect to see a New York swell come out of a Mexican stage-coach," answered his companion, reassuringly.

The young fellow was certainly not in drawing-room trim. He wore the flannel shirt of the frontier under his old gray coat, and his hat was a drab felt Texas sombrero with a much-battered brim. He was browned almost to the hue of a Mexican, and his beardless face was a trifle rough for the need of the daily razor; but his eyes, which looked paler than they really were, in contrast with his sunburned skin, had a pleasant expression, and there was a certain frank directness in his speech which went well with the roughness of his dress and his careless carriage. He did not appear altogether at his ease, however, as he walked to the front of the car where an American couple, tourists evidently, occupied the two plush-curtained forward sections with a suspiciously bridal exclusiveness. They were bending over a guide-book in interested tête-à-tête discussion of its advice, and the young engineer stood beside them, his battered sombrero in his hand, before either was aware of his approach.

Mrs. Phelps's self-possession and tact were equal to the occasion, surprising as was the accident of this encounter. "Why, Morris Crawford!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand with the brightest and most cordial smile imaginable; "what an unlikely thing to happen! I am delighted to see you" — then, without the faintest confusion or change of color, "I think you have not met my husband — Mr. Phelps. This is my friend Mr. Crawford you have heard us speak of so often."

Mr. Phelps naturally was not quite so cordial as his wife, but he was extremely civil to the young man, offering him his own seat, and sitting down opposite in the small space left unoccupied by the basket of oranges, the novels, and rugs, in a transient attitude which suggested the probability of his soon dropping out of the chat.

"I imagined you leagues away, in southern Arizona. Have you been long in Mexico?" It was the bride who spoke.

"Only a few months. I am down here about a railroad to open up the mining region to the west. We have our right of way, and most of the stock is subscribed. I have been taking a final look over the ground before making my report on the general prospects and probable cost. We are promised the ore from one of the best mines in Mexico," he went on, turning to Mr. Phelps with the somewhat unnecessary communicativeness which is apt to result from embarrassment. But Mr. Phelps seemed much interested in the project, while Mrs. Phelps, too, listened with a singularly intelligent expression, brightening into instant responsiveness at any appeal to her comprehension.

"The road will open up a wonderful bit of country," declared the young engineer with some enthusiasm. "The mines are as rich as any in the world. The soil is good, there are leagues of virgin timber-land, and the climate

is unsurpassed. All that is needed is facility of transportation."

"Is there security for property held by foreigners, do you think, under the Mexican government?" asked Mr. Phelps.

"I am sure of it. But I am traveling with the mine-owner, an American who has lived in Mexico twenty years, and can tell you more about the country than any man you are likely to meet. I will introduce you to him if you care to ask some questions; he will be glad to talk with you. He leaves the train at Zacatecas."

Mr. Phelps professed much interest in the opportunity, and the two men walked back together. It was one of those frank and unconsidered offers which characterized the young fellow, and it was only on his return to his seat by the bride that he realized the difficult nature of the tête-à-tête he had brought upon himself.

"How are you enjoying Mexico, Miss Julia?" he asked, deepening his confusion by his mistake.

"Oh, greatly," she smiled indulgently; "but our experiences are rather limited as yet. They are chiefly confined to the custom-house, where we had a little excitement last evening. A custom-house officer looking like a stage brigand, in a gorgeous silver-trimmed sombrero, and wearing a huge pistol with a mother-of-pearl handle stuck in his belt, was much exercised by the contents of my trunk. He pulled out my most treasured possessions with the greatest freedom, and kept saying, 'Mucho bueno, mucho bueno,' as he stroked them complacently with his black hands, while Mr. Phelps remonstrated in vain, and I stood by in tragic despair. The curious Mexicans clustered around us made such a picturesque group in the lamp-light that I felt as if I were acting in opera bouffe."

"He needed to have his head punched," averred Crawford, with the contemptuous and violent instinct of the dominant race. And then in some vague masculine way the superfine contents of the trunk suggested to him the conventional accessories of a wedding, and the necessity for making his forgotten congratulations. He remedied his forgetfulness with bungling abruptness. "I have not offered you my congratulations, Mrs. Phelps; I wish you no end of happiness." There was more constraint than sincerity in his voice, possibly even a faint shade of resentment.

"Thank you," the bride answered simply and cordially enough.

Crawford began to feel at ease in spite of himself as they drifted quite naturally into chat about the friends at home; and as they talked on easily he noticed the peculiar appropriateness of the girl's becoming traveling-costume, and the infinite tact of her reminiscences.

The fresh breeze, cool and reviving after the midday heat of the plains, fluttered the leaves of the guide-book, and loosened and blew little locks of fine, fair hair about her smooth and placid forehead. The unwonted comfort of the sleeper, the unaccustomed pleasure of an interesting woman's society, the sound of the familiar voice — it was all like a strange, improbable dream, and lacked, as dreams will, the wounding force of reality.

Julia Ferris — for by that name he still found it natural to think of her — was neither more nor less cheerful than usual, and there was no change in her sympathetic friendliness. There seemed very little to tell of herself and her bridal experiences. While she spoke of her husband in the most natural way possible, there was no aggressive happiness apparent, nor absorption in their affairs. Crawford's own past grew interesting as he found himself stimulated to a modest but detailed recital of half-forgotten adventure, and his prospects for the future seemed wide and almost exhilarating as she touched upon them. "It is a great scheme," she said.

"Yes; the mines alone are worth a fortune. There is a lot of money in it if we have the luck to make the thing go through."

III.

THERE was a small and confidential luncheon a day or two after the marriage, at which the affair was exhaustively discussed. In the course of the discussion the figure of the groom assumed a more important and individual character than it had appeared to have during the ceremony or at the reception. In regard to Mr. Phelps's attractions there seemed some difference of opinion, although there apparently was none concerning his moral and intellectual traits.

The latest débutante affirmed in the chatter of débutantes that he was not at all fascinating, but exactly the right sort of person for a girl to marry if she only could fall in love with him. This, indeed, had been the judgment of the successive sets of very young girls who had come out during his prosperous and courted bachelorhood. As to whether Julia Ferris had achieved this feat, as well as the still more difficult one of suiting his fastidious taste and bringing him to the point of an unreserved admiration and prompt declaration, there was a further difference of opinion, though the feeling was universal that it was one of those things no one was ever likely to know.

It was the same tall young lady who had been so antagonistic to the unqualified eulogies of the wedding-day who remarked that Julia's heart reminded her of the obscure passage in

Browning which so long baffled his admirers —for very good reasons, as Browning himself explained. The smiles which this cynicism provoked were not entirely willing or consenting: the young ladies were all intimate friends of the bride. Some one volunteered to say in conclusion that Mr. Phelps at least seemed satisfied with what he had found in it, and the discussion died gracefully away in a timely silence covered by a general dallying with the salted almonds.

But Mr. Phelps's character was not one to be tried alone by feminine and drawing-room standards. In the more weighty and important judgment of the world at large he was one of the respected, well-balanced, and successful men of the community whose masculinity took the form of robust views and successful mental effort rather than of physical activity. He did not ride or shoot, and had never even in college life been addicted to athletic games, his health being quite independent of the gymnasium; but he was a man among men at the club, where he was known as a ready talker, with a peculiar temperance in discussion and a certain philosophic reflectiveness and tolerance of mind. The discriminating few who were his chosen friends recognized in him the rare virtue that the unbroken prosperity of his life had failed in some inexplicable way to blunt the fineness of his perceptions and sympathies. In spite of the fact that he had always been extremely comfortable, he had never learned to consider his own comfort of paramount importance. Well educated, traveled, rich, he was yet able to imagine something of the bitterness of limitations and unsuccess which lay beyond the pale of his experience. His close-cut English beard and a certain abstemiousness and austerity of life suggested the churchman, but his inflexible principle was not supported by any creed, and his views were far from doctrinal. It might be added that his high-mindedness had never been tried by any very severe temptation, and that the intense love he gave his wife was the first vivid emotion which had ever really stirred his soul. His devotion was certainly no less fresh and ardent for the years and temperament which the débutantes reckoned against him.

While Mr. Phelps gave a perfunctory attention to the practical information and views of the mine-owner, he found it strangely difficult to assume his customary receptive attitude of mind toward statistics bearing on the present condition and future prospects of the Mexican republic. What he chiefly experienced, it must be admitted, in this first meeting with others, was a fresh sense of the reality and permanence of the new happiness underlying his own life. While his eyes seemed reflectively fixed on the extraordinary figures passed in quick review before his mental vision, and he appeared to be gravely weighing their significance, he saw in imagination all the while, behind the wind-stirred plush of the curtained section, his wife's charming bare head and smiling eyes. To her, indeed, he was the veriest lover. He presently noticed with tender concern the sudden early chill of the Mexican evening, and, excusing himself rather abruptly to his naïvely communicative companion, went quietly forward to close the window, and to extract a wrap from the accumulation of lighter luggage.

"Have you noticed the sunset, Julia?" he asked, with something of the tone and look not suggested by any of the bridal reminiscences incidentally occurring in Mrs. Phelps's chat.

"You are sitting on my hat, Henry," she protested, with the same undisturbed amusement which had invariably smoothed the roughness of their Western travel.

The young engineer rose. It was with an unexpected pang, as he did so, that he noticed the plain gold ring on the girl's slim, ungloved hand carelessly held out for the crushed hat, while she still leaned back against the high upholstery of the seat.

"I think Mrs. Phelps always has too practical a care for the near objects of life to pay much attention to the horizon," he remarked, with somewhat unnecessary frankness.

"That is an ungrateful as well as an uncalled-for insinuation, since I have been turning my back to the sunset all this time for the sole purpose of listening to you." The bride spoke laughingly and lightly enough, but Mr. Phelps's manner was a shade less cordial. He would have been unable to analyze a certain unaccustomed resentment he felt at the younger man's speech; to decide whether it arose from the suggestion of a previous intimate association between the two, implied in this readiness to analyze his wife's character, or from some subtle disappointment of his own, which lent weight to the assertion. Was there perhaps some memory of a delight in the Western mountains which had found scant response in her more practical soul during these first weeks of constant and intimate association? At all events, he gave the young engineer no farther excuse for lingering; but the disappointment, if it was such, had never taken definite shape, even in his inner consciousness. The shade of annoyance left no trace on his manner to his wife, which was always one of peculiar consideration and courtesy, and all memory of it was soon lost in the happy privilege he enjoyed of throwing his arm over the cushion behind her graceful shoulders, and leaning forward to enjoy with her the beauty of the sun-

set, which was transfiguring the barren brown hills with soft ethereal tints of pinkish lavender, indescribably lovely against the pale evening sky.

The young engineer meanwhile found what compensation he could for his bachelorhood in a good Spanish cigar smoked reflectively on the back platform. It was not much. The sunset coloring did not disguise for him the dreary barrenness of the prospect which weighed heavily on his soul, with memories of isolation and monotony and discomfort. Old feelings, unwonted desires, stirred within him. "To spend one's youth in such places!" he exclaimed, in impatient thought. "What a waste of life!"

The train was late in arriving at the comfortless eating-station, and something of the discomfort of his mood was apparent as the travelers tried in vain to satisfy hunger with the tough, untempting steak and chicken, the unwholesome hot rolls, and the lard-like butter they found there. But the bride was cheerful to gaiety, and managed to give to the belated supper in the dimly lighted Chinese restaurant an air of festivity and social exhilaration to which Crawford had long been a stranger. He responded by degrees to her laughing badinage, and, as they walked up and down the platform afterward, the old charm and fascination of the girl's companionship completely reasserted themselves. There was a delightfully feminine quality in her personality difficult to describe or analyze; an amusingness in her chat quite distinct from wit; and that appreciative responsiveness which so subtly flatters the self-love that it takes no account of means, and does not suspect conscious effort at all. Such ready responsiveness could but be peculiarly flattering in a bride, and there was the old familiar friendliness and common past. From companionableness and sympathetic interest it was only a step to confidence, and the dreariness and unwonted dejection of the evening shaped themselves into words.

"It is a desolate enough life a man leads in these Western wilds if he stops to think of it," the young fellow said rather lugubriously; "if he feels any social impulse, there seems no way of expressing it except to ask some one to take a drink. Nature positively palls upon one after a time, and the sight of a moderately attractive woman is such a novelty it wakes all sorts of nonsense in a man; and when he meets a really interesting and charming woman he is capable of any sort of egregious folly — even recalling the past," he added in an unpremeditated way, but in a slightly lower tone.

The inconsiderate tactlessness of a man is seemingly equaled only by his irresponsibility. After leading the conversation to this difficult point, Crawford left it there apparently without any sense of responsibility for its continuance, or any attempt to rescue it from so impossible a position.

There was a little pause as they walked on. The torches flickered on the swarthy faces of the Mexicans and the curious wares they were selling. The tap of a workman's hammer tested the soundness of the wheels which were to bear them on through the night over trestles and bridges and grades.

"Why in the world did you choose such a profession? But I always thought it would just suit you to live in those dreary places where men wear nothing but their worn-out shooting-clothes," the girl said, with the little mocking laugh he remembered so well. He remembered, too, that facile way she had of evading an inconvenient point. It always exasperated him, and all the more because she was so sure to be in the right with her unfailing good taste and unerring judgment. It used to drive a fellow to rash extremes in forcing her to understand him. But that time had gone by.

"I have no fault to find with my profession," he answered gloomily.

"It certainly has agreed with you remarkably well," she asserted. "How inconceivably young you are still! I am sure the fountain of perpetual youth must be identical with the hot springs of New Mexico." The same light laughter in her voice. They had known each other very well indeed.

"You have lost none of your old cheerfulness and optimistic view of other people's trials," he retorted.

"That sounds like your cousin Barbara."

"Perhaps she did express the idea first," he confessed.

"Barbara had the most delightful inspiration about the flowers for our wedding. The decorations were charming, every one said." Did the girl fancy he was in danger of forgetting this inconvenient fact of her marriage that she chose to remind him of it just then?

"I can imagine her efficiency," Crawford replied, with small pretense of enthusiasm in the reminiscence.

But a man who has lived long enough in the wilderness learns to be properly thankful for the society of another man's wife. Frontier life, like the opposite extreme of civilization, does not limit a woman's attractiveness to the appreciation of one, as he had found by experience. As for the past, he had practically forgotten it before this meeting; he would doubtless forget it again when this unexpected revival of an old infatuation should come to an end. In the mean time he gave himself up to the interest and infatuation of the moment

with the abandon of his temperament. He felt too, it must be confessed, something of the morbid curiosity of the débutantes concerning the depth of the girl's feeling for Mr. Phelps. The fact that Julia Ferris never in the most trivial matter acted from impulse gave a peculiar zest to speculation concerning her actual emotions.

"Barbara is exactly the same as ever, just as straight and just as tall. It gives one complete satisfaction to see her hit a tennis-ball square in the middle of her bat. And she is just as outspoken and recklessly impolitic. It is curious to see her at a reception."

"I did n't know you ever even looked on at a game of tennis."

"Oh, yes; if there is a clean rug and a comfortable chair under a shady tree."

"I have a vision of you enthroned there, with a little bevy of subjects in tennis rig doing homage to your fresh toilet, while the other girls are all hot and disheveled with running about."

As they turned mechanically, at the far end of the platform, they were suddenly confronted by an importunate beggar who paraded a hideous deformity before them with the stolid persistence which hardened misery exhibits in an impoverished land where deformity and misery abound. Crawford repelled the wretched creature's importunity with some roughness while he felt in his pocket for a coin. "Vamose!" he said, carelessly tossing the piece of silver on the ground. He was in reality rather a tender-hearted fellow, and all the more angered at the spectacle perhaps by his quick perception of its pitiableness.

The girl paused. "What a brutal way to give a charity!" she said. She too had taken a coin from her purse, and dropped it in the maimed stump, bearing small resemblance to a hand, which the beggar held out to her. The creature managed to touch and jostle her as she did so with what seemed intentional malevolence. Crawford caught her arm quickly, and drew her back with a sickening sense of the repulsiveness and even danger of the contact. "You had better keep away from that sort of thing while you are in Mexico, Mrs. Phelps," he protested with disgust. But the bride was undisturbed. She was not nervous or cowardly, and why should the beggar's eager-eyed misery and deformity depress her when she could so easily change dull despair into wild-eyed exultation and thankfulness? What gives one so comfortable a sensation, she would have said, as a charitable deed, or so lightens a heavy heart as a benevolent action? Why, then, should an episode like this shadow a spirit so serene as that of Mrs. Phelps?

"What does 'vamose' mean?" she asked lightly. "The word has not the soft and melodious sound of the Spanish vocabulary. I think it must be a border compromise." She stepped where the porter's lantern lighted the step of the sleeper, her innate fastidiousness suggesting that she should at least wash her hands after such unpleasant contact. Possibly too she was not averse to finding an excuse for cutting short the tête-à-tête.

Crawford forgot to answer her question as he rather bunglingly helped her up the long step. When she came out again it was with her husband.

With one hand resting on his arm, and the young engineer sauntering on the other side, the promenade was resumed, but the conversation was naturally less personal. Mrs. Phelps took little part in it, but she professed to find the cigars which the gentlemen were enjoying altogether agreeable, as she did their discussion of reciprocity and the silver question. When the heavier talk flagged, and the cigars were finished, she was as usual ready in resource.

The delay proved a long one, but the night air was pleasant and balmily tropical to northern lungs. They were tempted to stroll across the railway tracks to the little adobe town beyond, and to look in from the outside shadows on the carousal of a pulque-shop. They were amused too by the Indian curiosities and newly manufactured antiquities of the station, and bought tortillas, and even sipped cups of chocolate, in imitation of an opulent Mexican who had tested the safety of the refreshments sold by an itinerant vender.

"The favorite drink of the Montezumas seems to have lost something in flavor as it is concocted in the present day," remarked the bride.

"Oh, you are shamming, Mrs. Phelps. You have not touched a drop."

"But I can tell by the aroma," laughing.

"I hope you don't intend to confine yourself to the aroma of things while you are here. You will find that one of the least pleasant features of Mexico. The drainage is execrable, or rather there is none at all."

"What an unpleasant suggestion! How in the world do you manage to give conversation such unpleasant turns?"

"I fear I have none of your incomparable tact, Mrs. Phelps."

"After such a tribute I am sure I can do nothing so appropriate as to disappear. Good night, Mr. Crawford; I hope we may find you in an equally complacent mood at breakfast-time."

It was an easy, pleasant evening, with the idle-tourist flavor which has its own peculiar charm. It had been arranged early in the friendly course of it that the young engineer

should continue with the newly married couple as far as Guadalajara. He had business which called him there for a few days, he said, and he had easily persuaded the others that they should see first this typical old Spanish-Mexican city, and gain their freshest impressions from it. Mrs. Phelps had never believed in exclusive affections or selfishly narrow sympathies; her own were wide enough to welcome fresh ideas and the companionship of a third even on a wedding-journey. As for Mr. Phelps, it has been intimated that he was a man who might postpone the reading of his newspaper or make a few remarks during breakfast under circumstances less strenuous than those of a honeymoon. The same consideration was not wanting in larger matters. What his own private feeling was in the matter did not transpire. He said something about their arrangements having been to go on to the city of Mexico, but when he divined his wife's evident wishes he too gave a cordial assent to the plan.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

"AS THEY SAUNTERED ALONG."

After Mrs. Phelps had left them, the two gentlemen became conscious in a vague way how little they really seemed to have in common, and how small a part of the easy intercourse had been due, after all, to their own unaided efforts or natural flow of ideas. Possibly they were both a trifle fagged and sleepy. The balmy evening air did not seem as seductive as it had done. Mr. Phelps remarked that he felt a trifle chilly in spite of his ulster. The younger man suggested some apollinaris and very passable Scotch whisky from his own private flask, and with this final sociability they separated, Crawford lingering outside for some talk with the train-man about the delay, and to send a despatch or two indicating some slight change of plan apropos of the trip to Guadalajara, which he had not felt it necessary to mention.

Mrs. Phelps in the mean time took very prompt advantage of such opportunities for refreshment and repose as the sleeper afforded. There was no state-room or private dressing-room to be obtained on this far-away road, but she was not delayed in her preparations for the night by the placid little señoras with black

shawls over their heads, who seemed not to trouble themselves with unnecessary ablutions, and in the doubtful comfort of her berth she was soon lulled into drowsiness by the soothing sense, it may be, of her own adaptability to circumstances, however unforeseen, and the efficacy in all situations of life of the amiable and unselfish tact which the young engineer was not alone in recognizing. She did not wake later when her husband bent quietly over her. Had she done so she would have responded doubtless with equal adaptability to his tender good night.

Even in her sleep there was a gentle and happy repose on her smooth forehead and white closed lids which satisfied his heart. It would be many long years, please God, before the lines of care and trouble should mark that placid brow, or streak the girlish braid lying softly across the pillow.

IV.

"I HAVE never happened to see a fight myself, but I shall certainly see one while I am here. The Guadalajara amphitheater is the finest in all Mexico. The spectacle is well worth looking at. I think I would advise you to go if only to see the matador and the procession come into the ring. It is perfectly safe to go, and it is undoubtedly one of the sights of Mexico," urged the young engineer.

The gentlemen were finishing a bottle of wine, as they discussed the advisability of seeing the Sunday-afternoon bull-fight. Mrs. Phelps deliberated the proposal in non-committal silence. They were all three sitting at one of the small tables on the broad upper balcony of the Hotel Cosmopolitan of Guadalajara. The shabby awnings, the ragged banana-trees and tropical plants of the patio had looked dilapidated and forlorn enough on the chilly, dripping evening of their arrival, as they were shown to their bleak tile-floored, fireless bedrooms, but the morning sunshine changed all that. "It is picturesque, and tropical, and foreign, and altogether delightful," Mrs. Phelps had said, not without reason, as she amiably ignored the dirtiness and difficulties of the unappetizing luncheon.

"I think we might go for a while at least, Julia," consented Mr. Phelps at last, with a smile, half amused, half tender, at the incongruity of the idea of her presence in such a place.

"Oh, let us go by all means," acquiesced the bride, gaily. She looked uncommonly girlish and fascinating in a close-fitting walking-costume of light gray and a wide black hat. Her cheeks were flushed with the sun, and with the exercise and excitement of the morning. There was an unwonted air of indecision and appeal in her manner far from unbecoming. One might almost have said she was under the spell of the irresponsible, romantic, demoralizing land.

The young engineer, too, was a trifle demoralized: not by the romance of the land, to be sure — he would have disclaimed that possibility with the offensive bluntness of the foreign, money-making resident. The dirty Mexicans, tricked out in their silver-trimmed breeches and gaudy blankets, palled upon him. The squalor, the bad smells, the beggars in the foreground, blotted out the beauty of the stone-carved churches; and then the discomfort and the cookery, he was heartily tired of it all. But as an environment for Mrs. Phelps the picturesqueness of the place gained a new value. It gave his presence a gracious excuse, and led to situations in which he found an unexpected enjoyment. Even his scornfully incorrect Spanish gave him a certain importance and usefulness in the party of three, and his dearly bought experience in the art of living at Mexican hotels, and hurling monosyllables at the dilatory attendants, seemed to him at the moment worth what it had cost him. He had been tempted to linger in Guadalajara beyond the necessities of his business, and his fortunate advice and generous efforts in behalf of the travelers had met with a gratifying appreciation.

"You will need a wrap, dear," suggested Mr. Phelps, as they were setting out for the amphitheater an hour or two later. The careful solicitude of the new husband was quite undisguised, but the younger man threw the little fur cape over his arm very naturally and easily, and all three were sufficiently happy as they strolled through the gateway.

Indian women in grave rebozos were guarding their booths of *dulces* on the shaded sidewalks. The gay and indolent Sunday throng crowded the streets and lounged on the benches of the plaza opposite, where the yellow fruit gleamed through the dark green foliage of the orange-trees, and the quaint gargoyles of the old palace showed beyond, soft and gray in the radiant sunshine, the carved war trophies and silent cannon, like the turbulent past of the passionate land, with its tragic wrongs and stilled cries, only a subdued yet attractive background for the vivid, picturesque life of the peaceful present.

Something of the meaning, as well as the sentiment, of the contrast was borne in upon Mr. Phelps's happy but not entirely self-absorbed self-consciousness as they sauntered along in a leisurely way, and waited for the street-car. Mr. Phelps was given to philosophizing when leisure and circumstance gave opportunity.

"One is impressed anew in Mexico with

some of the old truths of history," he said. "The wonderful old cathedrals and monasteries one sees crumbling to ruin here seem to accent the fact that civilization is a growth and not an external modification. It is as if Spain had said, 'We give you a higher religion, and a finished art, and a better government,' and Mexico, after centuries, cried out: 'It is not enough. Your churches are pillaged, your government is abolished, your art and architecture are vanishing from the land, and the people are still ignorant and degraded, unequal to their new freedom, their civilization just begun.' No; the impulse to progress must be from within, not from without. It comes with liberty, not coercion."

"We will try what a few railways will do," said the young engineer, "and a little wholesome contact with a neighbor who has had some experience in a hard-working, prosaic sort of liberty. I have very little patience with the beggarly, tawdry lot."

The young fellow illustrated this remark by buying some dulces of a soft-eyed Indian woman whose face had the patient, appealing pathos of the race. She smiled in gentle protest as he paid her with absurd prodigality, and Mrs. Phelps nodded and smiled too as she tasted a bit of the candied fruit. "Bueno," she said, with a questionable accent, but with the same unfailing brightness and animation with which she took a cup of tea at an afternoon reception. "I am convinced the Mexicans eat too many sweets; and they are not at all nice, either, not nearly so nice as they look." But the criticism was as smiling as the praise, and might have been such for all the gentle Indian woman could imagine, as she smiled back in pleased recognition of the friendly greeting.

The car-driver's horn sounded, and the snap of his long-lashed whip, as he drove up with the flourish of a charioteer, standing on the prosaic platform of the *ferrocarril*, the familiar yet modified street-car of Mexico, urging the three tandem mules to a gallop, and wearing his blanket and sombrero with the air of a gentlemanly brigand.

The shady entrance; the sun-warmed adobe walls, overgrown with cactus; the iron-barred Spanish windows; the domes of an old monastery; the grass-fringed sign of a pulque-shop; the stone-carved front of a cathedral; a glimpse through an archway into a tropical court; a graceful Indian girl filling her water-bottle at a fountain; the rare-aired freshness, the soft, sunny warmth of the shining Guadalajara day, the glamour of the splendid unthrifty past—it was all a dream of romance, the very poetry of travel. Even Mrs. Phelps's well-disciplined soul was touched, perhaps, by the beauty and strangeness of it all to some slackening hold of her identity; but it was a conscious relaxation of tension and poise.

"I have a queer sense of unreality in this experience," she remarked, as they were finally seated in three rickety little chairs between the stone pillars of a so-called box of the amphitheater.

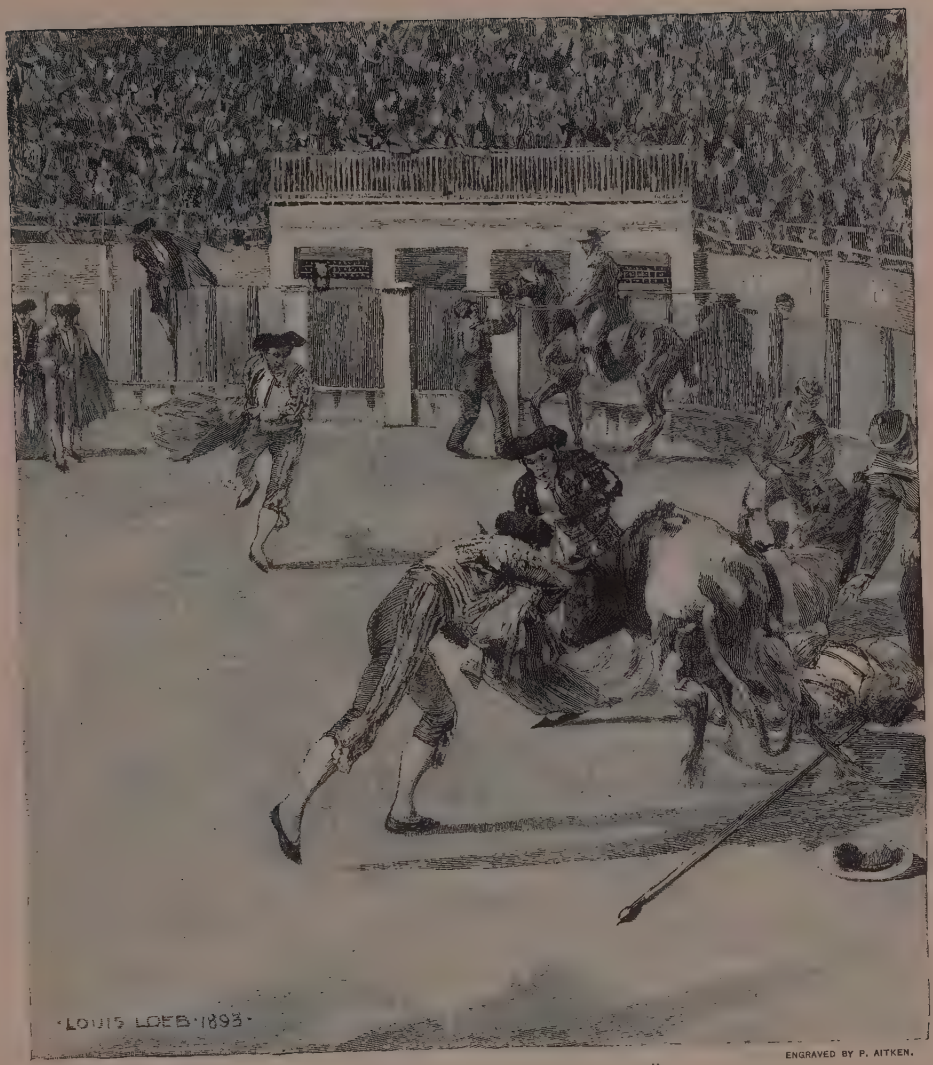
"It is just as well, possibly." The young engineer was already feeling a trifle nervous and doubtful as to the wisdom of his hospitality, and was half inclined to retire with his guests at the sound of the bugle which should summon the first bull into the ring.

But in the mean time it was a beautiful and novel scene enough—the gray and time-worn stone of the great amphitheater roofed by the deep and vivid blue of the sky, the peaceful tower of the hospicio rising dreamily in the afternoon sunshine beyond its walls, the vivid coloring of the serapes, the gold- and silver-trimmed sombreros of the audience gradually filling the tiers of seats opposite, those in the shadow first, then the sunny ones as well.

Presently a squad of Mexican soldiers filed around the platform above. The governor and his party took their seats in a box to the left. Some richly dressed toreadors appeared at one of the gateways. The crowd grew noisy and impatient. The fruit-venders in the ring below suddenly began to hurry their wares into baskets. Crawford was conscious of a nervous fear that these men might not escape in time; the moment of suspense and waiting seemed long. There was a subdued excitement in the very air, a curious tension of the nerves and beating of the heart. It was the bride's excitement and anxiety, he told himself, that he felt so absurdly; but she was leaning forward, pleased and smiling, without apprehension, apparently, of the spectacle in store.

At last the procession enters the ring, gay, graceful, careless: the mounted picadors, the matadors, and banderilleros in gaudy embroidered waistcoats and tights glittering with gold and silver. The band plays the national march of Mexico. They come forward, and salute the governor and dignitaries in his box. Alas! with all the gaiety and glitter, there is a suggestion of the dangerous and bloody work before them in the grim leather aprons which protect the breasts of the blindfolded and reluctant horses.

One of the horsemen rides hurriedly to the side of the gate opposite; it is thrown open by an attendant, and a bull gallops into the ring, goaded by the sharp-pointed pike of the picador as he passes. The bull seems dazed at first, inert and slow in his movements; but the capeadors flaunt their red coats in his face, he grows enraged, rushes at one, then another, with ugly, lowered horns. There is swift and agile running, timely dodging behind the thick



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

"THEY SKILFULLY DIVERT THE ENRAGED BULL."

wooden screens which stand at intervals around the ring, quick and daring throws of the red scarfs, color, grace, excitement. The lithe, glittering forms of the fighters are beautiful in their changing postures; the great animal is splendid in his madness and conscious strength. A fascinating scene, truly!

But suddenly the bull makes a ferocious charge at one of the horses. The rider tries in vain to ward him off with his long pole. A minute's struggle, and he is goring the helpless, blindfolded horse. It falls back, the picador under, his legs entangled, and apparently crushed. The man lies motionless, feigning death, with closed eyes, not a muscle stirring; for the deadly horns are within a few feet of him. But the capeadors are alert and fearless; they skilfully divert the enraged bull with their scarlet cloaks, and the picador's life is saved. The wounded horse staggers to his feet, and runs on, riderless. Again the bull attacks and throws him, goring him long and cruelly. It is a brutal, sickening sight.

"Shall we go?" asks Crawford, who has been too intent upon the outcome of the encounter to make the suggestion earlier.

As usual, Mrs. Phelps shows admirable self-control and calmness. "Let us stay a little longer now we are here. Our going or not going will make no difference; it will go on just the same," she avers with conscientious and clear-headed philosophy. She is so quiet and reasonable that even her husband forgets his anxiety for her in the excitement of events which succeed each other too rapidly for comment, almost for realization. He leans forward with a certain breathless, painful excitement, incredulous, aghast at a brutality so far exceeding his expectation.

The signal is given for the picadors to leave the ring. The banderilleros, armed with their gay darts, are goading the already enraged bull to fury. First one, then another, plants a pair of lances in the flesh of his heavy shoulders, where they stick, gaudy with tissue-paper and tinsel, a mocking, ironical decoration. A swift run as he rushes bellowing by, a quick leap to one side, a deft motion, and the dangerous trick is done. The crowd yells with delight. There is a louder burst of music as the matador comes forward, salutes the governor, tosses his hat on the ground, and faces the bull. He carries a short sword and a scarlet *muleta*. The maddened animal stands motionless a moment, eying his new tormentor, then charges him with a terrible swiftness and fury. But the matador does not flinch. With his right hand extended he waits the critical moment when the threatening horns are lowest, and, planting the sword deep between the bull's shoulders, jumps lightly to one side.

It is, after all, a bungling stroke. The weapon is thrust into the wrong side of the neck. It does not kill, but only infuriates the wounded beast. In his maddening pain he rushes from side to side of the amphitheater. The crowd jeers him. The band plays a lively air. The sword drops out. Another charge, another thrust. Again the stroke is not fatal, although the steel is buried to the hilt. But the bull is growing weak, his great neck is wet with blood and the sweat of agony. He lies down. The gay music plays on. The banderilleros flaunt the red cloaks in his face. He staggers to his feet; he is still dangerous; in his impotent rage and misery he seems an embodiment of all the hideous wrong, all the unpitied suffering, of the world.

At last even the hardened spectators lose pleasure in this slow butchery and torment; interest flags, and there are cries of "Otro toro! Otro toro!" ("Another bull! Another bull!") A gate is thrown open, and the fighters try to drive him from the ring, but unsuccessfully until a pair of long-horned Texas cattle are turned into the inclosure, when he trustfully joins his own kind, and, taking his place between them, quietly trots out to die.

In the moment's interval which follows his exit neither of the gentlemen makes any comment.

"My sympathies are entirely with the bull," remarks Mrs. Phelps, speaking quite cheerfully.

"It 's a devilish business; the brutes deserve to be gored for their bungling work. I should not mind seeing one of them tossed. Whenever you say the word we will go, Mrs. Phelps," volunteers Crawford, less urgently this time. In spite of its sickening brutality, there is a certain fascination in the excitement and danger of the spectacle not to be denied.

Mr. Phelps is watching the gate to the left, where one of the blindfolded, frightened horses, a wretched little mustang, is being urged into the ring once more with bit and spur, and with kicks and blows as well.

"That is the worst part of the whole business," he avers, white with indignation, "the most inexcusable and cruel." But the gate closes behind the terrified, fractious horse, and a second bull, larger and more powerful than the first, and wonderfully quick and agile in his motions, gallops into the arena, pawing the ground with his hoofs and bellowing with rage. The first one was goaded to anger by his tormentors; this one is ugly and dangerous from the start. He charges the picadors in rapid succession, throwing first one horse, then another, but is as quickly diverted by the capeadors, who in their turn narrowly escape. The horsemen are soon summoned from the ring, and the banderilleros try in vain to decorate him with their tormenting darts. At last one of the most daring of their number, a handsome, graceful young fellow, scarcely more than a boy, succeeds in placing a pair in his huge neck, and runs swiftly behind one of the screens just in time to save himself, dropping his cloak as he runs. The bull tosses and tramples the cloth under his feet, and batters the thick wood with his head and horns, while the boy cowers behind the screen. The people, wild with excitement, throw hats and cigars into the ring, crying, "Bravo, toro! Bravo, toro!" Some of those in the front row lean over the protecting barrier, waving their serapes at him. Suddenly he makes a desperate spring, and is head and shoulders over the wall which separates him from the spectators. The taunting crowd scatters promptly, but the bull drops back into the ring in baffled rage. There is wild cheering. The splendid ferocity of the beast appeals to the admiration and enthusiasm of the rabble, and they call out to spare him. The master of ceremonies, understanding their fickle sympathies probably too well to comply, pays no attention to their shouts, and a second matador makes his salutations. It is his début in the rôle, and it soon becomes evident that he is afraid of the bull. He lurks near the side

"FIRST ONE, THEN ANOTHER, PLANTS A PAIR OF LANCES." ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

of the ring, ready to run behind the convenient screens, if necessary; and after a series of ineffectual attempts to meet his adversary in proper position gives up the fight, while the crowd hisses and jeers him, and shouts bravos for the fierce, unconquered beast, which is taken out to be saved.

The third bull is promptly despatched, and the pageant of his exit, drawn by three gaudily decked mules, makes a brilliant finale to the spectacle. The spectators are in excellent spirits. Even the newest lookers-on, already a little hardened to the suffering and danger, begin to notice the details of the performance and to appreciate the skill of the matador's stroke. Mrs. Phelps is reminded of her photographs.

"We must stay just a little longer, and catch some views; I have promised such a lot to the boys, and they will be crazy over these," she suggests, with her usual thoughtfulness. And so they linger on until the matador is standing before the last bull, the blade of his short sword bent already by the shock of two ineffectual strokes. The bravos and cheers are wilder than ever. This matador at least has no fear. He stands boldly in the middle of the ring, facing his antagonist. A rush, a thrust, and for the third time the sword falls out of the proudly

"PERHAPS YOU MAY BE ABLE TO CHOOSE A WIFE FOR ME."

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

tossed neck. The graceful young banderillero picks it up at the peril of his life, but the matador motions for a fresh one. The animal is ferocious; the man is determined. It has been a long struggle. The excitement is intense.

There is a breathless hush as every one leans forward to catch the slightest motion of the fighters in the duskiness of the ring. The softened light of evening is in the blue sky above. Through the open door behind the box, which leads to the outer balcony of the amphitheater, there is a glimpse of the calm and peaceful beauty outside, contrasting strangely enough with the danger, and maddening pain, and intense excitement within.

Again the matador goes to meet the bull. A throw of the scarlet cloth, a plunge, a stab, and quick as a flash the man is tossed into the air. Certain death, surely, when he falls on the sharp and cruel horns, to be mangled and torn and tossed again.

But no; he manages to fall to one side, just missing the piercing horns, and is flat on his back on the ground. To be stunned — that too is death. But he is on his feet again; he has escaped by a hair's breadth; he will try once more.

Instinctively the two men turn at the same moment to hurry Mrs. Phelps from a scene so pitiless. It is with a curious sensation — half unnerved, strong men as they are, by such wantonness of torture and trifling with death — that they hear distinctly in this moment of suppressed excitement and suspense the familiar click of the kodak button firmly pressed by her little white, well-manicured thumb.

The exposure being neatly and successfully accomplished, however, the bride is sufficiently shocked and horrified, and quite ready to go.

"Could any one imagine anything so hideous being tolerated in this age of the world," she exclaims, as they hurry out, leaving the contest in doubt whether the tragedy will close with the death of the bull or that of the matador. The howls and cheers of the rabble sound behind them. Near the entranceway they pass a dead horse, wretchedly thin, with protruding ribs, and a gaping wound in his freshly gored neck, lying where he has been hurriedly dragged from the inclosure.

"How shameful!" exclaims the bride, as she walks by with that brisk little air of cheerful activity which characterizes her.

The engineer says nothing as he adjusts the becoming fur cape over her shoulders with a certain exaggerated solicitude. The gaping neck of the emaciated horse has touched and roused him more than the peril of the matador. It is not incomprehensible to him that a man should take desperate chances for money and applause and excitement, nor is it outside of his code that he should manfully accept the losing throw and die game if need be. Even the bull has his chance for self-defense and revenge; but to blindfold a poor frightened brute of a horse, and to goad him on to torture and helpless death, and to call this diversion — that he cannot understand.

"Can nothing be done to suppress this infamous business?" exclaimed Mr. Phelps, with excitement. "Is there no way of reaching it through our own Government and the sentiment of our people, or of educating public opinion here, and forcing the Mexican government to suppress it? Why, it is brutalizing the very boys! Did you see them, scores of them, in the front seats, yelling with the loudest?" Mr. Phelps's northern indignation naturally suggests to him a verbal agitation looking to robust legislation.

"As long as governors' daughters sit calmly through the spectacle, I fancy it will be difficult work to stir up the rabble to being shocked," answers Crawford, somewhat dryly.

"But they tell me the better class of women is going less and less; there were only a handful there, if you noticed, and Diaz has suppressed the fights in the city of Mexico. Let us hope the thing is dying out."

"I fancy the only way to suppress it would be to blow up the whole bloodthirsty lot with dynamite." Crawford's methods savor of the promptness and violence of the West.

The bride takes no part in this entirely masculine discussion, but acquiesces with her usual amiable pleasure in the suggestion that they walk back to the hotel through the picturesque streets in the balmy evening air. The serenity of the twilight will be pleasant, surely, after the long excitement of the afternoon.

Horsemen begin to overtake them presently, gorgeous with rich trappings, and riding with the grace and daring of cavaliers. Every one seems in the gayest of spirits. The band is playing on the plaza, the sunset color glows at the end of the long vistas of walled streets. And Mrs. Phelps is in exquisite harmony with her environment. Her mood is as bright as the tinted sky, and the glimpse of her thoughts which her companions catch in her light and cheerful chat, is like the vista seen through the open archway of a charming Guadalajara court, where roses blossom perpetually, and where parrots are gay in the acacia-trees. Surely the graceful vines screen no ugly, tiresome sight, the stone pavement of the kitchen must be swept clean and cool, and there can be no hungry-eyed beggar crossing himself with palsied hand at the back door. Her tactful reserve is as unobtrusive a barrier beyond the pleasant flow of her light and laughing words as the soft gray wall with the prickly cactus-hedge peeping

above it which stretches on each side of the gateway. Who would wish the gray wall away, with its suggestion of romantic beauty beyond, or the privacy of the kitchen-garden exposed, or the beggar sitting by the fountain to eat his scraps of tortillas?

Mr. Phelps has a quick, appreciative eye, and the imaginative faith of a lover. He fancifully associates many lovely things with the charming personality of his wife. Her emotions are no less real to him for being so cleverly concealed. On him at least her laugh does not jar, as the little party of three dine later with such leisurely comfort as is possible on the upper balcony of the patio.

But the young engineer is in a peculiar mood, which he apparently takes small pains to conceal. Some deeper dissatisfaction, possibly, is expressed by an outspoken distaste for the dinner, a pronounced aversion for the Mexican race, and a determined opposition to Mr. Phelps's views concerning the Nicaragua canal and the silver question. His antagonism is not quite consistent with previously expressed opinions, and is altogether unlike the simple and manly expression of views which is ordinarily his nearest approach to argument. Toward Mrs. Phelps, and the scarcely serious opinions with which she now and then tempers the warmth of the discussion, he continues to show a somewhat exaggerated deference, and he gives himself a license in compliment equally unlike him, and reaching the extreme limit of good taste. But though Crawford's mood is neither a frank nor a simple one, he is conscious of the old-time sense of being incited to self-revelations by the girl's very inscrutability, and of feeling himself for the moment as lacking in self-control as a school-boy. He sends out the overdone omelet untouched, and frowns at the German-Mexican stew of boiled beef and lukewarm vegetables. He has always been accounted an even-tempered, agreeable fellow by his associates, not addicted to a petty irritation at trifles; but by the side of the bride's finished equanimity he feels his own tolerable breeding to be but a crude masculine affair, and he would willingly have escaped the tête-à-tête forced upon him by Mr. Phelps's long conference with the guide concerning the next day's excursion to the Barranca.

"You are responsible for a great falling off of enthusiasm about the railroad, Mrs. Phelps. I have n't sent a despatch to the directors for a week."

"Pray don't lay your sins of indolence and procrastination on my shoulders; nothing could be more undeserved."

"Even sins would become them, I am sure," he interposes; but the girl ignores the interruption.

"I have been most careful in my gratitude, for fear of leading you in your reckless generosity on to new efforts for our pleasure."

"You are always admirably careful, and it is like you to make a man think his selfishness is generosity. If you had made me feel a trifle *de trop*, that would have been more efficacious. I remember it never seemed quite time to go into the blue drawing-room."

"I think it must have been the easy-chair you were so fond of."

"I wonder if a woman is ever quite candid," with transparent irrelevancy.

"Probably not, if she is commendably polite."

"Which means to seem kindly sincere always."

"I cannot by any possibility associate you with misanthropy," laughing. "When did you become so skeptical about the sex?"

"Not in the West certainly; opportunities are too few."

Mrs. Phelps carefully dropped a small lump of sugar into her cup. "The Mexican coffee has a very peculiar flavor," she remarked, as she daintily tasted it.

"Peculiar would not be the word I should choose. Does any one in the world know positively, I wonder, what your dislikes are, Mrs. Phelps?"

"I dislike personalities extremely," smiling.

There was undoubtedly a peculiar charm in the girl's sympathetic smile, and it was difficult to tell whether her delightful prettiness, or her faultless manner, provoked the strong desire to share in her complete understanding of herself. The struggling fascination and repulsion of both the remote and near past seemed to the young fellow to have culminated in the feeling of the moment, and he was checked in the recklessness of his mood only by a definite knowledge of what the girl's attitude would be toward such an expression of it as he was tempted to make. Her taste was too fastidious, to say the least, for her to find pleasure or temptation in anything so unbecoming to a woman of self-respect and principle as any approach to an after-marriage flirtation. It was strange this assurance was not associated in his mind with a greater sense of approval. It almost seemed to him that the possibility of a lapse in some direction from the perfection of her conduct would be a relief to his irritation, and argue something in her which she lacked. Whether this feeling arose from personal disappointment and pique, or was a clear-sighted and righteous judgment, he was not sufficiently introspective to decide.

"When are you coming East again? We shall hope to make civilized life as attractive to you as you have made Mexico to us." The

bride spoke with becoming cordiality. There had been a scarcely appreciable pause in the conversation, if anything so desultory and unsatisfactory could be called a conversation.

"When our railroad goes through, perhaps I may come home in the rôle of a moneyed man."

"I am afraid in that case you will not find yourself in need of social attentions; but we may be able to protect you from the consequences of your success."

"Perhaps you may be able to choose a wife for me; I have the greatest faith in your discrimination," he had the extreme bad taste to say.

"You gave me credit for great caution a minute ago, and now you suggest a rashness which is quite appalling. Fancy being held responsible in such a matter!"

"Oh, but if you managed the affair, you would do it so cleverly I should never know how it came about."

Mr. Phelps came back at an opportune moment. "Mr. Crawford's indolence is beyond belief," said his wife, welcoming him with the ready smile which became her so well. She offered no explanation of the remark, and it was not unnatural that it should seem apropos of farther effort in the way of sight-seeing that evening.

The extreme inertia of the young engineer's attitude, as he leaned an elbow on the table, confirmed the impression.

Nevertheless it was at Crawford's suggestion that they strolled in the plaza again before bedtime. The band was still playing the soft, halting, passionate Mexican music, and the moon was shining on the orange-trees.

"It is an old Guadalajara tradition, brought over from Spain with the conquerors, for all I know," he explained with apparently recovered equanimity: "the little señoritas walk in procession one way around the plaza, and the little señors in procession the other way, which gives them the mild excitement of continually meeting and looking at one another. The élite who are too lazy to walk sit in a fringe of chairs around the edge of the promenade, and look on."

"It is a great pity so many of the señoritas wear old-fashioned Paris costumes, and the señors black coats and derby hats. They are too little and crooked and badly formed for the exposure of European clothes," remarked observant Mrs. Phelps.

But the European unpicturesqueness of the aristocracy was atoned for by the plebeians on the benches and in the street beyond, where the sombreros were as gorgeous as ever, and the serapes as brilliant. In front of the cathedral groups of Indians were selling tortillas by the light of flaring torches, and inside the old chapel the organ sounded softly. Black-shawled figures knelt in the dim light, and a young Mexican, with prostrate body, and supplicating arms stretched out before him on the bare, stone floor, prayed and worshiped in an unshamed southern abandon of devotion. They did not linger long in the chill and solemn place. The bride confessed herself quite tired out at last with the physical if not the emotional demands of the day. After one more promenade around the plaza with the procession of gentle señoras, whose carriages still waited on the far outskirts of the crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps walked slowly back to the hotel, leaving the bachelor of the party to continue alone the unsuccessful search he professed to be making for a Guadalajara beauty, and to finish a package of cigarettes as he lounged on one of the benches. The married pair were silent with the privileged silence of even the newly married, as they climbed the broad steps of the patio to their spacious, meagerly furnished bedroom. Mrs. Phelps was already occupied in planning more comfortable arrangements for the night, but her husband opened one of the long windows, and stepped out on the little balcony which overhung the narrow street.

The night air was cool and refreshing. The music sounded clear and soft in the distance. The moonlight was white on the tower of the cathedral. The *portales* opposite were still thronged with an eager, picturesque crowd of Mexicans and Indians, buying and selling toys and dulces, enjoying the music and the festival with idle, pleasure-loving abandon. As Mr. Phelps stood there, the evil sights of the day haunted his thoughts persistently, and mingled strangely with the beauty and poetry of the night. The excitement of the afternoon still quickened his pulses. The somber questions of life, the dark and tragic records of humanity, seemed to underlie the consciousness of his own tender happiness as the murky shadows had trembled below the moon-touched spray of the fountain. He could not choose but speculate on the dark past and miserable present of this strange country, which depressed while it fascinated him with its romantic, cruel, brave history. He made the wrongs of the Indians his own, and the zeal and greed of the Spaniards. He tried to see the civilizing power of tyranny and injustice, the compensations of nature and art, and the final triumph of development. He was an optimist by nature and principle, but his optimism met with many difficulties in Mexico. It might be comparatively simple to explain the uses of life, and to form some vague unworthy conception of a possible destiny in the life beyond, if the soul always went out better and wiser for its pilgrimage here, or even if it always had a chance to. But what of the souls dwarfed by diseased, degraded bodies,

and only brutalized still farther by environment and contact with crime? What of a race whose progress toward civilization had been thwarted by oppression and cruelty? It was the old question brought home with new force.

And still over the darkness of the problem he speculated played the light and glamour of his joy. He was conscious that his sympathies were the more impervious for his own happiness. How could he be otherwise than content with this scheme of life and progress of humanity which bore for him a divine and blissful love as its perfect flower? Outside of the window was the vastness of the sky, the mystery of the stars, the crime-stained life of a strange foreign city, but inside of it was the reality of his still new and unbelievable happiness.

The great bare room seemed almost habitable with the coziness of home. An Indian woman was fanning the charcoal of the brazier into a bright little flame under the graceful-shaped pottery jar of hot water. It was his wife's pretty dressing-gown which hung over the back of a chair. It was his wife who was making practical little feminine preparations for the night, and who came out on the balcony by and by, and laid her soft cheek against his arm with a caressing touch which he could but interpret with the tenderness and passion of his own love.

If he did not speak of the deeper thoughts which were passing through his mind, his silence did no treason to that love. It bore within itself the solution of any question it might raise. The rich and generous overplus of his own feeling was sufficient to make good any possible poverty in his wife's nature.

As they stood there silently together, the day's pleasant companionship behind them, the night's happy nearness their own, how should he coldly and critically analyze her character? If it occurred to him to wonder at the apparently slight hold upon her sympathies or her memory the wretched sights of the day had taken, it was only to think tenderly, "How little a woman realizes the brutality of life even when she sees it! It is like an unreal spectacle to her; she cannot grasp it."

What were the thoughts of the solitary bachelor, meanwhile, as he sat on the bench under the orange-trees, smoking his mild cigarettes and watching the Guadalajara señoritas? Was he, too, filled with a tender admiration as he thought of the sweet-faced bride, and her placid progress through the day? Was he feeling the bitterness of envy and loneliness?

Crawford was a shrewd and able fellow, gifted with a peculiar quickness of insight, and a certain readiness in interpreting character by slight signs, gained perhaps by his life in the West, where so much often depends on the prompt judgment of a man or a circumstance. He was far from being a philosopher, but if he had been likely to shape his nebulous thoughts into words, they might perhaps have taken the form of this question: Does the tragedy of life lie oftener in the fulfilment, or in the denial of a man's desire? A question, alas! which only each life's inner history can reveal.

Or might his mood of critical dissatisfaction and disillusion have been best illustrated by the old fable of the grapes which hang high? The vintage suddenly seemed to him light if not sour, fit only for making the thinnest of Rhine wines, with no generous glow, no intoxicating ecstasy; and as he sipped it in imagination he felt a renewed appetite for hard work, and a continued irritation of temper. He soon wearied of the promenading señoritas, and lounged back to the hotel and his musty bedroom, where he spent no time in meditation on the moon-lighted balcony. "That dirty thief of a Mexican has stolen my gun-rod and swabs," he ejaculated with disgust, as he looked over his traps with a view to packing up for a mule-ride over the mountains.

But as he lay long in drowsy wakefulness before sinking into his usual sound and dreamless sleep, there passed senselessly through his mind the monotonous refrain of the handbills: "Seis toros á muerte! Seis!"

Something of the past, some old and treasured illusion, seemed to have perished with the dying bulls in the gaudy pageant of the arena. Was it the death of the matador, or that of the bull, which had crowned the tragedy? The denial or the fulfilment of a man's hope, which is life's cruelest consummation? "Seis toros á muerte! Seis!"

MOONLIGHT SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

EACH golden note of music greets
The listening leaves divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.

William H. Hayne.

THE TAORMINA NOTE-BOOK.

WHAT should there be in the glimmering lights of a poor fishing-village to fascinate me? Far below, a mile perhaps, I behold them in the darkness and the storm like some phosphorescence of the beach; I see the pale tossing of the surf beside them; I hear the continuous roar borne up and softened about these heights: and this is night at Taormina. There is a weirdness in the scene — the feeling without the reality of mystery; and at evening, I know not why, I cannot sleep without stepping upon the terrace or peering through the panes to see those lights. At morning the charm has flown from the shore to the further heights above me. I glance at the vast banks of southward-lying cloud that envelop Etna, like deep fog upon the ocean; and then, inevitably, my eyes seek the double summit of the Taorminian mountain, rising nigh at hand a thousand feet, almost sheer, less than half a mile westward. The nearer height, precipice-faced, towers full in front with its crowning ruined citadel, and discloses just below the peak, on an arm of rock toward its right, a hermitage church among the heavily hanging mists. The other horn of the massive hill, somewhat more remote, behind and to the old castle's left, exposes on its slightly loftier crest the edge of a hamlet. It, too, is cloud-wreathed — the lonely crag of Mola. Over these hilltops, I know, mists will drift and touch all day; and often they darken threateningly, and creep softly down the slopes, and fill the next-lying valley, and roll, and lift again, and reveal the flank of Monte d'Oro northward on the far-reaching range. As I was walking the other day, with one of these floating showers gently blowing in my face down this defile, I noticed, where the mists hung in fragments from the cloud out over the gulf, how like air-shattered arches they groined the profound ravine; and thinking how much of the romantic charm which delights lovers of the mountains and the sea springs from such Gothic moods of nature, I felt for a moment something of the pleasure of recognition in meeting with this northern and familiar element in the Sicilian landscape.

One who has grown to be at home with nature cannot be quite a stranger anywhere on earth. In new lands I find the poet's old domain. It is not only from the land-side that these intimations of old acquaintance come. When my eyes leave, as they will, the near girdle of rainy mountain-tops, and range home at last upon the sea, something familiar is there too,— that which I have always known,— but marvelously transformed and heightened in beauty and power. Such sudden glints of sunshine in the offing through unseen rents of heaven, as brilliant as in mid-ocean, I have beheld a thousand times, but here they remind me rather of cloud-lights on far Western plains; and where have I seen those still tracts of changeful color, iridescent under the silvery vapors of noon; or, when the weather freshens and darkens, those whirlpools of pure emerald bright in the gray expanse of storm? They seem like memories of what has been, made fairer. One recurring scene has the same fascination for my eyes as the fishers' lights. It is a simple picture: only an arm of mist thrusting out from yonder lowland by the little cape, and making a near horizon, where, for half an hour, the waves break with great dashes of purple and green, deep and angry, against the insubstantial mole. All day I gaze on these sights of beauty until it seems that nature herself has taken on nobler forms forever more. When the mountain storm beats the pane at midnight, or the distant lightnings awake me in the hour before dawn, I can forget in what climate I am; but the oblivion is conscious, and half a memory of childhood nights: in an instant comes the recollection, "I am on the coasts, and these are the couriers, of Etna."

The very rain is strange: it is charged with obscure personality; it is the habitation of a new presence, a storm-genius that I have never known; it is born of Etna, whence all things here have being and draw nourishment. It is not rain, but the rain-cloud, spread out over the valleys, the precipices, the sounding beaches, the ocean-plain; it is not a storm, but a season. It does not rise with the moist Hyades, or ride with cloudy Orion in the Mediterranean night; it does not pass like Atlantic tempests on great world-currents: it remains. Its home is upon Etna; thence it comes and thither it returns; it gathers and disperses, lightens and darkens, blows and is silent, and though it suffer the clear north wind, or the west, to divide its veils with heaven, again it draws the folds together

about its abode. It obeys only Etna, who sends it forth; then with clouds and thick darkness the mountain hides its face: it is the Sicilian winter.

II.

But Etna does not withdraw continuously from its children even in this season. On the third day, at farthest, I was told it would bring back the sun; and I was not deceived. Two days it was closely wrapped in impenetrable gray; but the third morning, as I threw open my casement and stepped out upon the terrace, I saw it, like my native winter, expanding its broad flanks under the double radiance of dazzling clouds spreading from its extreme summit far out and upward, and of the snow-fields whose long fair drifts shone far down the sides. Villages and groves were visible, clothing all the lower zone, and between lay the plain. It seemed near in that air, but it is twelve miles away. From the sea-dipping base to the white cone the slope measures more than twenty miles, and as many more conduct the eye downward to the western fringe — a vast bulk; yet one does not think of its size as he gazes, so large a tract the eye takes in, but no more realizes than it does the distance of the stars. High up, forests peer through the ribbed snows, and extinct craters stud the frozen scene with round hollow mounds innumerable. A thousand features, but it remains one mighty mountain. How natural it seems for it to be sublime! It is the peer of the sea and of the sky. All day it flashed and darkened under the rack, and I rejoiced in the sight, and knew why Pindar called it the pillar of heaven; and at night it hooded itself once more with the winter cloud.

III.

Would you see this land as I see it? Come then, since Etna gives a fair, pure morning, up over the shelving bank to the great eastern spur of Taormina, where stood the hollow theater, now in ruins, and above it the small temple with which the Greeks surmounted the highest point. It is such a spot as they often chose for their temples; but none ever commanded a more noble prospect. The far-shining sea, four or five hundred feet below, washes the narrow, precipitous descent, and on each hand is disclosed the whole of that side of Sicily which faces the rising sun. To the left and northward are the level straits, with the Calabrian mountains opposite, thinly sown with light snow, as far as the Cape of Spartivento, distinctly seen, though forty miles away; in front expands the open sea; straight to the south runs the indented coast, bay and beach, point after point, to where, sixty miles distant, the great blue promontory of Syracuse makes far out. On the land-side Etna fills the south with its lifted snow-fields, now smoke-plumed at the languid cone; and thence, though lingeringly, the eye ranges nearer over the intervening plain to the well-wooded ridge of Castiglione, and, next, to the round solitary top of Monte Maestra, with its long shoreward descent, and comes to rest on the height of Taormina overhead, with its hermitage of Santa Maria della Rocca, its castle, and Mola. Yet further off, at the head of the defile, looms the barren summit of Monte Venere, with Monte d'Oro and other hills in the foreground, and northward, peak after peak, travels the close Messina range.

A landscape of sky, sea, plain, and mountains, great masses majestically grouped, grand in contour! Yet to call it sublime does not render the impression it makes upon the soul. Sublime, indeed, it is at times, and dull were he whose heart from hour to hour awe does not visit here; but constantly the scene is beautiful, and yields that delight which dwells unwearied with the soul. One may be seldom touched to the exaltation which sublimity implies, but to take pleasure in loveliness is the habit of one who lives as Heaven made him; and what characterizes this landscape and sets it apart is the permanence of its beauty, its perpetual and perfect charm through every change of light and weather, and in every quarter of its heaven and earth, felt equally whether the eye sweeps the great circuit with its vision, or pauses on the nearer features, for they, too, are wonderfully composed. This hill of my station falls down for half a mile with broken declivities, and then becomes the Cape of Taormina, and takes its steep plunge into the sea. Yonder picturesque peninsula to its left, diminished by distance and strongly relieved on the purple waves, is the Cape of Sant' Andrea, and beside it a cluster of small islands lies nearer inshore. On the other side, to the right of our own cape, shines our port, with Giardini, the village of my fishers' lights, the beach with its boats, and the white main road winding in the narrow level between the bluffs and the sands. The port is guarded on the south by the peninsula of Schiso, where ancient Naxos stood; and just beyond, the river Alcantara cuts the plain and flows to the sea. At the other extremity, northward of Sant' Andrea, is the cove of Letojanni, with its village, and then, perhaps eight miles away, the bold headland of Sant' Alessio closes the shore view with a mass of rock that in former times completely shut off the land approach hither, there being no passage over it, and none around it except by the strip of sand when the sea was quiet. All this ground, with its sev-

eral villages, from Sant' Alessio to the Alcantara, and beyond into the plain, was anciently the territory of Taormina.

The little city itself lies on its hill, between the bright shore and the gray old castle, on a crescent-like terrace whose two horns jut out into the air like capes. The northern one of these is my station, the site of the old temple and the amphitheater; the southern one opposite shows the façade of the Dominican convent; and the town circles between, possibly a mile from spur to spur. Here and there long broken lines of the ancient wall, black with age, stride the hillside. A round Gothic tower, built as if for warfare, a square belfry, a ruined gateway, stand out among the humble roofs. Gardens of orange- and lemon-trees gleam like oblong parks, principally on the upper edge toward the great rock. If you will climb, as I have done, the craggy plateau close by, which overhangs the theater and obstructs the view of the extreme end of the town at this point, from its level face, rough with the plants of the prickly-pear, you will see a cross on an eminence just below, and the gate toward Messina.

The face of the country is bare. Here beneath, where the main ravine of Taormina cuts into the earth between the two spurs of the city, are terraces of fruit-trees and vegetables, and, wherever the naked rock permits, similar terraces are seen on the castle hill and every less steep slope, looking as if they would slide off. Almond- and olive-trees cling and climb all over the hillsides, but their boughs do not clothe the country. It is gray to look at, because of the masses of natural rock everywhere cropping out, and also from the substructure of the terraces, which, seen from below, present banks of the same gray stone. The only color is given by the fan-like plants of the prickly-pear, whose flat, thick-lipped, pear-shaped leaves, stuck with thorns, and often extruding their reddish fruit from the edge, lend a dull green to the scene. This plant grows everywhere, like wild bush, to a man's height, covering the otherwise infertile soil, and the goats crop it. A closer view shows patches of wild candytuft and marigolds, like those at my feet, and humble purple and blue blossoms hang from crannies or run over the stony turf; but these are not strong enough to be felt in the prevalent tones. The blue of ocean, the white of Etna, the gray of Taormina — this is the scene.

Three ways connect the town with the lower world. The modern carriage-road runs from the Messina gate, and, quickly dropping behind the northern spur, winds in great serpentine loops between the Campo Santo below and old wayside tombs, Roman and Arabic, above, until it slowly opens on the southern outlook, and, after two miles of tortuous courses above the lovely coves, comes out on the main road along the coast. The second way starts from the other end of the town, the gate toward Etna, and goes down more precipitously along the outer flank of the southern spur, with Mola (here shifted to the other side of the castle hill) closing the deep ravine behind; and at last it empties into the torrent of Selina, in whose bed it goes on to Giardini. The third, or short way, leaps down the great hollow of the spurs, and yet keeps to a ridge between the folds of the ravine which it discloses on each side, with here and there a contadino cutting rock on the steep hillsides, or a sportsman wandering with his dog; or often at twilight, from some coign of vantage, you may see the goats trooping home across the distant sands by the sea. It debouches through great limestone quarries on the main road. There, seen from below, Taormina comes out — a cape, a town, and a hill. It is, in fact, a long, steep, broken ridge, shaped like a wedge; one end of the broad face dips into the sea, the other, high on land, exposes swelling bluffs; its back bears the town, its point lifts the castle.

This is the Taorminian land. What a quietude hangs over it! How poor, how mean, how decayed the little town now looks amid all this silent beauty of enduring nature! It could not have been always so. This theater at my feet, hewn in the living rock, flanked at each end by great piers of massive Roman masonry, and showing broken columns thick strewn in the midst of the broad orchestra, tells of ancient splendor and populousness. The narrow stage still stands, with nine columns in position in two groups; part are shattered halfway up, part are yet whole, and in the gap between the groups shines the lovely sea with the long southern coast, set in the beauty of these ruins as in a frame. Here Attic tragedies were once played, and Roman gladiators fought. The inclosure is large, much over a hundred yards in diameter. It held many thousands. Whence came the people to fill it? I noticed by the roadside, as I came up, Saracenic tombs. I saw in the first square I entered those small Norman windows, with the lovely pillars and the round arch. On the ancient church I have observed the ornamentation and moldings of Byzantine art. The Virgin with her crown, over the fountain, was paltry enough, but I saw that this was originally a mermaid's statue. A water-clock here, a bath there; in all quarters I come on some slight, poor relics of other ages; and always in the faces of the people, where every race seems to have set its seal, I see the ruins of time. These echoes are not all of far-off things. That lookout below was a station of English can-

non, I am told; and the bluff over Giardini, beyond the torrent, takes its name from the French tents pitched there long ago. The old walls can be traced for five miles, but now the circuit is barely two. I wonder, as I go down to my room in the Casa Timeo, what was the past of this silent town, now so shrunken from its ancient limits; and who, I ask myself, was Timeo?

IV.

I THOUGHT when I first saw the inaccessibility of this mountain-keep that I should have no walks except upon the carriage-road; but I find there are paths innumerable. Leap the low walls where I will, I come on unsuspected ways broad enough for man and beast. They run down the hillsides in all directions, and are ever dividing as they descend, like the branching streams of a waterfall. Some are rudely paved, and hemmed by low walls; others are mere footways on the natural rock and earth, often edging precipices, and opening short cross-cuts in the most unexpected places, not without a suggestion of peril, to make eye and foot alert, and to infuse a certain wild pleasure into the exercise. The multiplicity of these paths is a great boon to the lover of beauty, for here one charm of Italian landscape exists in perfection. Every few moments the scene rearranges itself in new combinations, as on the Riviera or at Amalfi, and makes an endless succession of lovely pictures. The infinite variety of these views is not to be imagined unless it has been witnessed; and besides the magic wrought by mere change of position, there is also a constant transformation of tone and color from hour to hour, as the lights and shadows vary, and from day to day, with the unsettled weather.

Yet who could convey to black-and-white speech the sense of beauty which is the better part of my rambles? It is only to say that here I went up and down on the open hillsides, and there I followed the ridges or kept the cliff-line above the fair coves; that now I dropped down into the vales, under the shade of olive and lemon branches, and wound by the gushing streams through the orchards. In every excursion I make some discovery, and bring home some golden store for memory. Yesterday I found the olive slopes over Letojanni — beautiful old gnarled trees, such as I have never seen except where the nightingales sing by the eastern shore of Spezzia. I did not doubt when I was told that these orchards yield the sweetest oil in the world. It was the lemon harvest, and everywhere were piles of the pale yellow fruit heaped like apples under the slender trees, with a gatherer here and there; for this is always a landscape of solitary figures. To-day I found the little beach of San Nicolo, not far from the same place. I kept inland, going down the hollow by the Campo Santo, where there is a cool, gravelly stream in a dell that is like a nook in the Berkshire hills, and then along the upland on the skirts of Monte d'Oro, till by a sharp turn seaward I came out through a marble quarry where men were working with what seemed slow implements on the gray or party-colored stone. I passed through the rather silent group, who stopped to look at me, and a short distance beyond I crossed the main road, and went down by a stream to the shore. I found it strewn with seaside rock, as a hundred other beaches are, but none with rocks like these. They were marble, red or green, or shot with variegated hues, with many a soft gray, mottled or wavy-lined; and the sea had polished them. Very lovely they were, and shone where the low wave gleamed over them. I had wondered at the profusion of marbles in Italian churches, but I had not thought to find them wild on a lonely Sicilian beach. Once or twice already I had seen a block rosy in the torrent-beds, and it had seemed a rare sight; but here the whole shore was piled and inlaid with the beautiful stone.

I have learned now that Taormina is famous for these marbles. Over thirty varieties were sent to the Vienna Exhibition, and they won the prize. I got this information from the keeper of the Communal Library, with whom I have made friends. He recalls to my memory the ship that Hieron of Syracuse gave to Ptolemy, wonderful for its size. It had twenty banks of rowers, three decks, and space to hold a library, a gymnasium, gardens with trees in them, stables, and baths, and towers for assault, and it was provided by Archimedes with many ingenious mechanical devices. The wood of sixty ordinary galleys was required for its construction. I describe it because its architect, Filea, was a Taorminian by birth, and esteemed in his day second only to Archimedes in his skill in mechanics; and in lining the baths of this huge galley he used these beautiful Taorminian marbles. My friend the librarian told me also, with his Sicilian burr, of the wine of Taormina, the Eugenæan, which was praised by Pliny, and used at the sacred feasts of Rome; but now, he said sadly, the grape had lost its flavor.

The sugar-cane, which flourished in later times, is also gone. But the mullet that is celebrated in Juvenal's verse, and the lampreys that once went to better Alexandrian luxury, are still the spoil of the fishers, the shrimps are delicate to the palate, and the marbles will endure as long as this rock itself. The rock lasts, and the sea. The most an-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

GREEK THEATER. ETNA IN THE DISTANCE

cient memory here is of them, for this is the shore of Charybdis. It is stated in Sallust and other Latin authors, as well as by writers throughout the middle ages, that all which was swallowed up in the whirlpool of the straits, after being carried beneath the sea for miles, was finally cast up on the beach beneath the hill of Taormina.

The rock and the sea were finely blended in one of my first discoveries in the land, and in consequence they have seemed, to my imagination, more closely united here than is common. On a stormy afternoon I had strolled down the main road, and was walking toward Letojanni. I came, after a little, to a great cliff that overhung the sea, with room for the road to pass beneath; and as I drew near I heard a strange sound, a low roaring, a deep-toned reverberation, that seemed not to come from the breaking waves, loud on the beach: it was a more solemn, a more piercing and continuous sound. It was from the rock itself. The grand music of the rolling sea beneath was taken up by the hollowed cliff, and reëchoed with a mighty volume of sound from invisible sources. It seemed the voice of the rock, as if by long sympathy and neighborhood in that lonely place the cliff were interpenetrated with the sea-music, and had become resonant of itself with those living harmonies heard only in the Psalmist's song. It seemed a lyre for the centuries; and I thought over how many a conqueror, how many a race, that requiem had been lifted upon it as they passed to their death on this shore. I came back slowly in the twilight, and was roused from my reverie by the cold wind breathing on me as I reached the top of the hill, pure and keen and frosted like the bright December breezes of my own land. It was the kiss of Etna on my cheek.

V.

WILL you hear the legend of Taormina?—for in these days I dare not call it history. Noble and romantic it is, and age-long. I had not hoped to recover it; but my friend the librarian has brought me books in which patriotic Taorminians have written the story celebrating their dear city. I was touched by the simplicity with which he informed me that the town authorities had been unwilling to waste on a passing stranger these little paper-bound memorials of their city. "But," he said, "I told them I had given you my word." So I possess these books with a pleasant association of Sicilian honor, and I have read them with real interest. As I turned the pages I was reminded once more how impossible it is to know the past. The past survives in human institutions, in the temperament of races, and in the creations of ideal art; but only in the last is it immortal. Custom and law are for an age; race after race is pushed to the sea, and dies; only epic and saga and psalm have one date with man, one destiny with the breath of his lips, one silence at the last with them. Least of all does the past survive in the living memories of men. Here and there the earth cherishes a coin or a statue, the desert embalms some solitary city, a few leagues of rainless air preserve on rock and column the lost speech of Nile; so the mind of man holds in dark places, or lifts to living fame, no more than ruins and fragments of the life that was. I have been a diligent reader of books in my time; and here in an obscure corner of the Old World I find a narrative studded with noble names, not undistinguished by stirring deeds, and, save for the great movements of history and a few shadowy figures, it is all fresh to my mind. I have looked on three thousand years of human life upon this hill; something of what they have yielded, if you will have patience with such a tract of time, I will set down.

My author is Monsignore Giovanni di Giovanni, a Taorminian, who flourished in the last century. He was a man of vast erudition, and there is in his pages that Old World learning which delights me. He was born before the days of historic doubt. He tells a true story. To allege an authority is with him to prove a fact, and to cite all writers who repeat the original source is to render truth impregnable. Rarely does he show any symptom of the modern malady of incredulity. *Scripta littera* is reason enough, unless the fair fame of his city chances to be at stake. He was really learned, and I do wrong to seem to diminish his authority. He was a patient investigator of manuscripts, and did important service to Sicilian history. The simplicity I have alluded to affects mainly the ecclesiastical part of his narrative. A few statements also in regard to the prehistoric period might disturb the modern mind, but I own to finding in them the charm of lost things. In my mental provinces I welcome the cave-man, the flint-maker, the lake-dweller, and all their primitive tribes to the abode of science; but I feel them to be intruders in my antiquity. I was brought up on quite other chronologies, and I still like a history that begins with the flood. I will not, however, ask any one of more serious mind to go back with Monsignore and myself to the era of autochthonous Sicily, when the children of the Cyclops inhabited the land, and Demeter in her search for Proserpina wept on this hill, and Charybdis lay stretched out under these bluffs watching the sea. It is precise enough to say that Taormina began eighty years before the Trojan War. Very dimly, it must be acknowledged, the ancient Sicani are seen arriving and driven, like all doomed races, south and west out of the land, and in their place the Siculi flourish, and a Samnite colony voyages over the straits from Italy and joins them. Here for three centuries these sparse communities lived along these heights in fear of the sea pirates, and warred confusedly from their mainhold on Mount Taurus, or the Bull, so called because the two summits of the mountain from a distance resemble a bull's horns; and they left no other memory of themselves.

Authentic history begins toward the end of the eighth century before our era. It is a bright burst; for then, down by yonder green-foaming rock, the young Greek mariners leaped on the strand. This was their first land-fall in Sicily; that rock, their Plymouth; and here, doubtless, the alarmed mountaineers stood in their fastness and watched the bearers of the world's torch, and knew them not, bringing daybreak to the dark island forevermore, but fought, as barbarism will, against the light, and were at last made friends with it—a chance that does not always befall. Then quickly rose the lowland city of Naxos, and by the river sprang up the temple to Guiding Apollo, the earliest shrine of the Sicilian Greeks, where they came ever afterward to pray for a prosperous voyage when they would go across the sea, homeward. They were from the first a fighting race; and decade by decade the cloud of war grew heavier on each horizon, southward from Syracuse and northward from Messina, and swords beat fiercer and stronger with the rivalries of growing states—battles dimly discerned now. A single glimpse flashes out on the page of Thucydides. He relates that when once the Messenians threatened Naxos with overthrow, the mountaineers rushed down from the heights in great numbers to the relief

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

A GIRL OF THE OLD GREEK TYPE.

of their Greek neighbors, and routed the enemy and slew many. This is the first blood-stain, clear and bright, on our Taorminian land. Shall I add, from the few relics of that age, that Pythagoras, on the journey he undertook to establish the governments of the Sicilian cities, wrought miracles here, curing a mad lover of his frenzy by music, and being present on this hill and at Metaponto the same day—a thing not to be done without magic? But at last we see plainly Alcibiades coasting along below, and the ill-fated Athenians wintering in the port, and horsemen going out from Naxos toward Etna on the side of Athens in the death-struggle of her glory. And then, suddenly, after the second three hundred years, all is over, the Greek city betrayed, sacked, destroyed, Naxos trodden out under the foot of Dionysius the tyrant.

Other fortune awaited him a few years later when he came again, and our city (which, one knows not when, had been walled and fortified) stood its first historic siege. Dionysius arrived in the dead of winter. Snow and ice—I can hardly credit it—whitened and roughened these ravines, a new ally to the besieged; but the tyrant thought to betray them by a false security in such a season. On a bitter night, when clouds hooded the hilltop, and mists rolled low about its flanks, he climbed unobserved, with his forces, up these precipices, and gained two outer forts which gave footways to the walls; but the town roused at the sound of arms and the cries of the guards, and came down to the fray, and fought until six hundred of the foe fell dead, others with wounds surrendered, and the rest fled headlong, with Dionysius among them, hard pressed, and staining the snow with his blood as he went. This was the city's first triumph.

Not only with brave deeds did Taormina begin, but, as a city should, with a great man. He was really great, this Andromachus. Do you not remember him out of Plutarch, and the noble words that have been his immortal memory among men? "This man was incomparably the best of all those that bore sway in Sicily at that time, governing his citizens according to law and justice, and openly professing an aversion and enmity to all tyrants." Was the defeat of Dionysius the first of his youthful exploits, as some say? I cannot determine; but it is certain that he gathered the surviving exiles of Naxos, and gave them this plateau to dwell upon, and it was no longer called Mount Taurus, as had been the wont, but Tauromenium, or the Abiding-place of the Bull. A few years later Andromachus performed the signal action of his life by befriending Timoleon, as great a character, in my eyes, as Plutarch records the glory of. Timoleon had set out from Corinth, at the summons of his Greek countrymen, to restore the liberty of Syracuse, then tyrannized over by the second Dionysius; and because Andromachus, in his stronghold of Taormina, hated tyranny, Plutarch says, he "gave Timoleon leave to muster up his troops there and to make that city the seat of war, persuading the inhabitants to join their arms with the Corinthian forces and to assist them in the design of delivering Sicily." It was on our beach that Timoleon disembarked, and from our city he went forth to the conquest foretold by the wreath that fell upon his head as he prayed at Delphi, and by the prophetic fire that piloted his ship over the sea. The Carthaginians came quickly after him from Reggio, where he had eluded them, for they were in alliance with the tyrant; and from their vessels they parleyed with Andromachus in the port. With an insolent gesture, the envoy, raising his hand, palm up, and turning it lightly over, said that even so, and with such ease, would he overturn the little city; and Andromachus, mock-

ing his hand-play, answered that if he did not leave the harbor, even so would he upset his galley. The Carthaginians sailed away. The city remained firm-perched. Timoleon prospered, brought back liberty to Syracuse, ruled wisely and nobly, and gave to Sicily those twenty years of peace which were the flower of her Greek annals. Then, we must believe, rose the little temple on our headland, the Greek theater where the tongue of Athens

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CATANIA GATE.

lived, the gymnasium where the youths grew fair and strong. Then Taormina struck her coins: Apollo with the laurel, with the lyre, with the grape; Dionysus with the ivy, and Zeus with the olive; for the gods and temples of the Naxians had become ours, and were religiously cherished; and with the rest was struck a coin with the Minotaur, our symbol. But of Andromachus, the founder of the well-built and fairly adorned Greek city that then rose, we hear no more — a hero, I think, one of the true breed of the founders of states.

But alas for liberty! A new tyrant, Agathocles, was soon on the Syracusan throne, and he won this city by friendly professions, only to empty it by treachery and murder; and he drove into exile Timæus, the son of Andromachus. Timæus? He, evidently, of my Casa Timeo. I know him now, the once famed historian whom Cicero praises as the most erudite in history of all writers up to his time, most copious in facts and various in comment, not unpolished in style, eloquent, and distinguished by terse and charming expression. Ninety years he lived in the Greek world, devoted himself to history, and produced many works, now lost. The ancient writers read him, and from their criticism it is clear that he was marked by a talent for invective, was given to sharp censure, and loved the bitter part of truth. He introduced precision and detail into his art, and is credited with being the first to realize the importance of chronology and to seek exactness in it. He never saw again his lovely birthplace, and I easily forgive to the exile and the son of Andromachus the vigor with which he depicted the crimes of Agathocles and others of the tyrants. In our city, meanwhile, the Greek genius waning to its extinction, Tyndarion ruled; and in his time Pyrrhus came hither to repulse the ever-invading power of Carthage. But he was little more than a shedder of blood; he accomplished nothing, and I name him only as one of the figures of our beach.

The day of Greece was gone; but those two clouds of war still hung on the horizon, north and south, with ever darker tempest. Instead of Syracuse and Messina, Carthage and the new name of Rome now sent them forth, and over this island they encountered. Our city, true to its ancient tradition, became Rome's ever-faithful ally, as you may read in the poem of Silius Italicus, and was dignified by treaty with the title of a confederate city; and of this fact Cicero reminded the judges when in that famous trial he thundered against Verres, the spoiler of our Sicilian province, and with the other cities defended this of ours, whose people had signalized their hatred of the Roman pretor by overthrowing his statue in the market-place and sparing the pedestal, as they said, to be an eternal memorial of his infamy. From the Roman age, however, I take but two episodes, for I find that to write this town's history were to write the history of half the Mediterranean world. When the slaves rose in the Servile War, they intrenched themselves on this hill, and in their hands the city bore its siege by the Roman consul as hardily as was ever its custom. Cruel they were, no doubt, and vindictive. With horror Monsignore relates that they were so resolved not to yield that, starving, they ate their children, their wives, and one another; and he rejoices when they were at last betrayed and massacred, and this disgrace was wiped away. I hesitate. I cannot feel regret when those whom man has made brutal answer brutally to their oppressors. I have enough of the old Taorminian spirit to

remember that the slaves, too, fought for liberty. I am sorry for those penned and dying men; their famine and slaughter in these walls were least horrible for their part in the catastrophe, if one looks through what they did to what they were, and remembers that the civilization they violated had stripped them of humanity. After the slave, I make room — for whom else than imperial Augustus? Off this shore he defeated Sextus Pompey, and he thought easily to subdue the town above when he summoned it. But Taormina was always a loyal little place, and it would not yield without a siege. Then Augustus, sitting down before it, prayed in our temple of Guiding Apollo that he might have the victory; and as he walked by the beach afterward a fish threw itself out of the water before him — an omen, said the diviners, that even so the Pompeians, who held the seas, after many turns of varied fortune, should be brought to his feet. Pompey returned with a fleet, and in these waters again the battle was fought and Augustus lost it, and the siege was raised. But when a third time the trial of naval strength was essayed, and the cause of the Pompeians ruined, Augustus remembered the city that had defied him, sent its inhabitants into exile, and planted a Roman colony in its place. Latin was now the language here. The massive grandeur of Roman architecture replaced the old Greek structures. The amphitheater was enlarged and renewed in its present form, villas of luxury bordered the coasts as in Campania, and coins were struck in the Augustan name.

The Roman domination in its turn slowly moved to its fall; and where should the new age begin more fitly than in this city of beginnings? As of old the Greek torch first gleamed here: here first on Sicilian soil was the Cross planted. The gods of Olympus had many temples about the hill-slopes, shrines of venerable antiquity even in those days; but if the monkish chronicles be credited, the new faith signalized its victory rather over three strange idolatries — the worship of Falcone, of Lissone, and of Scamandro, a goddess. I refuse to believe that the citizens were accustomed to sacrifice three youths annually to Falcone; and as for the other two deities, little is known of them except that their destruction marked the advent of the young religion. Pancrazio was the name of him who was destined to be our patron saint through the coming centuries. He was born in Antioch, and when a child of three years, going with his father into Judea, he had seen the living Christ; now, grown into manhood, he was sent by St. Peter to spread the gospel in the isles of the sea. He disembarked on our beach, and forthwith threw Lissone's image into the waves, and with it a holy dragon which was coiled about it like a garment and was fed with sacrifices; and he shattered with his cross the great idol Scamandro: and so Taormina became Christian, welcomed St. Peter on his way to Rome, and entered on the long new age. It was here, as elsewhere, the age of martyrs — Pancrazio first, and after him Geminiano, guided hither with his mother by an angel; and then San Nicone, who suffered with his one hundred and ninety-nine brother monks, and Sepero and Corneliano with their sixty; the age of monks — Luca, who fled from his bridal to live on Etna, with fasts, visions, and prophecies; and, later, simple-minded Daniele, the follower of St. Elia, of whom there is more to be recorded; the age of bishops, heard in Roman councils and the palace of Byzantium, of whom two only are of singular interest — Zaccaria, who was deprived, evidently the ablest in mind and policy of all the succession, once a great figure in the disputes of East and West; and Procopio,

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

A NORMAN RUIN — THE "BADIA VECCHIA."

whom the Saracens slew, for the Crescent now followed the Cross.

The ancient war-cloud had again gathered out of Africa. The Saracens were in the land, and every city had fallen except Syracuse and Taormina. For sixty years the former held out, and our city for yet another thirty, the sole refuge of the Christians. Signs of the impending destruction were first seen by that St. Elia already mentioned, who wandered hither, and was displeased by the manners and morals of the citizens. I am sorry to record that Monsignore believed his report, for only here is there mention of such a matter. "The citizens," says my author, "lived in luxury and

pleasure not becoming to a state of war. They saw on all sides the fields devastated, houses burnt, wealth plundered, cities given to the flames, friends and companions killed or reduced to slavery, yet was there no vice, no sin, that did not rule unpunished among them." Therefore the saint preached the woe to come, and, turning to the governor, Constantine Patrizio, in his place in the cathedral, he appealed to him to restrain his people. "Let the philosophy of the Gentiles," he exclaimed, "be your

DRAWN BY A. F. JACASSI.

A TYPE OF OLD TAORMINIAN WOMAN.

shame. Epaminondas, that illustrious *condottiere*, strictly restrained himself from intemperance, from every lust, every allurement of pleasure. So, also, Scipio, the Roman leader, was valorous through the same continence as Epaminondas; and therefore they brought back signal victory, one over the Spartans, the other over the Carthaginians, and both erected immortal trophies." He promised them mercy with repentance, but ended threateningly, "So far as in me lies I have clearly foretold to you all that has been divinely revealed to me. If you believe my words, like the penitents of Nineveh, you shall find mercy; if you despise my admonitions, bound and captive you shall be reduced to the worst slavery." He prophesied yet more in private. He went to the house of a noble citizen, Crisione, who esteemed him as a father, and, lying in bed, he said to him: "Do you see, Crisione, the bed in which I now lie? In this same bed shall Ibrahim sleep, hungry for human blood, and the walls of the rooms shall see many of the most distinguished persons of this city all together put to the edge of the sword." Then he left the house and went to the square in the center of the city, and, standing there, he lifted his garments above the knee. Whereupon simple Daniele, who always followed him about, marveling asked, "What does this thing mean, father?" The old man had his answer ready: "Now I see rivers of blood running, and these proud and magnificent buildings which you see exalted shall be destroyed even to the foundations by the Saracens." And the monk fled from the doomed city, like a true prophet, and went overseas.

The danger was near, but perhaps not more felt than it must always have been where the prayer for defense against the Saracens had gone up for a hundred years in the cathedral. The governor, however, had taken pains to add to the strength of the city by strong fortifications upon Mola. Ahulabras came under the walls, but gave over the ever unsuccessful attempt to take the place, and went on to ruin Reggio beyond the straits. When it was told to his father Ibrahim that Tabermina, as the Saracens called it, had again been passed by, he cried out upon his son, "He is degenerate, degenerate! He took his nature from his mother and not from his father; for, had he been born from me, surely his sword would not have spared the Christians!" Therefore he recalled him to the home government, and came himself and sat down before the city. The garrison was small and insufficient, but, says my author, following old chronicles, "youths, old men, and children, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, fearing outrage and all that slavery would expose them to, all spontaneously offered themselves to fight in this holy war even to death: with such courage did love of country and religious zeal inspire the citizens." Ibrahim had other weapons than the sword. He first corrupted the captains of the Greek fleet, who were afterward condemned for the treason at Byzantium. Then, all being ready, he promised some Ethiopians of his army, who are described as of a ferocious nature and harsh aspect, that he would give them the city for booty, besides other gifts, if they would devote themselves to the bold undertaking. The catastrophe deserves to be told in Monsignore's own words:

This people, accustomed to rapine, allured by the riches of the Taorminians and the promises of the king, with the aid of the traitors entered unexpectedly into the city, and with bloody swords and mighty cries and clamor assailed the citizens. Meanwhile King Ibrahim, having entered with all his army by a secret gate under the fortress of Mola, thence called the gate of the Saracens, raged against the citizens with such unexpected and cruel slaughter that not only neither the weakness of sex, nor tender years, nor reverence for hoary age, but not even the abundance of blood that like torrents flowed down the ways, touched to pity that ferocious heart. The soldiers, masters of the beautiful and wealthy city, divided among them the riches and goods of the citizens according as to each one the lot fell; they leveled to the ground the magnificent buildings,

public or private, sacred or profane, all that were proudest for amplitude, construction, and ornament; and that not even the ruins of ancient splendor should remain, all that had survived they gave to the flames.

This city, which the Saracens destroyed, is the one the Taorminians cherish as the culmination of their past. In the Greek, the Roman, and the early Christian ages it had flourished, as both its ruins and its history attest, and much must have yet survived from those times; while its station as the only Christian stronghold in the island would naturally have attracted wealth hither for safety. In this first sack of the Saracens, the ancient city must have perished, but the destruction could hardly have been so thorough as is represented, since some of the churches themselves, in their present state, show Byzantine workmanship.

There remains one bloody and characteristic episode to Ibrahim's victory. The king, says the Arab chronicler, was pious and naturally compassionate, but on this occasion he forgot his usual mildness. In the midst of fire and blood he ordered the soldiers to search the caverns of the hills, and they dragged forth many prisoners, among whom was the bishop Procopio. The king spoke to him gently and nobly: "Because you are wise and old, O Bishop, I exhort you with soft words to obey my advice, and to have foresight for your own safety and that of your companions; otherwise you shall suffer what your fellow-citizens have suffered from me. If you will embrace my laws, and deny the Christian religion, you shall have the second place after me, and shall be more dear to me than all the Agarenes." The prelate only smiled. Then, full of wrath, the king said: "Do you smile while you are my prisoner? Know you not in whose presence you are?" "I smile truly," came the answer, "because I see you are inspired by a demon who puts these words into your mouth." Furious, the king called to his attendants, "Quick, break open his breast, tear out his heart, that we may see and understand the secrets of his mind." While the command was being executed, Procopio reproved the king and comforted his companions. "The tyrant, swollen with rage, and grinding his teeth," says the narrative, "barbarously offered him the torn-out heart that he might eat it." Then he bade them strike off the bishop's head (who, we are told, was already half dead), and also the heads of his companions, and to burn the bodies all together. And as St. Pancrazio of old had thrown the holy dragon into the sea, so now were his own ashes scattered to the winds of heaven; and Ibrahim, having accomplished his work, departed.

Some of the citizens, however, had survived, and among them Crisione, the host of St. Elia. He went to bear the tidings to the saint; and being now assured of the gift of prophecy possessed by the holy man, asked him to foretell his future. He met the customary fate of the curious in such things. "I foresee," said the discomfortable saint, "that within a few days you will die." And to make an end of St. Elia with Crisione, let me record here the simple Daniele's last act of piety to his master. It is little that in such company he fought with devils, or that after he had written with much labor a beautiful Psalter, the old monk bade

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. THE PIAZZA CAVOUR.

him fling it and worldly pride together over the cliff into a lake. Such episodes belonged to the times; and, after all, by making a circuit of six miles he found the Psalter miraculously unwet, and only his worldly pride remained at the lake's bottom. But it was a mind singularly inventive of penance that led the dying saint to charge poor Daniele to bear the corpse on his back a long way over the mountains, merely because, he said, it would be a difficult thing to do. Other survivors of the sack of Taormina, more fortunate than Crisione,

watched their opportunity, and, at a moment when the garrison was weak, entered, seized the place, fortified it anew, and offered it to the Greek emperor once more. He could not maintain war with the Saracens, but by a treaty made with them he secured his faithful Taorminians in the possession of the city. After forty years of peace under this treaty it was again besieged for several months, and fell on Christmas night. Seventeen hundred and fifty of its citizens were sent by the victors into slavery in Africa. Greek troops, however, soon retook the city in a campaign that opened brilliantly in Sicily only to close in swift disaster; but for five years longer Taormina sustained continual siege, and when it fell at last, with the usual carnage of its citizens and the now thrice-repeated fire and ruin of Saracenic victory, we may well believe that, though it remained the seat of a governor, little of the city was left except its memory. Its name even was changed to Moezzia.

The crescent ruled undisturbed for a hundred years, until the landing of Count Roger, the Norman, the great hero of medieval Sicily, who recovered the island to the Christian faith. Taormina, true to its tradition, was long in falling; but after eighteen years of desultory warfare Count Roger sat down before it with determination. He surrounded it with a circumvallation of twenty-two fortresses connected by ramparts and bridges, and cut off all access by land or sea. Each day he inspected the lines; and the enemy having noticed this habit, laid an ambush for him in some young myrtles where the path he followed had a very narrow passage over the precipices. They rushed out on him and, as he was unarmed and alone, would have killed him, had not their cries attracted one Evandro, a Breton, who, coming, and seeing his chief's peril, threw himself between, and died in his place. Count Roger was not forgetful of this noble action. He recovered the body, held great funeral services, and gave gifts to the soldiers and the church. The story appealed so to the old chronicler Malaterra, that he told it in both prose and verse. After seven months the city surrendered, and the iron cross was again set up on the rocky eminence by the gate. It is a sign of the ruin which had befallen that the city now lost its bishopric and was ecclesiastically annexed to another see.

Taormina, compared with what it had been, was now a place of the desert; but not the less for that did the tide of war rage round it for five hundred years to come. It was like a rock of the sea over which conflicting billows break eternally. I will not narrate the feudal story of internecine violence, nor how amidst it all every religious order set up monasteries upon the beautiful hillsides, of whose life little is now left but the piles of books in old bindings over which my friend the librarian keeps guard, mourning the neglect in which they are left. Among both the nobles and the fathers were some examples of heroism, sacrifice, and learning, but their deeds and virtues may sleep unwaked by me. The kings and queens who took refuge here, and fled again, Messenian foray and Chiaramontane faction, shall go unrecorded. I must not, however, in the long roll of the famous figures of our beach forget that our English Richard the Lion-hearted was entertained here by Tancred in crusading days; and of notable sieges let me name at least that which the city suffered for its loyalty to the brave and generous Manfred when the Messenians surprised and wasted it, and that which with less destruction the enemies of the second Frederick inflicted on it, and that of the French under Charles II., who, contrary to his word, gave up the surrendered city to the soldiery for eight whole days — a terrible sack, of which Monsignore has heard old men tell. What part the citizens took in the Sicilian Vespers, and how the Parliament that vainly sought a king for all Sicily was held here, and in later times the marches of the Germans, Spaniards, and English — these were too long a tale. With one more signal memory I close this world-history, as it began, with a noble name. It was from our beach yonder that Garibaldi set out for Italy in the campaign of Aspramonte: hither he was brought back, wounded, to the friendly people, still faithful to that love of liberty which flowed in the old Taorminian blood.

I shut my books: but to my eyes the rock is scriptured now. What a leaf it is from the world-history of man upon the planet! Every race has splashed it with blood: every faith has cried from it to heaven. It is only a hill-station in the realm of empire: but in the records of such a city, lying somewhat aside and out of common vision, the course of human fate may be more simply impressive than in the story of world-cities. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, London, Paris, are great centers of history; but in them the mind is confused by the multiplicity and awed by the majesty of events. Here on this bare rock there is no thronging of illustrious names, and little of that glory that conceals imperial crime, the massacre of armies, and the people's woe. Again I use the figure: it is like a rock of the sea, set here in the midst of the Mediterranean world, washed by all the tides of history, beat on by every pitiless storm of the passion of man for blood. The torch of Greece, the light of the Cross, the streaming portent of the Crescent, have shone from it, each in its time; all

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN.

governments, from Greek democracy to Bourbon tyranny, have ruled in turn; Roman law and feudal custom had it in charge, each a long age: yet civilization in all its historic forms has never here done more, seemingly, than alleviate at moments the hard human lot. And what has been the end? Go down into the streets; go out into the villages; go into the country-side. The men will hardly look up from their burdens, the women will seldom stop to ask alms, but you will see a degradation of the human form that speaks not of the want of individuals, of one generation, or of an age, but of the destitution of centuries stamped physically into the race. There is, as always, a prosperous class, men well to do, the more fortunate and better-born; but the common people lead toilsome lives, and among them suffering is wide-spread. Three thousand years of human life, and this the result! Yet I see many indications of a brave patriotism in the community, an effort to improve general conditions, to arouse, to stimulate, to encourage—the spirit of free and united Italy awakening here, too, with faith in the new age of liberty and hope of its promised blessings. And for a sign there stands in the center of the poor fishing-village yonder a statue of Garibaldi.

VI.

THE rain-cloud is gone. The days are bright, warm, and clear, and every hour tempts me forth to wander about the hills. It is not spring, but the hesitancy that holds before the season changes; yet each day there are new flowers—not our delicate wood flowers, but larger and coarser of fiber, and it adds a charm to them that I do not know their names. The trees are budding, and here and there, like a wave breaking into foam on a windless sea, an almond has burst into blossom, white and solitary on the gray slopes, and over all the orchards there is the faint suggestion of pale pink, felt more than seen, so vague is it—but it is there. I go wandering by cliff or sea-shore, by rocky beds of running water, under dark-browed caverns, and on high crags; now on our cape, among the majestic rocks, I watch the swaying of the smooth deep-violet waters below, changing into indigo as they lap the rough clefts, or I loiter on the beach to see the fishers about their boats, weather-worn mariners, and youths in the fair strength of manly beauty, like athletes of the old world: and always I bring back something for memory, something unforeseen.

I have ever found this uncertainty a rare pleasure of travel. It is blessed not to know what the gods will give. I remember once in other days I left the beach of Amalfi to row away to the isles of the Sirens, farther down the coast. It was a beautiful, blowing, wave-wild morning, and I strained my sight, as every headland of the high cliff-coast was rounded, to catch the first glimpse of the low isles; and there came by a country boat-load of the peasants, and in the bows, as it neared and passed, I saw a dark, black-haired boy, bare breast and dreaming eyes, motionless save for the dipping prow—a figure out of old Italian pictures, some young St. John, inexpressibly beautiful. I have forgotten how the isles of the Sirens looked, but that boy's face I shall never forget. It is such moments that give the Italy of the imagination its charm. Here, too, I have similar experiences. A day or two ago, when the bright weather began, I was threading the rough edge of a broken path under the hill, and clinging to the rock with my hand. Suddenly a figure rose just before me, where the land made out a little farther on a point of the crag, so strange that I was startled; but straightway I knew the goatherd, the curling locks, the olive face, the garments of goatskin and leather on his limbs. It came on me like a flash—*eccola* the country of Theocritus!

I have never seen it set down among the advantages of travel that one learns to understand the poets better. To see courts and governments, manners and customs, works of architecture, statues and pictures and ruins—this, since modern travel began, is to make the grand tour; but though I have diligently sought such obvious and common aims, and had my reward, I think no gain so great as that I never thought of, the light which travel sheds upon the poets; unless, indeed, I should except that stronger hold on the reality of the ideal creations of the imagination which comes from familiar life with pictures, and statues, and kindred physical renderings of art. This latter advantage must necessarily be more narrowly availed of by men, since it implies a certain peculiar temperament; but poetry, in its less exalted forms, is open and common to all who are not immersed in the materialism of their own lives, and whatever helps to unlock the poetic treasures of other lands for our possession may be an important part of life. I think none can fully taste the sweetness, or behold the beauty, of English song even, until he has wandered in the lanes and fields of the mother country; and in the case of foreign, and especially of the ancient, poets, so much of whose accepted and assumed world of fact has perished, the loss is very great. I had trodden many an Italian hillside before I noticed how subtly Dante's landscape had become realized in my mind as a part of nature. I own to believing that Virgil's storms never blew on the sea until once, near Salerno, as I rode back from Pæstum, there came a storm over the wide gulf that

held my eyes enchanted — such masses of ragged, full clouds, such darkness in their broad bosoms broken with rapid flame, and a change beneath so swift, such anger on the sea, such an indescribable and awful gleaming hue, not purple, nor green, nor red, but a commingling of all these — a revelation of the wrath of color! The waves were wild with the fallen tempest; quick and heavy the surf came thundering on the sands; the light went out as if it were extinguished, and the dark rain came down; and I said, "'T is one of Virgil's storms." Such a one you will find also in Theocritus, where he hymns the children of Leda, succorers of the ships that, "defying the stars that set and rise in heaven, have encountered the perilous breath of storms. The winds raise huge billows about their stern, yea, or from the prow, or even as each wind wills, and cast them into the hold of the ship, and shatter both bulwarks, while with the sail hangs all the gear confused and broken, and the wide sea rings, being lashed by the gusts and by showers of iron hail."

I must leave these older memories, to tell, so far as it is possible in words, of that land of the idyl which of all enchanted retreats of the imagination is the hardest for him without the secret to enter. Yet here I find it all about me in the places where the poets first unveiled it. Once before I had a sight of it, as all over Italy it glimpses at times from the hills and the campagna. Descending under the high peak of Capri, I heard a flute, and turned and saw on the neighboring slopes the shepherd-boy leading his flock, the music at his lips. Then the centuries rolled together like a scroll, and I heard the world's morning notes. That was a single moment; but here, day-long is the idyl world. I read the old verses over, and in my walks the song keeps breaking in. The idyls are full of streams and fountains, just such as I meet with wherever I turn, and the water counts in the landscape as in the poems. It is always tumbling over rocks in cascades, brawling with rounded forms among the stones of the shallow brooks, bubbling in fountains, or dripping from the cliff, or shining like silver in the plain. The run that comes down from Mola, the torrent under the olive and lemon branches toward Letojanni, the more open course in the ravine of the mill down by Giardini, the simitar of the far-seen Alcantara lying on the campagna in the meadows, and that further *fiume freddo*, the cold stream,— "chill water that for me deep-wooded Etna sends down from the white snow, a draught divine,"— each of these seems inhabited by a genius of its own, so that it does not resemble its neighbors. But all alike murmur of ancient song, and bring it near, and make it real.

On the beach one feels most keenly the actuality of much in the idyls, and finds the continuousness of the human life that enters into them. No idyl appeals so directly to modern

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CORSO UMBERTO.

feeling, I suspect, as does that of the two fishermen and the dream of the golden fish. Go down to the shore; you will find the old men still at their toil, the same implements, the same poverty, the same sentiment for the heart. Often as I look at them I recall the old words, while the goats hang their heads over the scant herbage, and the blue sea breaks lazily and heavily on the sands.

Two fishers, on a time, two old men, together lay and slept; they had strewn the dry sea-moss for a bed in their wattled cabin, and there lay against the leafy wall. Beside them were strewn the instruments of their toilsome hands, the fishing-creels, the rods of reed, the hooks, the sails bedraggled with sea-spoil, the lines, the weels,

the lobster-pots woven of rushes, the seines, two oars, and an old cobble upon props. Beneath their heads was a scanty matting, their clothes, their sailors' caps. Here was all their toil, here all their wealth. The threshold had never a door nor a watchdog. All things, all, to them seemed superfluity, for Poverty was their sentinel; they had no neighbor by them, but ever against their narrow cabin gently floated up the sea.

This is what the eye beholds; and I dare not say that the idyl is touched more with the melancholy of human fate for us than for the poet. Poverty such as this, so absolute, I see everywhere at every hour. It is a terrible sight. It is the physical hunger of the soul in wan limbs and hand, and the fixed gaze of the unhoping eyes — despair made flesh. How long has it suffered here? and was it so when Theocritus saw his fishers and gave them a place in the country of his idyls? He spreads before us the hills and fountains, and fills the scene with shepherds, and maidens, and laughing loves, and among the rest are these two poor old men. The shadow of the world's poverty falls on this paradise now as then. With the rock and sea it, too, endures.

A few traces of the old myths also survive on the landscape. Not far from here, down the coast, the rocks that the Cyclops threw after the fleeing mariners are still to be seen near the shore above which he piped to Galatea. Some day I mean to take a boat and see them. But now I let the Cyclops idyls go, and with them Adonis of Egypt, and Ptolemy, and the prattling women, and the praises of Hiero, and the deeds of Herakles: these all belong to the cities of the pastoral, to its civilization and art in more conscious forms; but my heart stays in the campagna, where are the song-contests, the amorous praise of maidens, the boyish boasting, the young, sweet, graceful loves. Fain would I recover the breath of that springtime; but while from my foot "every stone upon the way spins singing," make what speed I can, I come not to the harvest-feast. Bees go booming among the blossoms, and the flocks crop their pasture, and night falls with Hesperus; but fruitless on my lips, as at some shrine whence the god is gone, is Bion's prayer: "Hesperus, golden lamp of the lovely daughter of the foam — dear Hesperus, sacred jewel of the deep blue night, dimmer as much than the moon as thou art among the stars preëminent, hail, friend!" Dead now is that ritual. Now more silent than ever is the country-side, missing Daphnis, the flower of all those who sing when the heart is young. Sweet was his flute's first triumph over Menalcas: "Then was the boy . . . glad, and leaped high, and clapped his hands over his victory, as a young fawn leaps about his mother"; but sweeter was the unwon victory when he strove with Damœtas: "Then Damœtas kissed Daphnis, as he ended his song, and he gave Daphnis a pipe, and Daphnis gave him a beautiful flute. Damœtas fluted, and Daphnis piped; the herdsmen, and anon the calves, were dancing in the soft green grass. Neither won the victory, but both were invincible." And him, too, I miss who loved his friend, and wished that they twain might "become a song in the ears of all men unborn," even for their loves' sake; and prayed, "Would, O Father Cronides, and would, ye ageless immortals, that this might be, and that when two generations have sped, one might bring these tidings to me by Acheron, the irremeable stream: the loving-kindness that was between thee and thy gracious friend is even now in all men's mouths, and chiefly on the lips of the young." Hill and fountain and pine, the gray sea and Mother Etna, are here; but no children gather in the land, as once about the tomb of Diocles at the coming in of the spring, contending for the prize of the kisses — "Whoso most sweetly touches lip to lip, laden with garlands he returneth to his mother. Happy is he who judges those kisses of the children." Lost over the bright furrows of the sea is Europa riding on the back of the divine bull as Moschus beheld her — "With one hand she clasped the beast's great horn, and with the other caught up the purple fold of her garment, lest it might trail and be wet in the hoar sea's infinite spray"; and from the border-land of mythic story, that was then this world's horizon, yet more faintly the fading voice of Hylas answers the deep-throated shout of Herakles. Faint now as his voice are the voices of the shepherds who are gone, youth and maiden and children; dimly I see them, vaguely I hear them; at last there remains only "the hoar sea's infinite spray." And will you say it was in truth all a dream? Were the poor fishermen in their toil alone real, and the rest airy nothings to whom Sicily gave a local habitation and a name? It was Virgil's dream and Spenser's; and some secret there was — something still in our breasts — that made it immortal, so that to name the Sicilian muses is to stir an infinite, longing tenderness in every young and noble heart that the gods have softened with sweet thoughts.

And here I shut in my pages the one laurel leaf that Taormina bore. She, too, in her centuries has had her poet. Perhaps none who will see these words ever gave a thought to the name and fame of Cornelius Severus. Few of his works remain, and little is known of his life. He is said to have been the friend of Pollio, and to have been present in the Sicilian war between Augustus and Sextus Pompey. He wrote the first book of an epic poem on that

subject, so excellent that it has been thought that, had the entire work been continued at the same level, he would have held the second place among the Latin epic poets. He wrote also heroic songs, of which fragments survive, one of which is an elegy upon Cicero, which Seneca quotes, saying of him, "No one out of so many talented men deplored the death of Cicero better than Cornelius Severus." Some dialogues in verse also seem to have been written by him. These fragments may not be easily obtained. But take down your Virgil; and, if it be like this of mine which I brought from Rome, you will find at the very end, last of the shorter pieces ascribed to the poet, one of the length of a book of the "Georgics," called "Etna." This is the work of Cornelius Severus. An early death took from him the perfection of his genius and the hope of fame; but happy was the fortune of him who wrote so well that for centuries his lines were thought not unworthy of Virgil, whose name still shields this Taorminian verse from oblivion.

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

SCENE IN AN OLD CASTLE NOW USED AS A WOOLEN-MILL.

VII.

It is my last day at Taormina. I have seen the sunrise from my old station by the Greek temple, and watched the throng of cattle and men gathered on the distant beach of Letojanni and darkening the broad bed of the dry torrent that there makes down to the sea, and I wished I were among them, for it is their annual fair; and still I dwell on every feature of the landscape that familiarity has made more beautiful. The afternoon I have dedicated to a walk to Mola. It is a pleasant, easy climb, with the black ancient wall of the city on the left, where it goes up the face of the castle-rock, and on the right the deep ravine closed by Monte Venere in the west. All is very quiet; a silent, silent country! There are few birds or none, and indeed I have heard no bird-song since I have been here. Opposite, on the other side of the wall of the ravine, are some cows hanging in strange fashion to the cliff, where it seems goats could hardly cling; but the unwieldy, awkward creatures move with sure feet, and seem wholly at home, pasturing on the bare precipice. I cannot hear the torrent, now a narrow stream, deep below me, but I see the women of Mola washing by the old fountain which is its source. There is no other sign of human life. The fresh spring flowers, large and coarse, but bright-colored, are all I have of company, and the sky is blue and the air like crystal. So I go up, ever up, and at last am by the gate of

Mola, and enter the stony-hearted town. A place more dreary, desolate to the eye, is seldom seen. There are only low, mean houses of gray stone, and the paved ways. If you can fancy a prison turned inside out like a glove, with all its interior stone exposed to the sunlight, which yet seems sunlight in a prison, and silence over all — that is Mola. The ruins of the fortress are near the gate on the highest point of the crag. Within is a barren spot — a cistern, old foundations, and some broken walls. Look over the battlement westward, and you will see a precipice that one thinks only birds could assail; and observing how isolated is the crag on all sides, you will understand what an inaccessible fastness this was, and cannot be surprised at its record of defense.

Perhaps here was the oldest dwelling-place of man upon the hill, and it was the securest retreat. Monsignore, indeed, believes that Ham, the son of Noah, who drove Japhet out of Sicily, was the first builder; but I do not doubt its antiquity was very great, and it seems likely that this was the original Siculian stronghold before the coming of the Greeks, and the building of the lower city of Taormina. The ruins that exist are part of the fortress made by that governor who lost the city to the Saracens, to defend it against them on this side; and here it stood for nigh a thousand years, like the citadel itself, an impregnable hold of war. It seldom yielded, and always by treachery or mutiny; for more than once, when Taormina was sacked, its citadel and Mola remained untaken and unconquerable on their extreme heights. I shall not tell its story; but one brave man once commanded here, and his name shall be its fame now, and my last tale of the Taorminian past.

He was Count Matteo, a nobleman of the days when the Messenians revolted against the chancellor of Queen Margaret. He was placed over this castle; and when a certain Count Riccardo was discovered in a conspiracy to murder the chancellor, and was taken captive, he was given into Matteo's charge, and imprisoned here. The Messenians came and surprised the lower city of Taormina, but they could not gain Mola nor persuade Matteo to yield Riccardo up to them. So they thought to overcome his fidelity cruelly. They took his wife and children, who were at Messina, threw them into a dungeon, and condemned them to death. Then they sent Matteo's brother-in-law to treat with him. But when the count knew the reason of the visit he said: "It seems to me that you little value the zeal of an honest man who, loyal to his office, does not wish, neither knows how, to break his sworn faith. My wife and children would look on me with scornful eyes should I be renegade; for shame is not the reward that sweetens life, but burdens it. If the Messenians stain themselves with innocent blood, I shall weep for the death of my wife and sons, but the heart of an honest citizen will have no remorse." Then he was silent. But treachery could do what such threats failed to accomplish. One Gavaretto was found, who unlocked the prison, and Riccardo was already escaping when Matteo, roused at a slight noise, came, sword in hand, and would have slain him; but the traitor behind, "to save his wages," struck Matteo in the body, and the faithful count fell dead in his blood. I thought of this story, standing there, and nothing else in the castle's legend seemed worthy of memory in comparison, from its mystic beginning until that night, near two centuries ago, when the thunderbolt fell on it, igniting its store of powder, and blew it utterly to fragments with a great explosion.

The castle of Taormina on the eastward height is easily reached by a ridge that runs toward it on the homeward track. Along the way are seen the caves so often mentioned in the records of the city as the refuge of the people in times of disaster. The castle itself, much larger and more important than Mola, is wholly in ruins. The walls stand, with some broken stairways, and a room or two, massive and desolate remains. Of its history I have found no particular mention, but here must always have been the citadel. Once more from its open platform I gazed on the fair country it had guarded, while the snows of Etna began to be touched with sunset; and as my hand lay on the ruined battlement, for which how many thousand died bloody deaths, again the long past rose from the rock. I saw the young Greeks raising Apollo's altar by the river-bank. I saw Dionysius in the winter night, staining the snow from the wound in his breast as he fled down the darkness, and the Norman soldier dying for Roger beneath the simitars by the young myrtles. I saw the citizens in the market-place overthrowing Verres's statue, the monk Elia with his lifted garment, the bishop in his murder before Ibrahim. I wondered at the little port that was large enough to hold the fleets of Athens, of Carthage, and of Augustus, and at the strip of beach trodden by so many famous men on heroic enterprises. There the fishers were drawing up their boats, coming home at the day's close from that toil of the sea which has outlived gods and martyrs and empires. The snows of Etna were now aflame with sunset, and the high clouds trembled with swift and mighty radiance, and league after league the sea took on the pale rose-color. Descending, I passed through the dark cleft between the castle and the silent, deserted church of the hermitage by its side, and, in a moment, again

the vision burst on me, and in its glow I went down the rock-face by the terraces under almond blossoms. Softly the sea changed through every tender color, bathing beach and headland, and strange lights fell upon the crags from the mild heaven, and all the Taorminian land was filled with bloom; then the infinite beauty, slowly fading, withdrew the scene, and sweetly it parted from my eyes.

VIII.

YET once more I step out upon the terrace into the night. I hear the long roar of the breakers; I see the flickering fishers' lights, and Etna pale under the stars. The place is full of ghosts. In the darkness I seem to hear vaguely arising, half sense, half thought, the murmur of many tongues that have perished here, Sicanian and Siculian and the lost Oscan, Greek and Latin and the hoarse jargon of barbaric slaves, Byzantine and Arabic confused with strange African dialects, Norman and Sicilian, French and Spanish, mingling, blending, changing, the sharp battle-cry of a thousand assaults rising from the low ravines, the death-cry of twenty bloody massacres within these walls ringing on the hard rock and falling to silence only to rise more full with fiercer pain — century after century of the battle-wrath and the battle-woe. My fancy shapes the air till I see over the darkly lifted castle-rock the triple crossing swords of Greek, Carthaginian, and Roman in the age-long duel, and as these fade, the springing brands of Byzantine, Arab, and Norman, and yet again the heavy blades of France, Spain, and Sicily; and ever, like rain or snow, falls the bloody dew on this lone hillside. "Oh, wherefore?" I whisper; and all is silent save the surge still lifting round the coast the far voices of the old Ionian sea. I have wondered that the children of Etna should dwell in its lovely paradise, as I thought how often, how terribly, the lava has poured forth upon it, the shower of ashes fallen, the black horror of volcanic eruption overwhelmed the land. Yet, sum it all, pang by pang, all that Etna ever wrought of woe to the sons of men, the agonies of her burnings, the terrors of her living entombments, all her manifold deaths at once, and what were it in comparison with the blood that has flowed on this hillside, the slaughter, the murder, the infinite pain here suffered at the hands of man. O Etna, it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brother-man.

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CASTLE, SEEN FROM A TAORMINIAN STREET.

IX.

THE stars were paling over Etna, white and ghostly, as I came out to depart. In the dark street I met a woman with a young boy clinging to her side. Her black hair fell down over her shoulders, and her bosom was scantily clothed by the poor garment that fell to her ankles and her feet. She was still young, and from her dark, sad face her eyes met mine with that fixed look of the hopeless poor, now grown familiar; the child, half naked, gazed up at me as he held his mother's hand. What brought her there at that hour, alone with her child? She seemed the epitome of the human life I was leaving behind, come forth to bid farewell; and she passed on under the shadows of the dawn. The last star faded as I went down the hollow between the spurs. Etna gleamed white and vast over the shoulder of the ravine, and, as I dipped down, was gone.

George E. Woodberry.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE ANGEL WITH THE FLAMING SWORD, BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXVIII.

ERTNER took the picnic party over the entire Iron Mine, inexorably, when they came to it. They watched the drilling; a blasting was set off for them; they rode in the ore-cars; they clambered down ladders into black pits, where only the candles lighted them; they clambered up again; they crouched and crawled and stumbled after their guide through galleries and passages which never ended: and four of the party were conscious of it all. Dorothy and Margaret and Ernfield were thinking of other things.

Margaret sat down in her old room, when she was back again that evening, and wrote Deed a long letter, begging him to return, and tore it up.

Dorothy, on her return, found her father in his study chair. She curled her arms about him, and asked him without preface if he would not give up his charge at once, and leave Maverick—forever. The blood tingled in his veins, and he drew a long breath. The relief of receiving the proposal at last from her silenced all speech for a moment. He had paltered with the need of breaking it to her, he had postponed the evil day through the forbearance of the bishop, with the fear of what she must feel, of what she must say; and while he waited, the difficulty was solved for him. For the instant he was too happy in the fact to question occasions or causes.

"Why, I don't know, Dorothy," he said, endeavoring to hide his pleasure; "if you don't like Maverick, I dare say I could find reasons for not liking it, too. In fact, now I think of it, I 've been impatient and restless here for some time. Yes, dear," he said, patting her hand; "since you wish it, let us go."

"How good you are, papa! I knew you would say so. And where shall we go?"

"Why, that 's for you to say, partly, is n't it?"

"But I can't call you to a new parish. I 'm not a vestry or a church committee. I wish I were. You would have ten thousand a year for your salary, and have all the things you have to go without now,—poor papa!—and never do anything you did n't want to."

"What a picture! But I thought we were all to revel in something of that sort, without the assistance of church vestries, in that fine future of your own that you 've planned. I never consented to it, you know. I never agreed to play the part you 've assigned me in your drama of two happy people and another."

"Oh, don't speak of that, papa!" she cried, stooping over him, and burying her face. "Don't speak of it!"

"Why—why—" he exclaimed, in alarm, "what is the matter, my girl? Have you and Philip been—what is it? Tell me, child." A stern and impatient note came into his voice.

"Oh, I can't tell you! It is n't anything that I can tell."

"Nonsense, Dorothy! Don't make all this trouble about a lovers' quarrel, child. Do you suppose two lovers never quarrel? Do you suppose two lovers never quarreled before?"

She lifted her tear-stained face from his breast, and looked in her father's eyes, as she said, "This is not a quarrel." A look passed over her face such as she might have given Philip if he had been before her—grieving and miserable, but proud, self-contained, resolute. Her father did not understand it.

"Oh," he said, relieved. "Well, then, don't let him suppose it is." He rose, and lighted a cigar. Dorothy stared at him from the seat which she kept on the arm of his chair. "Don't play with a man, Dorothy. It is n't nice,"—he blew out the first slender whiff of smoke contemplatively, as he brushed a speck of lint from the new clerical coat to which he had treated himself since he had been at ease about the future,—"and it is n't fair. It 's even unwise when a girl is making a marriage so fortunate and desirable in every way as yours." He frowned slightly.

Dorothy raised her eyes and looked into his. "You don't understand, papa," she said quietly. "I shall never marry Mr. Deed."

CUTTER went to Ira's, Ernfield's office, the Vertners', and finally to the Maurices', on his return, without finding a trace of Philip. He thought the clergyman's replies to his inquiries short. He stabled his horse, and walked about the town, looking for Philip.

The shops were still open, and men and women paused before them to price the goods

displayed outside, or went in to the vividly lighted interiors, where the arc-light glowed and glared. Trade was going on listlessly. It was near the end of the month, the pay-car was still to come up from Denver, and the railway employees of all grades awaited the monthly guest. The hands at the mines and the cow-punchers were paid off at the same time, in order to keep the festival which followed pay-day, and which disorganized the town in the process of enriching it, within as narrow limits as possible. The lull that precedes a fête therefore lay over Maverick. Only two thirds of the electric lamps were turned on; but there was nevertheless more light than noise. Suddenly a clatter of hoofs sounded above the vague and leisurely murmur of the quiet thoroughfare, and those on the sidewalk turned at sight of a horse ridden at a furious pace. No one save Cutter recognized the rider. The hoofs hammered across the bridge leading to the hotel, and Cutter followed hastily. The whistle of the night train sounded down in the valley at the moment, borne for miles through the clear air. Philip was standing at the bar of the hotel, draining a stiff glass. As Cutter laid his hand upon his arm, Philip raised his eyes and regarded him strangely. He motioned to the bartender for another glass. Cutter shook his head, and looked anxiously into his friend's face.

"Where have you been?"

"To the devil—to Jasper." His voice was hoarse, and his black eyes stared from his haggard face with the effect of a man long ill. The train whistled again, nearer. Philip swallowed what remained of the spirits in his glass at a gulp. "Come, I 'm off," he said. He gathered his change from the counter, and made a rush for the door, as the train roared into the station. Cutter caught his arm at the door.

"Hold on, man! You 're mad!"

Philip turned a weary face upon him. He smiled sadly. "Yes," he said.

"You 're not well. It 's crazy to be careering over the country in your state. Come back with me to the 'Snow Find,' and go to bed and behave yourself."

"Oh, I 'll behave myself. That 's what I 'm doing now. I 've dropped the other thing. Come along." He made for the train, Cutter following him, remonstrating.

"See here, you 're not going to take this train. You 're a sick man, I tell you."

Philip gave him his weary smile again as he put his foot on the first step of the Pullman. "Yes, Cutter, I 'm a sick man fast enough, but not in the way you mean. I 've got to go to Piñon. It won't hurt me. Come along if you don't believe me."

Cutter gazed up at him for a moment, where he stood on the platform above him, in helpless perplexity. Then he said, "You know what you are?"

Philip laughed almost with pleasure. "Yes; I know."

"Just stay there, then, till I get a ticket."

The full moon was flooding the valley as the train ran out toward the mountains, beaming virginally, in this crystalline atmosphere, through a medium no grosser than its own. The purity of the air gave a new effect of luminosity, of splendor, and of abundance to the great lamp swinging aloft. It was light distilled; the air was not conscious of it. It fixed the valley under its cold, bare, hard gaze, etching the circling hills against the sky with a finger dipped in light, which seemed to bound, to outline, to select, and finally, as one looked, to detach it all from neighboring sky and earth, and to catch it away into that strange effect of being a picture which we know in all memorable scenes.

They began to climb into the recesses of the hills after the swift run through the valley. The opposite range of mountains was behind them, and as the young men looked out in silence from the windows of the compartment they had taken together in the Pullman, far away a liquid tract of radiance shone on their eyes from time to time; it was the snow, crusted in molten reaches along the mountain-sides. Beside the silvery lakes of crust, what one knew by day for the wooded hollows of the lower slopes were black mysteries under the light.

Philip turned from the scene with a heavy sigh.

"You can catch the 9:47 back from Barker's," he said suddenly, catching the eye of Cutter, who faced him from the opposite seat. "You must n't think of coming along with me."

"I have an errand of my own, over the range. Don't bother about me."

"Come, no nonsense."

"I have, I tell you."

"Oh, well." He dropped the question listlessly.

"I say, old man, what 's the matter?" Cutter laid a hand on his knee.

"The devil 's the matter," groaned Philip. "What do you suppose?"

"I don't know. Jasper?"

"No, sir; it is n't Jasper. I 'm sick of that pretense. I cheated myself with the idea that it was Jasper when I let myself do the thing. But it was n't. It was I."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, anyway, it 's I who suffer for it."

"I see that," returned Cutter, gently. "But how? Why?"

"Because I 'm not the fine fellow I have liked to think myself, not even the fine fellow you

think me. I 'm not a fine fellow at all, Cutter; and I 've done a low thing."

"Pshaw!"

"Is it lofty to abuse a woman's confidence, then? Is it admirable to rob a man who has trusted you?"

"What have you done?" asked his friend, quietly.

"I 've taken a mine which does n't belong to me because I could, and because the man to whom it belongs had done me a wrong, and wanted to marry the girl I wanted to marry. Is that plain?"

"The 'Little Cipher'?" stammered Cutter. "Jasper?"

Philip nodded.

"But see here —" began Cutter.

"Oh, there 's nothing to say," cried Philip. "A man is one thing or the other. I 'm the other. She despises me. She hates me."

"Why?"

"Why!"

"Yes, why? Does she know what Jasper has done?"

"Yes; but she knows what I have done. Nothing else makes any difference. It can't to a woman, and probably that shows it should n't to any one." He told Cutter of Maurice's situation; he explained his temptation, palliating nothing. "I thought the wrong Jasper had done me made my wrong right," he said. "It did n't. It only made a new one with separate consequences. I thought my love for her justified it; to her that seemed the damning touch. I believe she could have forgiven my villainy, but not that — not that! I fought it; I would n't see; I took my stand upon our love; I made her suffer as much as I knew how, and parted from her in anger. But all the time I felt her contempt scorching through me. When I got away from her it was more than I could bear. I hunted up Jasper, when I found he was back, and turned over the mine to him, as I ought to have done the first minute I heard of the strike."

"What?"

"You would n't have had me keep it, I hope?"

"I know, Deed; but owning up to Jasper —"

"I did n't say I liked it. I was pursued by the thought of her scorn, I tell you. Do you think I could bear to know that she despised me, and that she was right? I had to do something. If she ever hears of it, she will know that I tried to do what I could."

"Yes, yes," cried Cutter, impatiently; "but the humiliation!"

"Have I deserved to please my pride? Jasper was a blackguard, as usual; but there were two of us this time. It seemed to help the business along."

"And you 've told him?"

Philip nodded; but, at Cutter's look, "Oh, don't ask me what he said!" exclaimed he. "It was a terrible scene. The fellow is ill. Coming back from his journey, he was caught in a blizzard; for three days he was under a rock, in the snow; he 's in a bad way. He got up in bed; he raved; Ernfield came in, and I went. I looked back at him at the door, and he nodded to me with a gloating smile. I know what he means. He has me, now. I 've put myself in the wrong. All that has gone before — all that led up to this — is canceled. He 'll take his opportunity. It 's all right."

He buried his face moodily in his hands. Cutter sat silent. He opened his lips to speak once or twice, and found nothing to say. The moon, which had been hidden since they had entered the gorge between the hills, and set out on their climb to the summit, gleamed suddenly upon a field of snow, lying high between the mountains into which they were steaming up. It shone into their windows, and filled the dusky compartment with radiance.

Cutter began to speak in a low voice. He said Jasper would do nothing; he did n't doubt his will, but nothing was open to him; and he went on to tell his friend that he exaggerated the enormity of what he had done. "You say that you 've always looked on the 'Little Cipher' as Jasper's," he said. "But we 've only your word for it — and your word for a mental process so intangible that even you can't say when or how the 'Little Cipher' became Jasper's mine, or by what process it ceased to be his and became yours." And he added that whatever might be true about this, surely the provocation made a difference; surely it counted that it was done against one man rather than another. He did n't see why he should concern himself much about anything done against Jasper.

He believed some of this, but not enough to enable him to face Philip, as he stared at him with a miserable smile a moment before he muttered, "Rot! rot! rot! Very kind of you, Cutter, but no good. I can't deceive myself with such notions as that. It makes no difference, though. If you want to console me, don't talk about Jasper. I can get over that part of it, myself. It 's the other — O Cutter, can't you see it 's the *other* that matters? It 's that I have done it against *her!* I thought if she cared for me she would pardon it because I had done it *for* her. Crazy fool! Not to see how it abused all her trust in me; how it must wound her at her tenderest; how it must profane all our relation. She will never forgive me. She hates me. She despises me."

He rose with a groan, and took a restless turn within the narrow space of the compartment, throwing his arms wide, and letting them

fall again in despair. Suddenly he stood still and faced his friend. "Heavens, man! Do you know what that means?"

XXIX.

MARGARET went to call on Dorothy the next morning. She had been thinking a great deal about her since the day before. All forms of misery seemed especially grievous to her just now, and useless forms of it seemed merely wicked. She had heard nothing from Deed, but there had not been time; he had telegraphed to let her know of his arrival, and had promised to telegraph again as soon as he had anything to communicate. The dread in which she awaited this message created in her, for the moment, a need to befriend the sorrow of another. She felt a certain shyness. She had been conscious in their earlier meetings of the vague hesitation about her which Dorothy had tried to conceal. But she would not allow this to make a difference.

She found the house upturned when she arrived at the Maurices'. Dorothy came into the little parlor after a moment, apologizing for her appearance: she was in the disarray of the house uniform in which she was accustomed to attack the heavier household problems. She kept on her apron. Margaret, glancing at her, saw the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I have come —" she began doubtfully. Her slow eye for such things showed her suddenly the pictures packed and standing in ranks against the wall, the upturned carpet, the dismantled walls and swathed furniture. "But are you moving?"

"Yes; there is no reason why I should not tell you, Mrs. Deed. Papa has sent in his resignation." She met her interlocutor's eyes for the moment as if with the intention of putting some face upon the action. Margaret was the first to whom she had been obliged to make the announcement; put into words it sounded barren; she saw that she had unconsciously relied on her father to front the inquiring world with an excuse. She found none for herself, and dropped her eyes before Margaret's clear, kind gaze.

Margaret's own thought leaped to its decision with its habitual certainty where Deed was not concerned. Dorothy was sitting on the sofa; Margaret rose quickly, and came and stood in front of her. "Won't you let me help you?" she said.

"About moving?" asked Dorothy, with troubled eyes. "Oh, there 's nothing. Thank you very much, of course. But we have so little."

"I did n't mean about moving, though I should be glad if you *would* let me do anything for you in that, if you must go. But you had better stay. I was thinking about —" She sat down on the sofa beside her, and stole her hand upon Dorothy's. "Listen," she said in a low voice; "I am in deep trouble — I too — the deepest. Won't you let me help you?"

The sudden tears started to Dorothy's eyes. "But how?" she stammered. "But why?"

"He is near to me as well as to you, you know. It seems to give me a sort of right to speak. But perhaps you won't think that. Perhaps it hurts you to have it spoken of. I know — trouble is like that; we wish to keep it to ourselves. But it 's better shared, is n't it? It might be needless; it so often is. It 's hard to be wise, but we may be quite sure of that — don't you think so — that needless additions to the misery of the world are wrong? And even if it must remain all the trouble it seems to one's self, it is good to let another feel part of the ache with one. It somehow helps."

Dorothy listened with averted face; she kept her glistening eyes on the opposite wall; she pressed the kindly hand as Margaret went on. When she finished she seized it, turning to face her, and gazed into her eyes for a moment through a mist of tears.

"Oh, you are good!" she murmured, chokingly. "I am very unhappy!"

She sobbed out her story in Margaret's lap. When she had done, they remained a long time in each other's arms.

"I see how you feel. It is hard," murmured Margaret, drying her eyes; "but you must forgive him."

The fair head on her shoulder was shaken violently. "Yes, yes," said Margaret, gently; "you must, and you will." She felt herself very old in the presence of this violent young passion; she felt rich in the abundance of her experience, and the richer because it was so recent. "You love him, don't you?"

Dorothy raised her head, and regarded Margaret in a kind of amazement.

"Then you will forgive him," said Margaret, quickly. "Things don't matter so much as we think. I have learned that. One thing matters — only one. And you may be sure he has his excuses if you could know them. My husband is suffering from a wrong he believes he did him; we have been very confident about it; but since I have seen him I have doubted. We must both wait. Why, you saw him, you heard him — his honest eyes, that true voice — I don't believe he 's false — not intentionally, not wickedly, not without excuse."

"Oh, don't, don't!"

"Yes; I know. If he is false, in spite of all that, it 's the worse — infinitely the worse. But be sure he would have something to say if you would give him his opportunity."

"He has had it; it is he who has condemned himself. It was from his own lips. Don't think,

please don't think, that I would believe any one else about him!"

Margaret observed her irresolutely, a little dashed. Her will to help her was unaltered, but she had not the habit of quick resource.

"He said that he had taken his brother's mine?" she repeated.

"Yes, yes. He said—how little men understand—that he did it for *me!* That was his excuse!"

"Yes," said Margaret, slowly; "I know what you mean. I can see how that would seem the worst pain of all; and yet, don't you see, too," she added meditatively, "how perhaps it *is* an excuse, and if an excuse at all, the best?" She put this forward doubtfully.

Dorothy shook her head. "Oh, don't you think I have tried to believe that? Don't you think I tried to give him opportunities to excuse himself, to make it seem right, and that I have done my best to excuse him to myself since? Sometimes I have made myself believe that if I could n't pardon his doing it for me, I ought to pardon him because it was done against his brother. It was a cruel position. But that makes it only worse—a thousand times worse, does n't it?" She asked it as a question. Margaret was silent. "Does n't it?" she repeated.

"Yes—no—perhaps. Do you know what his brother had done to him? Do you know it all?"

"Oh, yes, yes! It was very hard. But that's what I mean—it was *so* hard that it was for him all the more to hold his hand. It was his privilege *not* to strike. It seems to me no one ever had such an opportunity. And to use it as he did! Oh, there is no excuse—none. The excuses only make it more wrong; they make it impossible to forgive."

Margaret bit her lip. She did not know what to say. But she reached out her hand suddenly, and said in a low voice: "If you have no excuse for him, think how much less he can have one for himself. Have you thought of that? Does n't it seem as if it almost *forced* you to forgive him? Think how he must be suffering! Remember, he loves you, too. Think how his love must be making it a torture for him that you should think of him as you do, and that you are right."

"Yes; I have thought of that. I have thought of everything. But nothing helps. It is done—done. If he loved me"—a sob caught at her throat—"if he loved me, it ought to have been a reason for him against this—this that he has done. It 's not a reason to forgive him—I can't feel it. I have prayed to feel it. I have prayed—" Her voice died away. She avoided her companion's eye.

Margaret looked at her longingly, tenderly, helplessly, and Dorothy gave back her gaze. In Margaret's plain, wholesome face, in her genuine eyes, in the wide, clear, benignant brow, Dorothy read goodness and strength—nothing but goodness and strength. The primness and precision she had been used to fancy in her seemed resolved into these; the qualities which she had been used to wish that Margaret would let her like in her seemed somehow to have freed themselves from the old bondage; she saw that she had in some way misconstrued or wrongly imagined her—or perhaps she was changed; perhaps experience had taught her. Did one come to see things differently, then, in time? Did one's way of looking at certain matters alter? Should she ever think differently of Philip?

Margaret, on her side, was looking into Dorothy's eyes, thinking how gentle and sweet and true and right-minded she was; but thinking too, that in a way, a very remote way, she stood where she had once stood—where one saw the right so clearly that one was in danger of not seeing all the pity of the wrong; where it was hard to forgive. The cases were not at all the same: it was the youth that spoke in Dorothy, of course—the intense, the impulsive, passionately certain youth; and it was not youth, whatever else it was, that had worked in herself to the same ends. But, at all events, Margaret felt drawn to her by a mysterious bond of sympathy; she felt that she knew enough of her state of mind to comprehend, to sympathize, and she yearned to say certain things to the young girl beside her; but she found no words for them. Even about Philip's offense itself (a simple and concrete subject) she could not trust herself to speak; she wished only to say what would be quite true. She could not let herself comfort Dorothy against her own conscience about what Philip had seemingly done. If he had done it, it was hateful and wicked to her; yet there was another point of view. Perhaps Margaret was less entirely illumined by her experience than she thought; perhaps none of us escape out of ourselves, through any experience, beyond recall.

She rose at last, and Dorothy rose with her. "I don't know what to say," Margaret said. "I 'm not sure what it would be right to say. I am not sure of anything any more. But you will let me come to see you again, I hope, and we can talk."

"Oh, come. Pray come," begged Dorothy, taking her hand.

"And you won't move, yet? You will wait?"

Dorothy seemed to take an inventory of the dismantled room and of the situation in her swift glance. "I see what you mean," she said, in a moment. "But I dare n't say that. The thought of seeing him again, of meeting him—you don't know what it is to me. I know

I 'm not reasonable about it, but I feel as if I must go away. I feel as if we should only be happy again — father and I — and get back to our old good times together before — before he came, by going to some place a long way off, and very different from this. And father has sent in his resignation; he would n't like to recall it." She pressed her companion's hand. "It is so good of you to come — to care. You won't think me ungrateful if I can't see it quite as you see it — not yet, at all events?"

"Oh, I don't know how I see it!" exclaimed Margaret, hastily. "I am the last person you should trust to; I make a great many mistakes; I am not wise. I used to be very certain; but things have happened to alter that lately. I am not sure of anything — but — but perhaps this is true, — that if we have charge of men's ideals, as men say, we must n't be too hard in judging them by them. If we love them, we must wish to help them back to them, I think, when they fall; and, at all events, I don't think it can be wrong for us to remember always that they have to do their good and evil in a different world from ours — a world we don't understand, perhaps." She gazed over Dorothy's shoulder, with a far-away look in her eyes, in which she seemed to herself to be questioning and resolving her own future.

"But right and wrong remain — surely they are the same in all worlds," said Dorothy, bewildered by this strain of reasoning from Margaret. "And our loving — that seems to be just it! It does n't matter that some one for whom we care nothing does a thing beneath him. When — when another does it — " She did not finish.

"I don't know — I don't know," mused Margaret, with the same far-looking eyes. "It 's true, of course; but it 's not all the truth — or, at least, there is a better truth, perhaps. Love is better." She bent over and kissed her. "Good-by," she said.

Dorothy watched her go away, with many feelings.

XXX.

MARGARET'S way home took her by Dr. Ernfield's office, and, as she passed, she heard a rap on the window. Beatrice's face appeared at the pane, and she went in, at her silent gesture. They encountered in the outer office, where Beatrice whispered that Dr. Ernfield was ill. His long ride of the day before, followed by a night of watching at Jasper's bedside, had brought on another hemorrhage.

"Is Jasper back, then? Is he ill?" Margaret asked quickly.

"Yes; he 's back, and he 's very ill," returned Beatrice; and in a hushed voice she told her of the blizzard in which he had been caught on his way back over the mountains from Mineral Springs; how he had spent three days without food or drink under an overhanging rock, dying slowly of exhaustion, cold, and hunger; and how he had at length been found by a lumber-team going up O. K. valley for a load. The men had taken him into the town of O. K., and he had been laid up at the hotel there until now.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Margaret. "Poor fellow! I wish I could go out and nurse him. Is he alone?"

"He has his cow-boys."

"Cow-boys!" cried she. "No; I must n't," she added, after a moment's meditation. "But how like Dr. Ernfield to sit up with him. Tell me," she said, laying a hand on her companion's arm, "he is better?"

"Yes, he 's better; but he has been very ill. Ned is going to take his place with Jasper, and I 'm going to ask you to take my place with him for a moment. I left Edward in the irrigating-ditch. He will be wet through."

Margaret was about to say that she could n't stay, that it was impossible; but this seemed foolish, on reflection. She put off her shawl in the outer office, and went in to Ernfield, while Beatrice silently gathered her wraps in the inner room. She hushed Margaret's entrance into the room where he lay, with her finger on her lip. He was asleep, she saw. So much the better.

Beatrice indicated with her finger the medicine he was to take next, whispered one or two further instructions, and glided out, saying she would be back immediately. Margaret gave a quick glance about the untidy, mannish room. This, then, was where he lived. There was an unframed medical print or two, and some stuffed specimens. The walls were almost bare, save in the corners, where they were cobwebbed. Margaret could never have lived for a moment in a disheveled room. The desolateness of this one gave her a pang of homesickness for him. She saw that the fire was dying down, and looked about for wood.

He stirred uneasily as she softly put on a log, and opened his eyes on her. She rose quickly. His bewildered stare broke into a smile. "Have you taken Mrs. Vertner's place?" he asked. His voice was quite strong. Perhaps, she thought to herself — perhaps he would yet live to conquer his disease, and to take his place in life with the others. She knew that this could not be, that it was impossible; but the other seemed too dreadful. They faced each other alone for the first time since the day they had ridden up the Ute Trail together.

"It is good to see you again," he said, as he put forth his wasted hand. She took it and held it a moment silently, as she gazed out of the window, thinking of many things. The

sunlight was pouring into the little space of Mesa street on which Ernfield's rooms looked. From where she stood she could see the office of the "Maverick Sentinel," which she recalled as the name of the paper she had cause to remember. The days following Deed's going returned to her, as she stood looking out at the sign and holding Ernfield's hand, and it came to her that it was Ernfield, in a way, whom she had to thank for her husband and her happiness.

The wind hid the office of the newspaper, and "St. Ann's Rest" and the post-office next door, when it raised, as it did from time to time, a mighty cloud of dust. Women who were walking would sometimes pause before one of these gusts, and turn their backs, burying their faces in their muffs. The men often wore protecting goggles or glasses, and seemed to take the wind and dust as part of the universal joke.

As she stole a glance at his face again, and saw in his look the illusory brightness and vitality of the consumptive, grave and silent tears started in her eyes.

"I sha'n't be so sorry not to get well, after all," he said suddenly, observing her from under his half-closed eyelids. She looked, he thought, even more than she usually did, the benignant goddess of all right-doing. He was conscious of an absurd wonder whether she must dress her hair in that way because she was herself, or whether she had to be herself, having once brushed those silky brown strands back from her forehead in that severe fashion. He was as much at a loss to say why he liked her way of parting her hair uncompromisingly from forehead to crown, without a decoration or extrusion of any sort, and smoothing it simply down to the ears, where it curled back in a way that made him long to tell her how utterly nice she was, as he was at a loss to say why he liked her—why he loved her, in fine, to his madness, his torment. "I sha'n't be so sorry not to get well," he repeated, "because by the time I could get well, Mrs. Vertner and you would have spoiled me past remedy. I should n't be able to resume my place in society, decently. No one would be able to tolerate me. If you really want me to have courage to get well, you 'd better go before it 's too late." She answered him with an indulgent smile only.

"Ah, well," he went on, "it 's little matter, either way. The game will soon be up." He put away the instinctive denial that leaped to her lips, with a gesture. "Don't say it," he asked her. "There 's no need." A whimsical little groan escaped him as he shifted his position. He stared at her in far-away thought. She moved uneasily. He caught her hand. "I thought I could die without asking it. But it can't hurt you—my question—not from a man who has his death-warrant. Tell me—are you happy?"

She gazed down into his eyes a moment doubtfully. She felt herself choking; she nodded painfully.

"Ah, that 's good!" he exclaimed. "Good! And it 's true?" He turned a keen glance on her. "Everything is well with you?"

She shook her head.

He regarded her for a moment thoughtfully. "May I guess your trouble?" he asked, with a deepening of the kindly note in his voice. She said nothing. "Jasper told me a long story when I was called to him last night."

He told her what she already knew about the origin of Jasper's illness, and how, in the watches of the night, as he sat by his bedside, he had poured into his ears the whole narrative of his relation to his father and Philip. Margaret flushed. How much did he know?

"It must have been very hard for you," she heard him saying.

"How? What?" she asked, startled.

"All of it. You can't think how it came over me, sitting there in the dark with him—what you must have suffered. I have never known anything of it all. I have fancied things, now and then, of course; but I have always liked to believe you happy, and I did n't allow myself to fancy much. The truth is worse than my fancies. It must have been very hard for you," he repeated.

"It has n't always been easy," she owned.

"Ah, if I could forget the time I tried to make it harder!"

"Don't think that, please. It was you who made everything plain. It was you who helped me. Why—" she hesitated,—"I don't know why I should n't say it. I owe you my happiness."

"Do you?" He reached up and took her hand again. "Do you?" he repeated. "You don't. You must n't. But perhaps you may, too, if you like," he added, with a smile. "Leave the idea with me for a while. I sha'n't need it long, and it will do me good. Yes," he said happily to himself, "I could go away with that thought. You 'd better not stay. You 'll take it back."

"But it 's true."

"Is it? Well, no matter. I like it just as well as false. Your seeing it that way—that 's all that counts. And about the happiness—you manage to find it in spite of what we were talking of just now? If I 've given it to you, I want more than ever to know that I gave you the genuine article."

"Yes; in spite of that and—some other things, I think I may say I 'm happy. Or, at

least, I should n't know how to choose any way to be happier."

"There *are* other things?"

"Nothing that we shall not solve at once and have done with forever. Whatever comes, we have that comfort now."

A shadow passed over his face at that tiny world-including, world-excluding "we"; but he repeated fervently, "Good! Good!"

He saw her eyes light suddenly with a light that he had not brought into them. She went to the window, and rapped briskly upon it. A figure on the other side of the street turned at the sound, and, recognizing the face at the window, came quickly across the road.

"Excuse me if I leave you a moment," she said, and turned at the door, with a beaming face, to add, as she nodded toward him, "We shall know now."

When she had opened the office door to Deed she drew him in and folded him in her arms, and then held him off and questioned his face, reading the good news in his smile with greedy eyes. Ernfield in the next room turned wearily to the wall. She found him so when she ran in for a moment to see that all was well with him. Then she returned, and questioned Deed. She saw before he spoke that he was very happy; his face had taken on a radiant look. It was like the face of the man she had known in the year before their marriage. She was conscious for the first time how old and worn she had grown used to seeing him look. He was not looking old now; he was looking young and buoyant. Beatrice came in upon them before he could give her his news, and Deed must greet her, and Margaret must show her the last medicine that Ernfield had taken, and must linger a moment alone by his bedside to say, leaning over him as she buttoned her gloves: "I came to help you, and you have comforted me. It was always the way. Some day you must let me change it: you don't know how much I should like to feel that I had the advantage of you in that, even for a moment. I should like to help you."

He stretched up his hand to her; she noted with pain how frail and thin it seemed. "You *are* my help," he said, with a sad, eager smile. "I think you know that. It is you who make things possible for me."

A sudden flood of compassion filled Margaret's heart as she looked down into his weary eyes. In the great relief which had come to her at sight of her husband's face, in the joy of having him back, which seemed to give him to her as if for the first time, the thought of this maimed and broken life, so poor in joy of any sort, went through her with an afflicting pain. Her own share in his fate enlarged itself, and seemed to press upon her stiflingly; myriads of memories went electrically through her brain. So poor — so poor he was! And she so rich! She stooped with an irresistible impulse, and pressed a fleet kiss on his forehead through her blinding tears.

She seized Deed's arm passionately when they were outside, and walked swiftly with him toward the main street, with her muff to her face. For a long time neither of them spoke. Then he began in a low voice, and told her his news.

When the servant brought Deed's name to Dorothy next morning, she experienced a sinking of the heart; but she renewed her resolution with a stern word to herself, and went down to him. As she took his hand a little shock went through her that was not all pain. "His father! His father!" she caught herself murmuring. To him she said in a scarcely audible voice, "I am very glad to see you." Her manner was at once eager and reluctant. She suddenly looked up, encountered his kindly eye, and colored. His eye was at the moment tenderly studious of her. He saw what Philip perceived in her outward aspect, at least, to like. As she stood before him a little shyly, taking his hand in her cordial pressure, and lowering her eyes after the first full, frank, pleading meeting with his, she seemed to him very charming.

"You know why I have come?" he said, bending over her.

"About —"

"Yes; I want you to save him."

She motioned her visitor to the couch, taking a chair herself. "Save him?" she repeated. She clasped her hands in her lap, and drew herself slightly together in unconscious resistance. She had instinctively pushed her chair back a little as she sat down; she found the mere potency of his presence, his individuality, vaguely controlling.

"I want you to let me bring you together again; and I want you to do this not for his sake, but for mine. When I tell you, you will understand; and you won't think, I hope, that I ask as much as I must seem to. Last night, Miss Maurice, I came back from Leadville happier than men often are. I had heard great news of him, news that changed all I had been base and cruel enough to think of him. I wanted to hug him. Instead I found him gone, and *this* for news of him — first what he had done, and then that you had broken with him. You were right. You could do no less. I understand all your feeling. But, Miss Maurice, you must take him back. It was I who took Jasper's mine."

"You!" she cried. She smiled nervously.

"Yes, I. Not by the outward rules of

things. That was Philip's part—to seem to do it. But the real doer of an act is the one behind it all who is responsible for it. I was responsible for this. You know what I did against Jasper. This is one of the fruits of it. If I had not done that, this could not have happened. I made the situation. He had to act in it as he did. The blame 's mine. Lift it from him! It 's that I want to ask you."

She was bewildered; she did not know what to say. She stole a glance at him where he sat, and perceived the look like Philip's look; it was about the mouth perhaps; it was his smile that was like Philip's. He was handsomer than his son. As she whipped another furtive glance at him, she found herself trusting him; his sturdy frame, the clear-cut, powerful face, the alert and genial eye—all had an effect of gentle force, on which she instinctively reposed. To her it seemed that he looked very *right*. He went on in a moment to tell her what he had learned at Leadville, beginning with his quarrel with Philip, and taking pleasure in condemning himself. He said that he had made an egregious and wicked mistake. And then he made her see (he told the story with glistening eyes) how this precious boy of his, whom he had dared to cast off for a fancied baseness, and against whom he had hardened his heart, had all the time been sheltering and righting and saving him behind his back by the most shameless trick. He broke down in the midst of it. Tears of pride filled his eyes.

"That was good, that was noble of him," said Dorothy, quickly.

"And you will forgive him? You will pardon him? You will take him back?"

"Oh, don't you think I want to? Don't you suppose I long to? I can't!"

She did not know how she said these things. It seemed easy to talk to him, but difficult, impossible not to do what he wished. The effect of his presence grew upon her rather than diminished, and a kind of diffidence lingered in all she said. She felt keenly how much he had put aside to come to her; that gave authority to all he said—that, and the sense that he was older than she, that he was his father, that he was in trouble; and she felt her own young girl's feelings, opinions, judgments, shrinking in the balance by the operation of an instinct almost like one of decorum.

But she called upon her resolution. In the time which had passed since Margaret had left her she had gone over the question between herself and Philip with all the honesty she could find in herself. She had forced herself to face it with absolute pitilessness for her own pride, and for all that might be merely extraneous or selfish in her feeling. She had rehearsed it all, as well, with the tenderness for him which, alas! she did not need to force; and she believed that she had taken her resolve. It was taken in bitterness and tears; but it was fixed.

Deed leaned over from his place on the couch, and took her hand. "You won't punish him for what began with me," he said.

"I see what you mean," she said in a dry voice, out of which she kept her feeling as she could; "but I fear that can't be true for me. I can perceive it, but I can't feel it. I have thought a great deal of what you speak of, though, since he—since Philip told me of it; I have thought of what the punishment you found for your son must have cost you, I mean, and of his gratitude; and I 've been very sorry for you. May I say that?"

"I am very glad to have you say it. I see that you 're good, that you 're kind."

"No; don't think that, please," murmured Dorothy, painfully. "I am hard; I must be hard."

He regarded her for a moment as he withdrew his hand. "Then we shall understand each other, Miss Maurice," he said. "I am hard. It is that which has brought me here. If I had n't been hard, I should never have got myself and Philip into this miserable mess with Jasper, which has led Philip to do, now, what you see."

"But what you did, and what he has done—they are very different. What you did—do you mind my saying that?—may not have been right, perhaps, but it was splendid."

His face confessed his pleasure in her praise, but he said quickly: "Are you quite sure, Miss Maurice, that if you knew all Philip's motives, you would n't find something heroic about them, too? What I did used to seem to me fine, too; it does n't now. But it makes no difference; I had to do it, and every one near to me has had to pay for it. It 's taken its revenge," he said sadly. "I was right, perhaps; but I was not right to take my right. An injury began with that which has gone on ever since. There was no injury until I did it to Jasper, for his was what I made it. If I had not resisted it—I see that, now—it must have stopped there. I was not wise enough. I answered his villainy, and the penalty has been brought home to me since in every form through which I could be made to feel. It has not always been myself; it has been Margaret's fate to suffer for it, too, and now it 's Philip's. Don't force him to suffer more for it than you must. That 's what I 've come to beg of you."

The dignity and reality of his trouble affected her deeply as she listened. Her generous instinct to rush to the aid of any one in pain or difficulty came over her. But what seemed a final obstacle rose to withhold her. She did not know

how to explain it. She lowered her eyes to her lap. "Mrs. Deed came to see me; she has been more than good. She will have told you how I — what I feel," she said huskily.

"I know. It 's not only the wrong he has done Jasper, culpable, strange, and mistaken as that is. There is more to forgive."

"Oh, if it were only to forgive! That would be easy. I suppose I have forgiven now. When one gets over the first pain and shock, one forgives, if one loves, instinctively. But that is nothing — a form of words. He would not care for that; and I could n't offer it to him. What he wishes is something else. The only thing I could do that would do any good would be to bring it all back, — our old relation — as if this had never been. I can wish it back, and I do. But I can't bring it back. Nothing, it seems to me, can do that — nothing!"

"You mean that you can't bring it back for his own sake or for yours? I know that. Won't you try it, then, for the sake of some one outside of it all — some one who has no claim?"

"You mean —" she began.

"Yes," he answered eagerly; "will you do it for me?" A flush mounted to her face. "I have told you how I wronged and misunderstood him," he went on. "You know how he has rewarded me. You see — I 'm sure it 's natural to you to see such things — how I must long to do something for him; how I can't bear to think, however much he has deserved it, that he should be unhappy."

Dorothy looked over at him compassionately. "I see that," she murmured.

He leaned forward, and took her hand again. "He will pardon me; he will run to do it. But I can't take his pardon on those terms. You understand. He has humiliated me; he has heaped burning coals of fire on my head. I can't face him in his trouble empty-handed."

"No," she murmured. She was much shaken.

"Listen, my dear girl," he went on. "Do you think that what he has done is less a pain and trouble to me than to you? Have you thought how he is repeating my experience? In attacking Jasper, after all his forbearance, he is beginning as I began, and must go on as I have gone on. You see that. It does n't make what he has done seem less wrong, though he must have excuses of which we know nothing; but, to me, it makes it more pitiful. You understand how I can't look on, and see that happening, and do nothing to stop it. I *must* stop it. O Miss Maurice, I 'm sure you can't have the heart to let him stumble on into the mire where I 've been struggling these last months — you won't let him do that for lack of a word. I 'm sure you will help me!"

He stopped, and a great pity for the man into whose eyes she was looking, for Philip, and for the situation Philip had made common to both of them, came over her. It was almost impossible to her not to try to help them. "Oh, if it were a question of pity, of tenderness, of love, of anything but what it is!" she burst out.

"But finally that *is* the question — how much you love him, is n't it? And is anything impossible to love?"

He leaned forward suddenly. "My dear girl, will you let me tell you of something which has come very close to me?" She was gazing at him in absorption; she nodded tremulously. "You will understand, if I tell you this, that it is necessary — *necessary* to me that you should take him back; you will see that I could n't speak of it for a light reason. You have heard how I abandoned Margaret on her wedding-day?"

"Oh, don't speak of that! Don't make me feel that I have forced you to speak of that," she exclaimed in a kind of panic. She was not sure of what she was saying.

"He silenced her with a sad and gentle gesture, and sketched the occasion of his difference with Margaret quickly. "You see," he said, at the end, "I had no excuse. It was simply a monstrous humoring of my passion. I forced her to pretend, if she would unselfishly save me from myself, and then savagely punished her for it. I left her as if I had never had an obligation to her. It was an insult, and not a brave one. To desert a woman on her wedding-day could never be a handsome thing to do; in this case, where her only crime was caring for me too well, it was an abominable cruelty. And how did she reward me? Ah, my dear girl, you know. I could never come back to her; she knew it. She knew that I had shut the gates of paradise behind me, and that, except for the chance of her mercy, I must remain at the decent distance I had chosen for myself, cursing my folly, and longing vainly for her. It was her right never to suffer me to so much as see her again — a thousand times her right. I had outraged her pride; I had wounded her at a woman's tenderest and dearest point. And she forgave me! Don't ask me how. She found a way." He got up abruptly, and looked down for a moment in silence at the stooping figure in the chair before him. Dorothy's head was in her hands. She was weeping bitterly. "My dear girl," he asked with grave tenderness, "won't you find a way?"

She rose and put her hands in his.

"I will try," she said, lifting her tear-stained face to his bravely.

"And I may tell him —"

"Tell him I will see him."

He looked at her long and questioningly, while he held her hands.

XXXI.

"BUT you did n't tell him that there was any difficulty between Miss Maurice and Philip, I hope. You were n't such a dunce as that, Ned?"

It was two days later, and they were seated at dinner. Margaret had secured rooms at the Centropolis House against Deed's return from Piñon (with Philip, she hoped), and had taken up her own residence there, though she was much at the Vertners'. She had said that she felt that they — she and Deed — must begin to think of settling down, like sensible people (she had begun to make plans from the hour in which she heard Deed's good news about the Leadville business); and though she did not pretend that apartments at a hotel were even by way of gratifying this ambition, she said that they at least did not constitute a step in the other direction, like staying with one's friends.

Vertner arrested the carving-knife with which he had been inquiring his way to the joint of the fowl before him, and leveled a glance of scorn at his wife in response to her question.

"Well, I should hope not," she rejoined to this disclaimer, as he busied himself about the fowl again. And then after a pause, "I shall always say it was very good of you to go out to the Triangle to see what you could do for him, Ned."

"Shall you? Well, I should think more of it myself if Jasper interested me less. I did n't go to nurse him; I went to take a look at him. He has a special effect on me; I 'm curious about him; I 'm always wondering what he will do next."

"Well, you see what he has done next?"

"Yes; but just before he did it, I thought he was going to do something else." Vertner asked Edward to hand him the cranberries, as he finished cutting some of the fowl for himself, and settled himself at the table with the conscious pleasure of the carver who has earned his contentment. "I had got his next move all planned out in my mind; I thought I saw that he had seen a point which dawned on me while I was sitting with him; perhaps he has seen it,— indeed, I 'm pretty sure he has,— but he has n't acted on it. He has done something even more brilliant."

"Do you call it brilliant to go after Mr. Maurice and Dorothy by the next train?"

"From his point of view — certainly. Do you suppose Jasper could sit still under the thought that, after all that has happened, it should be his brother who succeeds with her. He will know how to reconcile himself to it if it happens; but he is n't going to let it happen if he can help himself. The first news that reached him when he was brought back to Maverick was that they were engaged; and if I know Jasper, he wanted to break something in celebration of that news. But then along comes Philip and puts a weapon into his hands, and he rages, but chirks up. He sees the opportunity his brother has given him. And then he hears that the engagement is broken on account of the same affair, and that pleases him down to the ground."

"But how did he hear that? And how do you suppose he knew that Mr. Maurice and Dorothy were going yesterday afternoon, when no one else knew it?"

"Well, I think I could imagine. Who has always been his friend here?"

"Why, Mr. Maurice; but —"

"There is no 'but.' Maurice was angry when she broke the engagement, of course. He supposed Philip was the rich one, then. But the transfer of the 'Little Cipher' to Jasper changed his mind, just as she was beginning to change her mind back again. I don't believe he was very sorry that, if the 'Sentinel' had to copy that article from the Laughing Valley paper about his doings over there, it should choose this time for it. Perhaps she gave him more definite reason to believe that she would forgive Philip than she gave Deed. At all events, he would n't care to keep her where Philip would certainly find her within a day or two and make it up with her. He decided to take an early train, for various reasons; but first he let Jasper know where he was going."

"I wish we knew. I begged her to telegraph. I knew Margaret would never forgive me if I did n't. But I wanted to know for myself. I am very sorry for her."

"So am I. But I am still more sorry for Deed and Philip. Think of Deed's bringing him back here to find her gone! He 's set his heart on this thing. He is in such a position that his peace of mind depends on his success in it. I sha'n't forget for a while the after-dinner cigar I smoked with Deed the day before he called on Dorothy. I 've seen men crushed before; but not like that. Well, of course it tore him up to have to feel that Phil had turned round and been his salvation after all. After quarreling with him, and casting him off because he thought he was unfaithful to him, it *was* pretty rough. He could have stood it to know that he had been in the wrong, and that he had accused Philip without any too much excuse; but this was another matter. It 's awful for a generous man to have to see that he has done a nasty thing. From the hour when he faced the fact that his son had really been fixing things up for him at Leadville — doing his best to stop the boomerang Deed had started on its

cheerful career before he left Leadville, using the $50,000 he had flung at him to save him, and generally toeing the mark, and doing his duty like a little man — from that hour he has been the happiest and the most miserable man going. To know that Phil was all right tickled him to death, but it shocked him to think how he had used him. His going to Dorothy yesterday did n't surprise me. He did n't say he was going; but it was the only thing left to him. When Margaret told him about it, I guess he felt that this little rumpus between Miss Maurice and Phil was a kind of providence. It gave him a show. He could n't take Philip's hand again until he had made it right with him, somehow. That was his chance. He took it and won — or, at least, if Maurice had let things alone, he stood a first-rate chance to win. And now he will be bringing Phil back with him to-morrow morning, both of them all ready to be mighty happy, and I don't know which the gladdest to be friends with the other again, and they will find her gone. It makes me tired!" exclaimed Vertner, pressing his handkerchief nervously to his brow, and ejaculating the slang as if it had the force of a phrase sacred to grief.

"I 'm not sure whether Philip deserves much pity," said Beatrice after a moment. "Of course I 'm sorry for him; but, as Margaret would say, I 'm not sure that I ought to be. She could n't do anything but give him up after he had done such a thing."

"Perhaps *she* could n't. I 'm not sure that another woman (a little different, or a little older woman: say a woman of thirty, instead of a girl of twenty-one) might not have found that she could do something else in her situation, though — dodge around a bit, and find her feelings coming up in unexpected places to square things with her conscience or her other feelings."

"It 's easy for men to say such things; and perhaps you are right — about some women," responded his wife, after a moment. "But you can't judge, Ned. You can't feel as a woman must in such a case. The circumstances were peculiar."

"Peculiar mainly in his not being so all-firedly guilty as her treatment of him makes out. Of course it is n't proper to take your brother's mine; but that is n't the question. The actual question is surrounded by a thousand reasons for thinking that it *is* just right to take your brother's mine, and that it might be a hallowed duty. Besides, he did n't do that — he merely failed to let on that he had once thought the 'Little Cipher' would be a good mine to give to his brother."

"Pshaw, Ned! You exaggerate!"

"Well, I 'm stating the case for the defense. You don't expect me to stick to absolutely undecorated facts, do you? Still, I stand by that. That 's the gist of it. You get into a hair-splitting region when you try to say whose mine that actually was. My mind is too gross for it. And, at all events, you must admit that she has been pretty hard on him; she 's too clear-headed. Women *are* that way when it comes to the wrong-doings of the man nearest to them; and especially if it touches them directly. I see it in you sometimes, Trix; but Dorothy is much worse."

"Oh, she sees things," owned Beatrice.

"Sees things! Well, I should remark — outside and inside, and underneath, and all around. That 's what makes me pity Phil. No man can stand that kind of soul-plumbing, straight-in-the-eye, unforgiving, undiscounting, heavenly stare. We 're not built that way — and Phil, poor fellow, less than most of us. Phil makes allowances for himself; he knows where he needs them, and he puts them where they will do the most good. It has got him into the habit of thinking that other people will be making the same for him; and some of us crude sinners, who know how it is ourselves, make them right along, and glad of the chance, with one of the best fellows in the world. But, bless my soul! is that the way she takes him? Is that the way any woman takes a man? Not much! She takes him on the ground of the fellow she 's dreamed, and he has to live up not only to the man she thinks him, but to the kind of man she thinks all good men. It 's the sort of thing to do a man good. I don't deny it. It puts stuff into him; it 's a tonic and a stimulant and a bracer. But it 's hard, constant, ticklish work. And the worst of it is, it does n't count — not for what it is. Women, dear things, fancy it as the every-day attitude of the sex; and when some fine morning you relax a bit, you 're punished not on the basis of what you are, but on the basis of what she 's all along been thinking you."

"Oh, you don't get any more than you deserve," laughed Beatrice.

"It 's all right. I don't say it is n't. I only say that we 're entitled to warning; it 's like playing poker without notice that you are playing 'straights.' I like to be familiar with the rules myself, before I risk my money."

"The rules are perfectly simple. You 've only got to be good."

"You call that simple! I fancy Phil would n't agree with you. Shut up, son!" he said, in an aside to the young man who was strumming on his plate with his spoon.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Wolcott Balestier.

A GLANCE AT DANIEL WEBSTER.

"A FEW flashes of rhetoric, a few happy epigrams, a few labored speeches which now seem cold, lifeless, and commonplace," says Lecky, the historian, "are all that remain of the eloquence of the Pitts, of Fox, of Sheridan, or of Plunket"—and he says this of the Pitts, among the greatest of English orators; of Sheridan, the most brilliant; of Fox, whom Lord Brougham, himself a great orator, pronounced "if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of affairs in any age of the world." Is Daniel Webster's name now to be added to those on whose speeches the shadow of oblivion has fallen? James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry, as orators once famous, now live only in tradition. Clay's and Webster's speeches, it is true, have been preserved; but who now reads Clay's, and how long will Webster's continue to be read?

Webster's talents were undeniably of the first order: but it is said that he lacked genius; that his limitations were serious; that Hamilton was the greater statesman, Marshall the greater jurist, and Clay the unequaled parliamentarian; that he originated no public policy, nor greatly improved an old one; that his ethical sense, neither strong nor acute, was quickened to no beneficent purpose like that of Wilberforce, or of Garrison; that he had no love for the people, nor they for him, and that they will finally forget him.

Doubtless much of this is true. Nevertheless, Daniel Webster is not likely to be forgotten, nor will his words cease to be read. For he wasted no time on party politics, or on small questions, or on issues now dead; but always in the courts, or in the Senate, or before the people, applied his matchless powers to subjects of great moment and popular interest, sure to remain vital, and, like the seasons, ever returning. In these respects he stands alone among the statesmen of his day; and therefore, if they would, the people can never forget him. Nor can statesmen, jurists, or scholars; because, about government, laws, and public policy he said the most authoritative word, save John Marshall's, and said it in a way not easily bettered.

Marshall and Webster were of like principles and purpose, and, working together for the just interpretation of the Constitution in its relations to the States, for forty years they affected the institutions of the country more profoundly and more permanently than any other two men of their day. Marshall's tribunal was supreme; but the people were sometimes restive under its decisions, two of which were openly defied by sovereign States, and were never enforced. In its last analysis the efficient authority of the Supreme Court was public sentiment. Therefore, to make the General government truly national and efficient in all its departments, it was necessary to raise the people to a conception of nationality, and to inspire that conception with patriotic sentiment. This was Webster's great work. In this way he coöperated with Marshall. Webster had the wider field, more varied opportunities, larger audiences, and a farther-reaching voice. To this work he gave his life, and his work was crowned only when the great reply to Hayne became wisdom to Lincoln and valor to Grant. This the people now understand, and they have given to Webster their respect and their admiration, but not yet, I think, a place in their hearts—the true Valhalla. It may be that they have something to forget and something to remember before they learn to regard, as they regard Clay and Lincoln, this man who, though he professed no love for the people whom he served as few men have, loved kindred and friends, and the homes of his ancestors, and the graves of their dead, with a pathetic tenderness which has suffused the eyes of thousands. It may be that he must wait for men's second thoughts, their more charitable judgment, and the next ages.

A famous antislavery orator once publicly thanked God that Daniel Webster was not born in Massachusetts; and this was received with acclaiming shouts by the audience. Nor did they appear to notice any incongruity when the orator proceeded to objurgate Webster, just as though he had been born in Boston, and were a recreant descendant of Thomas Dudley. This is the common mistake—to judge Webster as a Puritan in origin, descent, inherited principles, education, and consequent responsibilities. He was no Puritan, nor did he ever pretend to be one. The Massachusetts Puritans, who came to Boston Bay in 1630, were east of England people. Daniel Webster's ancestors were from the north of England, and, coming six years later, entered New Hampshire by the Piscataqua, and for generations were dispersed along the skirmish-line of civilization, remote from the Puritans of the Bay, and shared neither in their glory nor in their shame.

In Webster was no admixture of nationality, no crossing of plebeian with patrician blood.

He was a genuine son of the soil, though not, like Burns, of a soil alive with a hundred generations of the dead, nor of a soil like that about Boston, every sod of which was quickened with associations touching the hearts and molding the characters of those born on it; but of a soil on which his father's footfall was the first of civilized man ever heard in that silent wilderness. He was a rustic, yet with marks of gentle blood in his shapely hands and feet, his well-proportioned limbs, and his high-bred face of no known type, unlike even his own brother, who was of Grecian form and face. We know that soil and climate affect character; but it is not easy to accept, save as a poetic theory, the "pathetic fallacy" with which Wordsworth imbued his generation and our own, that Nature has conscious relations with

Her foster-child, her inmate, Man,

and forms his principles and regulates his methods of action agreeably to her own. But Daniel Webster was very like Nature. Like her, he was unethical; like her, he was not revolutionary; and like her, he applied his powers along the lines of normal development.

Of the Puritans neither by birth nor by circumstances, he possessed few of their virtues, and none of their defects; and least of all their indomitable provinciality of thought and conduct. In this he stands quite alone among the public men of his day in New England. His spirit of nationality appeared so early in life that it indicated character rather than education. And the depth of the sentiment appears from this, that though born a Federalist, and from early manhood associated professionally and socially with some of the very able men prominent in the "Essex Junto" and in the Hartford Convention, he neither accepted their principles nor imitated their conduct. At no time was he a Southern man or a Northern man, but to the end of his life a National Federalist after the fashion of Washington.

This also is noticeable, that although Webster was educated at a small college in the backwoods, where rhetoric was in its worst estate, and at a time when our native literature was to the last degree conventional and vapid, he soon shook himself clear of his surroundings, and, without instructor or example, formed a style which for all the varied forms in which he expressed himself — either in the forum, or in the Senate, or in diplomacy, or before the people, or in familiar letters — still remains the best model.

Mr. Webster's fame as an orator is secure, and his services to the country are acknowledged; but in his last days he suffered some obloquy by reason of his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, — a speech which, whatever else may be said of it, was exactly on the line of his life-work for union and nationality, which he took up before he left college, and pursued with assiduity and constancy for more than half a century. Nor do the recorded lives of statesmen give many examples, if one, of a great and beneficent purpose conceived so early in life, pursued so vigorously, or crowned with so great success. He had coadjutors, but in clearness and consistency of purpose he stood alone. He seized every occasion — often made occasion — to unfold his constitutional views, and to commend them to the people.

Both as statesman and as orator Webster owed much to his historical sense. He was not original, constructive, or aggressive; but he had what, as I think, Hamilton did not have, nor Clay, a clear historical perception of the essential character of our English race, always moving on the line of its normal development, rather than by revolution, toward nationality, in which, though monarchy may have been its form, popular government has been its objective purpose. Webster's historical sense gave precision and consistency to his course as a statesman, and to his speech as an orator. Every step he made was a step forward. Circumstances beyond his control, like the change in the tariff policy, and the antislavery movement, with which, as a Nationalist, he probably had little sympathy, forced him into positions which he would not have chosen. But no statesman ever had fewer occasions for that immunity which the people so often and so readily accorded to Jefferson, to Clay, to Jackson, and to Abraham Lincoln. They made many mistakes, including Webster's, and were forgiven; Webster made one, and was lost — for a time.

Webster's historical sense appears in his orations. In what collection like his own can be found so large a body of thought on various subjects, covering forty years of public life, so consistent, so evenly and so constantly working to one great purpose, expressed with equal cogency, propriety, and eloquence? Certainly, neither in Fox's, nor in Burke's, nor in any other known to me. Goldwin Smith has said that "in political oratory it would be hard to find anything superior to the reply to Hayne; in forensic oratory it would be hard to find anything superior to his speech on the murder of White; among show speeches it would be hard to find anything superior to the Plymouth oration." This Plymouth oration, the earliest and best of Webster's, in which he formed and carried to its highest development a new kind of popular oratory, illustrates the historic sense of which I have spoken. After all that has been written, it remains by far the clearest and most precise view of those causes which, beginning with the Reformation, and acting on the Eng-

lish people, in the fullness of time led to the colonization of America, and to the setting up here of those institutions which best exemplify the sterling qualities of our English race. The key-note of this address sounds through all his speeches. He struck it loudly, and the nation heard; he struck it truly, and it dominates all later speech.

With no American orator save Hamilton — and with him only at the bar, or in the affairs of State — need Webster be compared. Hamilton's speeches have not been preserved, and his fame as an orator rests mainly upon tradition. To Burke's genius for discursive speculation, or to his copiousness of felicitous, light-diffusing phrase, Webster made no pretension, nor, on the other hand, did he ever lose sight of his purpose in prolix or irrelevant generalities, or imperil his cause by lack of measure, judgment, or self-control. He was the better orator. He gained his causes. He seldom attempted Burke's highest flights, but when he did, he came safely down. Webster's oratory was symmetrical and harmonious, working evenly, by just degrees, and inevitably, to his one constant purpose of convincing and persuading those who heard him. Loyal to his art, he was never seduced by desire of popular applause, or by a wish to please the schools.

Lord Chatham is accounted the most consummate of English orators. In my youth I greatly admired that passage in his speech on the address to the king in 1777, in which, referring to Lord Suffolk, who had defended the employment of the Indians in the war against the colonies, he exclaimed, "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country." It is a very striking passage; but I once heard Webster say grander words. It was on the 17th of June, 1843, when I was one of that vast throng, gathered at Bunker Hill, which saw Webster raise his outstretched arm up to the newly completed monument, and heard him say: "It is not from my lips — it could not be from any human lips — that that stream of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite this vast multitude around me. *The powerful speaker stands motionless before us.*" I felt the thrill which ran through that vast audience, and I saw their uplifted eyes and blanched cheeks, and joined in that responsive shout which told, as no words could tell, that we had heard one of the most perfect passages in all oratory. These sentences fairly contrast these great orators. Webster could never have laid himself open to Lord Suffolk's crushing reply, that Chatham rashly condemned a policy inaugurated by himself only a few years before. Nor could Lecky have said of Webster, as he has said of Chatham, that he was often florid and meretricious, theatrical and affected, far from pure in taste, and, indeed, too much of a mountebank. But Chatham's eccentricities were those of genius. Burke had them, and Sheridan had them. If Webster lacked genius, he was at least free from its eccentricities. He was perfectly sane in his oratory, and, it may be, the greatest perfectly sane orator who ever spoke English.

Webster could also be dull — in his later years, very dull. Those who heard him in his prime are quite angry when one doubts whether he ever could have been as popular an orator as Everett or Choate or Phillips. Few now live who heard him in those early days, when he was at his best. I, who heard him often between 1840 and 1850, never heard him at his best but once, and then only for a few minutes. The circumstances were these:

At the festival of the Sons of New Hampshire, gathered in the hall of the Fitchburg Railroad in 1849, Mr. Webster presided with admirable grace, and spoke of his native State as her sons would like to hear her spoken of. His speech, though interesting, was not particularly striking until, passing from our own affairs to those of Hungary, then in her struggle for liberty, he said: "I see that the Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up to be dealt with at his pleasure. And I see that this demand is made in derision of the established laws of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power; but there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than the lightning, the whirlwind, or the earthquake, and that is the excited and aroused indignation of the whole civilized world."

Before we were aware of what was coming his majestic form began to tower, and his eyes to kindle, and his voice soon caught the key-note of the vast building, till in an illusion of the senses the lightning flashed, and the whirlwind shook the place where we were sitting, and the firm foundation rocked as with an earthquake. But it was an illusion of the sort produced only by famous orators like those

> Whose resistless eloquence . . . .
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece.

I once saw Mr. Webster when he was forty and I was eleven. The best likeness of him at that time, it seems to me, is the bust by Powers. I saw him often between 1840 and 1850, and the best likeness of him at that time, I should say, is the one now printed for the first time in this magazine.

Mellen Chamberlain.

A WOMAN IN THE AFRICAN DIGGINGS.

THE discovery of the vast diamond-mines of South Africa in 1870, in the locality indicated by an old Portuguese map, led to researches for gold guided by similar authorities, and always with the result of proving that the information was based on definite premises. Through the efforts of Mr. Thomas François Burgers, who was elected President of the Transvaal Republic in 1872, the Boers of that territory were induced to relax the severity of their laws against prospecting for gold, and rewards were offered for its discovery. These Boers had settled their republic across the Vaal River, through a long tempest-tossed career that is unique in history. They carried the legacy of their sturdy Netherland forefathers to Africa, where, through half a century, they took to the wilds in preference to submission to the injustice which they characterized as the rule of their English conquerors; and the intensity of their determination gained its object at last, when a British charter was granted to them recognizing their independence. In their tranquil domestic surroundings,—their multiplied flocks and herds browsing on the wide undulations of their limitless acres,—the word ambition effaced from their vocabulary, they could view with sentiments only akin to dread the prospective immigration of a foreign element into their country. Mr. Burgers, an educated man from the same stock, made the first break in the crust of their prejudices, and gave the impetus to the search for mineral wealth.

As the result of rewards offered for the discovery of payable gold, some alluvial fields were opened in 1873. The diggings were situated in the precipitous gorges of the high plateau-like formation which extends from the east, and crosses the entire breadth of the Transvaal, and it is an index to the rugged character of the locality that "The Devil's Hills," "The Devil's Knuckles," and other similar appellations, have been given to the most prominent elevations. It is no exaggeration to say that while you watch the descent of a wagon down the succession of precipitous terraces, your hair bristles with electricity, and literally fulfils the travesty of "standing on end." The span, sometimes of sixteen, sometimes of eighteen, oxen, is detached, with the exception of two, and, preceded by these, the wagon descends the almost perpendicular incline; its tendency to impetus being checked by a struggling band of Kafirs, who hang on from the back to ropes and chains attached to the several wheels. Only their extraordinary nerve averts an immediate disaster; yet the greatest caution is not always proof against a sudden impetus.

No one did more to establish the notoriety and success of these gold-fields than my own sister, and she must, in the history of South Africa, rank as one of the pioneers of the enterprise. She was not only the first white woman to set foot in the little settlement, but probably the first white woman who had ever looked on those deep, broken heights. She was always imbued with a spirit of adventure, and her youth was marked by many laughable and eccentric experiments, which bore the presage of strong individuality of character. At the period when the first discoveries of gold were agitating people's minds, and rumors and contradictions conflicted between truth and untruth, she was a young girl, teaching in a little Boer town in the Orange Free State, the sister republic of the Transvaal. She heard enough to kindle within her a desire to go, and she began to form plans to that end, writing home for counsel and encouragement; but her scheme met with cold opposition, and was regarded as one of utter madness. My father was steeped in the traditional prejudices of the Englishman against a woman who should venture to step out of the sphere of domesticity. The country where the diggings were situated was a *terra incognita*, an uninhabited wilderness. It could be reached only over bridgeless rivers and roadless mountains; but with these facts all set before her in their most uninviting aspect, and conventional scruples whispering sinister threats against the defiance of time-honored prejudices, she deliberately went on making preparations to carry out her purpose. In her leisure time she cut out and sewed together the tent which was to be her home at the diggings; and shortly she realized on the few effects she possessed in connection with her scholastic occupation, hired a Boer with his wagon to take her and her necessary outfit, implements, and provisions to El Dorado, and, with a younger brother, set out.

From the point at which they took their departure there was no road or direct route for their guidance, and they had to steer their course by such casual information as they could occasionally glean from natives, and by a dependence on the sun, which embodies a

DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

LETTING THE WAGONS DOWN.

chart which the denizens of new countries interpret with peculiar aptitude. Some days, however, they wandered about in dire uncertainty, with no satisfaction but the idea that they were getting somewhere. The Boer grew disheartened with what he had undertaken to do, and was disposed to turn back; but he was dissuaded from this by my sister's determination. Other delays were encountered by swollen rivers, and by stick-fasts in low *vleys*, where a rich, black loamy soil possesses some extraordinary power of tenacity that literally threatens engulfment. Game was abundant through the country they traversed, and the Boer marked many a noble wildebeeste for the sport of his *roer*, so that no threat of want ever appalled them; and in this way six weeks went by in the *veldt*, until at length my sister saw the goal of her hopes.

Deep down in the midst of mountains varying in altitude from 3000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea lay the creek called Pilgrim's Rest, along which, as its tortuous course could be traced, were dotted here and there the fleecy spots that in the distance were all that represented the diggers' tents. The country was enveloped in an atmosphere of peculiar rarity and lightness, and the wooded ravines, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the wealth of blossoms that mantled nature at this season of the year, marked the first view with an impression of delight the memory of which no subsequent disappointment could mar.

The advent of a woman marked an epoch in the history of Pilgrim's Rest (so called because of the rest it suggested when the almost unconquerable task of reaching it had been accomplished), and there were among the diggers men who, long unaccustomed to the sight of such a phenomenon, could not overcome their self-consciousness sufficiently to approach within speaking distance; and yet, consumed with curiosity, they made observations from the shelter of friendly rocks, envying more fortunate comrades who found presence of mind to face the unfamiliar spectacle. The privations and mutual dependence which are part and parcel of the digger's life call into action the best phase of human character, and the genial interchange of kindly aid conduces to frank social relations that are undeniably charming.

The most cordial assistance was rendered my sister in every detail: her tent was pitched in a quiet, secluded spot; she was advised in the selection of a claim; initiated into the formalities of pegging-out and registration; and thus found many anticipated difficulties considerably ameliorated. The cheapness of native labor lessened in a great degree the hardships of living at these gold-fields. The Amatongas, a very intelligent tribe on the east coast, came in freely to work, offering their services at the rate of £1 per month, with the usual rations of mealie meal; and having paid the digger's tax of 5 shillings for the month, and hired several of these natives, my sister found herself settled down to the life of a digger. She superintended the work of her claim herself, and in the process of washing the disintegrated soil she personally took part. The Kafirs were immensely amused at the odd spectacle of a woman displaying such eagerness for what they merely characterized as "stones"; but they were by no means devoid of an intelligent sympathy, and the tact which knows how to draw this out is always sure of getting better work done. Besides this, their zeal was stimulated by the discovery of gold being made the occasion of a feast of meat, or an extra length of tobacco, without which narcotic in some form or another they are unable to exist.

My sister lived for two years in her little canvas tent on the creek, which she had in the mean time inclosed by means of a fence of laced boughs and planted about with vegetables. She found gold for the most part steadily, but only in small quantities of a few ounces at a time. It existed very indefinitely, and there were no indications that proved of the slightest value in searching for it. At one time she hit upon the expedient of meeting her expenses by making ginger-beer and pastry, a difficult task where kitchens are not, and with cooking-utensils of the most primitive kind. The sight of such delicacies raised the liveliest emotions in the diggers, whose life condemned them to a monotonous and sorry fare, and the Kafir who became the itinerant vender on these occasions grew inflated with the importance it conferred on him. He was hailed in all directions, and when he could no longer meet the demands of importunate customers, he would toss the basket into the air with a smile of ironical pity. In the mean time, several claims had passed through my sister's hands, and the last of these realized some of the expectations the hope of which gives a flavor of excitement to the monotony of gold-digging. This claim contained a rich lead, from which some very fine nuggets of almost pure gold were taken, solid lumps of metal averaging in weight from eight ounces to four pounds. She was now in possession of a moderate competency, and her success was the theme of considerable comment throughout the entire press of South Africa. But at this juncture she laid down her laurels, discarded pick and shovel, bade adieu to Pilgrim's Rest, and to some of the happiest days of her life, which she claims to have spent there, and, uniting her fortunes to those of Mr. Cameron, a gentleman who had also been success-

ful as a miner, the two visited America, where at the Philadelphia Exposition they exhibited about fifty pounds' weight of virgin gold from Pilgrim's Rest. One nugget in the collection — from my sister's claim — attracted special notice; it was worn away in the center so as almost to form a cup. It weighed somewhat over four pounds, and a model of it is now in

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WASHING GOLD, "PILGRIM'S REST."

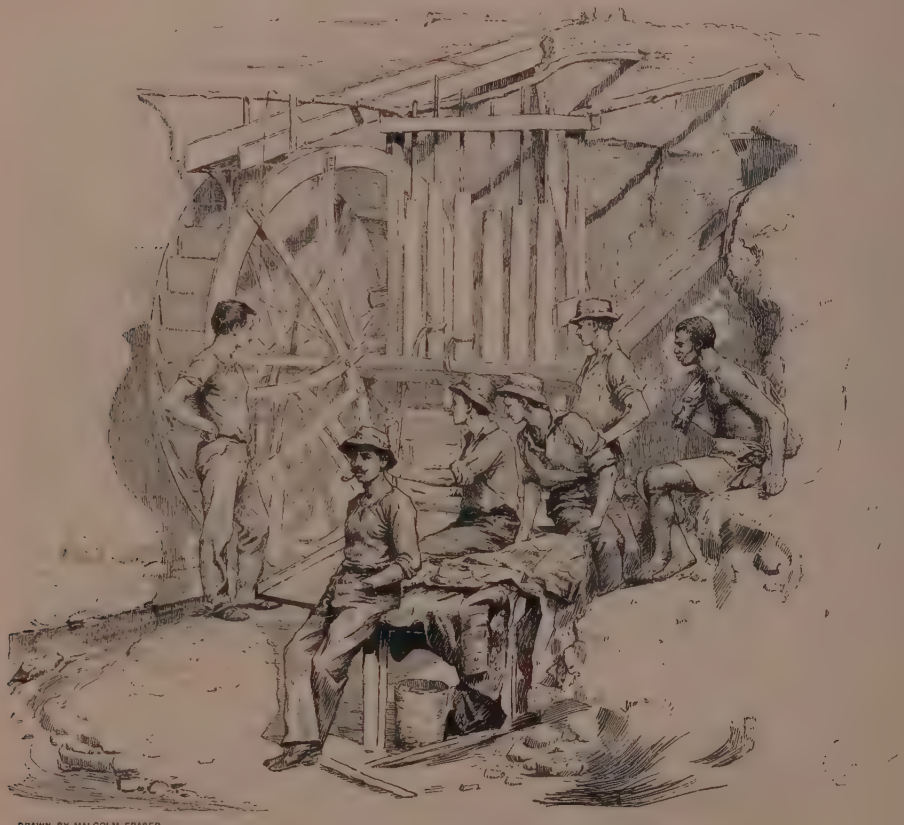
the mint at Philadelphia, where it was coined. During the few years in which the diggings at Pilgrim's Rest were worked, the population at one time was enumerated at 800, and though my sister was relieved of the honor of being the solitary representative of her sex, her position as the only woman miner remained undisputed.

No statistics were ever ascertained of the exact quantity of gold produced from these mines, and the only facts in regard to this that were obtained were derived from the banks, through whose agency an amount valued at £680,000 was exported; but in a general way miners carried away their finds with them. Their freemasonry observes a strict secrecy with regard to furnishing information respecting their finds, the dread of any influx of population being a sort of nightmare with them.

The population was almost entirely composed of English, and stores, banks, a newspaper, temporary places of worship, had brought some of the amenities of civilization into the camp life. Mr. Burgers, anxious to secure the intelligent coöperation of the new community in advancing the best interests of the country, persuaded his Government into granting them concessions that were constitutionally limited. To obviate the difficulties the language presented, English candidates were appointed to fill official positions, while the nomination of two members from their own community to represent them in the Volksraad was another liberal measure passed in their favor. Thus they were almost constituted into a self-government. Mr. Burgers had entered into a treaty with the Portuguese government for the construction of a railway, which was to link Delagoa Bay and Pretoria; but the diversion of trade this would have created to their detriment excited the antagonism of the British colonies, and political animosities were generated through the agency of the community at Pilgrim's Rest, which, under a total misrepresentation of facts, induced England in 1877 to annex the Transvaal. An exaggerated value was attached to the new acquisition; it was forecast that the mining industry would be a source of great revenues, and hence a perfectly indiscriminate expenditure was sanctioned by the British treasury. Troops necessarily were stationed in the country, and almost on the heels of the annexation the Zulu war was perpetrated, an act associated

with the same policy which enunciated the confederation of the South African states for the conservation of British interests.

This succession of events provided a readier means of making money than gold-mining, while it produced a simulated prosperity the results of which were demoralizing, and tended



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A HOME-MADE QUARTZ-CRUSHING MACHINE.

to the stagnation of all true industry, culminating in a retrogression of years, and only retrieved by the inherent vitality of the resources of the country. The Boers disclaimed all grounds for the English occupation of their country, and lived in a state of passive disaffection toward the Government. Ultimately they took up arms to throw it off, in the memorable war of 1880–81, when, after several defeats of their troops, the British government entered upon a reconsideration of their policy, which led to their restoring to the Boers their independence.

Induced by these unsettled political conditions, a mistrust of South Africa now prevailed in Europe, which threw a pall of depression over every avenue of enterprise. Yet in time the reports of gold prospectors once more assumed an interest. The only hope for the future lay in the country itself. The promise of further discoveries of alluvial fields gave no hope; occasional small deposits were found, but they proved fallacious as indications on which to base any certain prospects, and the source of these erratic pockets of gold has baffled the keenest scientific research. The fact that gold existed in the quartz formation throughout a wide area of country was generally known, but the fact that the deposit differed with preconceived theory led to skepticism on the score of its paying for the outlay necessary for its extraction. The efforts of several individual miners wrecked this hasty conclusion. Mr. Bray, who had been mining and prospecting for many years in the Transvaal, was one of the first men who conceived the idea of testing the quartz-reef formation, existing extensively

to the north of Pilgrim's Rest. The experiment was made on merely speculative theory, for the evidence of gold was not visible; but the analysis gave a yield of six ounces to the ton, and, encouraged by this, he secured some coöperation which enabled him to send several parcels of the quartz to well-known assayists in London, and the yield from these was in some cases twelve ounces, and in others forty-seven ounces, to the ton. It will be sufficient for my purpose to relate that this mine was taken in hand by influential capitalists, and has since proved the counterpart of the Mount Morgan of Australia, being literally a mountain of gold. This mine, which has been named "The Sheba," owing to its inaccessibility, was developed under extraordinary difficulties; but it has averaged a monthly production of gold amounting to £10,000, which with increased facilities of machinery may be doubled or tripled.

The excitement which followed on one or two successes parallel with the Sheba induced a fever of speculation that, while it lasted, seemed to turn all men mad. Farmers, merchants, professional men, clerks, tradesmen, all abandoned their vocations and set out for the new gold-fields. Hundreds of claims were taken up, and companies were floated on little more than shadows of reality. The reaction attendant on this state of things might have struck a fatal blow to the new prospects awakened but for the timely discovery of another gold-field in a totally unexpected quarter. Three hundred miles to the southwest of Pilgrim's Rest is the district of Witwatersrand, situated on the high, undulating tableland before referred to as stretching from the east. Bleak and treeless, and occupying an altitude 6000 feet above the sea, the value of the lands here was almost unconsidered except as healthy summer grazing-fields; yet in a stratum, and under conditions, so unique as to confute science and all Australian experience, gold was found to exist over an area of so vast an extent that no definite boundaries can be assigned as its limit. The incredulous spirit of former times had given way to the idea that there was nothing too good to expect, and several capitalists from Pretoria essayed some experiments on claims which they took up. The results were remarkable: 100 tons of the quartz crushed by the Jubilee Company yielded 327 ounces, and 100 tons from the Wemmer Company's claims gave 1300 ounces of gold.[1] The publication of these facts attracted an immediate rush of population, and, with a rapidity that is without a parallel, the town of Johannesburg sprang into flourishing existence as the precursor of other towns in the centers of other gold-mines north and south in the Transvaal. The primitive life, which was all that had been known in the republics, gave place to civilizing influences which drew the Boers out of their apathetic content. Many of them, raised to sudden affluence through the values acquired by their property, were eager to secure to their children the boon of education. The homely lawgivers of the Transvaal exhibited a remarkable foresight and discretion in dealing with the altered conditions of their country. They made liberal disposition of the handsome revenues of their treasury toward education, institutions, and works of a public character, and they acted with generosity and firmness toward the English population settled under their flag.

Pretoria, situated thirty-five miles northeast of Johannesburg, is the capital of the Transvaal. A very intelligent society exists in this far inland center, composed in part of English, Germans, Hollanders, and Cape Dutch people, who are frank, hospitable, and peculiarly susceptible to social enjoyment. The climate produces a tendency to exhilaration, and life glides along with the dreamy ease of summer shadows.

Annie Russell.

1 These results have no index value; they are abnormal. The Sheba mine has given results of four ounces to the ton. The Johannesburg formation is estimated to yield an average of one ounce to the ton.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.

ALL day I rode through lands snow-ridged,
Whose hill-slopes showed no sign of spring,
Past smoking towns, streams iron-bridged,
O'er which the train went echoing.

At last, ere twilight closed the day,
Far eastward, underneath the dark,
A glimpse of ocean's bosom gray,
Bright-heaving, boundless, without mark.

The vision faded, yet all night
My fancy kept alive for me
The steel-bright waves, the fading light,
That picture of the winter sea.

William Prescott Foster.

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

(AN OLD PORTRAIT ON AN OLD STAIR.)

WITH PICTURES BY OTTO H. BACHER.

OUT of the dusk stepped down
Young Beauty on the stair:
What need o' April in the town
When Polly took the air?

Lilac the color then,
So all in lilac she;
Her kerchief hid from maids and men
What was too white to see.

Good Stuart folk her kin,
  And bred in Devon vales;
One looked her happy eyes within,
  And heard the nightingales.

When Polly took the air,
  Each lad that happened near,
Forgetting all save she was fair,
  Turned English cavalier.

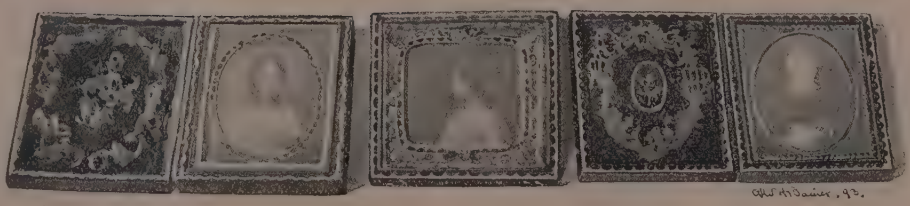
It was the end o' Lent,
  The crocus lit the square;
With wavering green the bough was bent
  When Polly took the air.

Long since that weather sped,
  Yet yonder on the wall
Her portrait holds a faded shred,
  Some scrap of it in thrall.

The New World claims the skies,
  Although the Old prevails;
We look into her happy eyes,
  And hear the nightingales.

Staid lilac is her gown,
  And yellow gleams her hair;
The ghost of April is in town,
  And Polly takes the air!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.



BALCONY STORIES.

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER.

AS the grandmother related it fresh from the primeval sources that feed a grandmother's memory, it happened thus:

In the early days of the settlement of Georgia—ah, how green and rustic appears to us now the world in the early days of the settlement of Georgia! Sometimes to women, listening to the stories of their grandmothers, it seems better to have lived then than now—her grandmother was at that time a young wife. It was the day of arduous, if not of long, courtship before marriage, when every wedding celebrated the close of an original romance; and when young couples, for bridal trips, went out to settle new States, riding on a pillion generally, with their trousseaux following as best they could on sumpter mules; to hear the grandmother describe it made one long to be a bride of those days.

The young husband had the enumeration of qualities that went to the making of a man of that period, and if the qualities were in the proportion of ten physical to one intellectual, it does not follow that the grandmother's grandfather was not a man of parts. For, to obtain the hand of his bride, an only child and an heiress, he had to give test of his mettle by ignoring his fortune, studying law, and getting his license before marriage, and binding himself to live the first year afterward on the proceeds of his practice; a device of the time thought to be a wholesome corrective of the corrupting influence of over-wealth in young domesticities.

Although he had already chosen the sea for

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"TURNED TO HER DOMESTIC DUTIES."

his profession, and was a midshipman at the time, with more of a reputation for living than for learning, such was he, and such, it may be said, was the incentive genius of his choice, that almost before his resignation as midshipman was accepted, his license as lawyer was signed. As for practice, it was currently remarked at his wedding, at the sight of him flying down the room in the reel with his bride for partner, that his tongue was as nimble as his heels, and that if he only turned his attention to criminal practice, there was no man in the country who would make a better prosecuting attorney for the State. And with him for prosecuting attorney, it was warranted that sirrahs the highwaymen would not continue to hold Georgia judge-and-jury justice in quite such contemptible estimation, and that the gallows would not be left so long bereft of their legitimate swingings. As for fees, it was predicted that the young fellow as he stood, or rather "chassé'd," could snap his fingers at both his and his bride's trustees.

He did turn his attention to criminal law, was made prosecuting attorney for the State in his county, and, before his six months had passed, was convincing the hitherto high and mighty, lordly, independent knights of the road that other counties in Georgia furnished more secure pasturage for them.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The young wife bade him a hearty good-by, and stood in the doorway watching him, gay and *debonair*, riding off, on his stout black charger Beetle, in the direction of the town in which court was to be held that week.

She herself feeling as full of ambition and work as if she also were prosecuting attorney, with a perennial spring of eloquence bubbling in her brain, turned to her domestic duties, and, without going into the detail of them, it suffices to say that, according to the grandmother's estimation, one morning's list of duties for a healthy young bride of that period would shame the week's work of a syndicate of them to-day. Finding herself nearing the limit of diminution of several household necessities, and the spring suggesting the beginning of new ones, she made up her mind to profit by her husband's absence and the fair weather to make a trading visit to the town next day.

So, early in a morning as beautiful as the preceding day, mounted on her own stanch mare Maid Marion, she ambled down the green overhung forest-road, in the vista of which she had watched her husband disappear the day before; thinking about what she had to buy, and thinking, no doubt, much more, as brides will, of the absent lord and master — as brides of those days loved to consider and denominate their husbands.

Coming into the little town, the freshly painted, swinging sign-board of the new tavern, "The Honest Georgian," as usual was the first thing to catch her eye; but the instant after, what should she see but black Beetle hitched to the rack under the tree that shadowed the hostelry!

It was not decorous; but she was young, and the day of her first separation from her husband had been so long; and was he not also, against the firmest of resolutions and plans, hastening back to her, the separation being too long for him also?

Slipping her foot from the stirrup, she jumped to the ground, and ran into the tavern. There he stood calling hastily for a drink; and her heart more than her eyes took in his, to her, consecrated signalment — the riding-boots, short clothes, blue coat, cocked hat, ruffles. She crept up behind to surprise him, her face, with its delight and smiles, beyond her control. She crept, until she saw his watch-fob dangling against the counter, and then her heart made a call. He turned. He was not her husband! Another man it was in her husband's clothes, a man with a villainous countenance! With a scream she gave the alarm. The stranger turned, dropped his drink, bounded to the door and out, leaped to the back of Beetle, gave rein and spur, and the black horse made good his reputation. In a second all was hue-and-cry and pursuit. While men and horses made, for all they were worth, down the road after Beetle, she on Maid Marion galloped for her life in the opposite direction, the direction of the court town whither her husband had journeyed. The mare's hide made acquaintance with the whip that day if never before, for not even the willing Maid Marion could keep pace with the apprehensions on her back.

Scouring with her eyes the highway ahead of her, shooting hawk's glances into the forest on each side of her, the wife rode through the distance all, all day, praying that the day might be long enough, might equal the distance. The sun set, and night began to fall; but she and Maid Marion were none the less fresh, except in the heart.

The moon rose straight before them down the road, lighting it and them through the threatened obscurity. And so they came to trampled earth and torn grass, and so she uncovered concealed footsteps, and so, creeping on her hands and knees, she followed traces of blood, through thicket and glade, into the deep forest, to a hastily piled hillock of earth, gravel, and leaves. Burrowing with her hands, she came to it, the naked body of her young husband, cold and stiff, foully murdered.

Maid Marion approached at her call. She wrapped him in her cloak, and — a young

wife of those times alone would do it — put him in the saddle before her: the good mare Maid Marion alone knows the rest. In the early gray dawn, from one highway there rode into the town the baffled pursuers, from the other the grandmother's grandmother, clasping the corpse of her husband with arms as stiff as his own; loving him, so the grandmother used to say, with a love which, if ever love could do so, would have effected a resurrection.

THE news came out in the papers that the old lady had been restored to her fortune. She had been deprived of it so long ago that the real manner of her dispossession had become lost, or at least hidden under the many versions that had been invented to replace lapses of memory, or to remedy the unpicturesqueness of the original truth. The face of truth, like the face of many a good woman, is liable to the accident of ugliness, and the desire to embellish one as well as the other need not necessarily proceed from anything more harmful than an overweighted love of the beautiful.

If the old lady had not been restored to her fortune, her *personalia* would have remained in the oblivion which, as one might say, had accumulated upon everything belonging to her. But after that newspaper paragraph, there was such a flowering of memory around her name as would have done credit to a whole cemetery on All Saints. It took three generations to do justice to the old lady, for so long and so slow had been her descent into poverty that a grandmother was needed to remember her setting out upon the road to it.

She set out as most people do, well provided with money, diamonds, pretty clothing, handsome residence, equipage, opera-box, beaux (for she was a widow), and so many, many friends that she could never indulge in a small party — she always had to give a grand ball to accommodate them. She made quite an occasion of her first reverse, — some litigation decided against her, — and said it came from the court's having only one ear, and that preëmpted by the other party.

She always said whatever she thought, regardless of the consequences, because she averred truth was so much more interesting than falsehood. Nothing annoyed her more in society than to have to listen to the compositions women make as a substitute for the original truth. It was as if, when she went to the theater to hear Shakspere and Molière, the actors should try to impose upon the audience by reciting lines of their own. Truth was the wit of life and the wit of books. She traveled her road from affluence so leisurely that nothing escaped her eyes or her feelings, and she signaled unhesitatingly every stage in it.

"My dear, do you know there is really such a thing as existence without a carriage and horses?" — "I assure you it is perfectly new to me to find that an opera-box is not a necessity. It is a luxury. In theory one can really never tell the distinction between luxuries and necessities." — "How absurd! At one time I thought hair was given us only to furnish a profession to hair-dressers; just as we wear artifi-

cial flowers to support the flower-makers." — "Upon my word, it is not uninteresting. There is always some *haute nouveauté* in economy. The ways of depriving one's self are infinite. There is wine, now." — "Not own your residence! As soon not own your tomb as your residence! My mama used to scream that in my ears. According to her, it was not *comme il faut* to board or live in a rented house. How little she knew!"

DRAWN BY F. S. M. PAPE.

THE PAST.

When her friends, learning her increasing difficulties, which they did from the best authority (herself), complimented her, as they were forced to do, upon her still handsome appearance, pretty laces, feathers, jewelry, silks, "Fat," she would answer — "fat. I am living off my fat, as bears do in winter. In truth, I remind myself of an animal in more ways than one."

And so every one had something to contribute to the conversation about her — bits which, they said, affection and admiration had kept alive in their memory.

Each city has its own roads to certain ends, its ways of Calvary, so to speak. In New Orleans the victim seems ever to walk down Royal street and up Chartres, or *vice versa*. One would infer so, at least, from the display in the shops and windows of those thoroughfares. Old furniture, cut glass, pictures, books, jewelry, lace, china — the fleece (sometimes the flesh still sticking to it) left on the brambles by the driven herd. If there should some day be a trump of resurrection for defunct fortunes, those shops would be emptied in the same twinkling of the eye allowed to tombs for their rendition of property.

The old lady must have made that promenade many, many times, to judge by the samples of her "fat or fleece" displayed in the windows. She took to hobbling, as if from tired or sore feet.

"It is nothing," in answer to an inquiry. "Made-to-order feet learning to walk in ready-made shoes: that is all. One's feet, after all, are the most unintelligent part of one's body." Tea was her abomination, coffee her adoration; but she explained: "Tea, you know, is so detestable that the very worst is hardly worse than the very best; while coffee is so perfect that the smallest shade of impurity is not to be tolerated. The truly economical, I observe,

always drink tea. At one time I thought if all the luxuries of the world were exposed to me, and but one choice allowed, I should select gloves. Believe me, there is no superfluity in the world so easily dispensed with."

As may be supposed, her path led her farther and farther away from her old friends. Even her intimates became scarce; so much so, that these observations, which, of course, could be made only to intimates, became fewer and fewer, unfortunately, for her circumstances were becoming such that the remarks became increasingly valuable. The last thing related of her was apropos of friends.

"My friends! My dear, I cannot tell you just so, on the spur of the moment, but with a little reflection and calculation I could tell you, to a picayune, the rent of every friend in the market. You can lease, rent, or hire them, like horses, carriages, opera-boxes, servants, by year, month, day, or hour; and the tariff is just as fixed.

"Christians! Christians are the most discreet people in the world. If you should ask me what Christianity has most promoted in the world, I should answer without hesitation, discretion. Of course, when I say the world I mean society, and when I say Christianity I mean our interpretation of it. If only duns could be pastors, and pastors duns! But of course you do not know what duns are; they are the guardian angels of the creditor, the pursuing fiends of the debtor."

After that, the old lady made her disappearance under the waves of that sea into the depths of which it is very improbable that a single friend ever attempted to pursue her. And there she remained until the news came that she was restored to fortune.

A week passed, two weeks; no sight or sound of her. It was during this period that her old friends were so occupied resuscitating their old friendships for her — when all her antique sayings and doings became current ball-room and dinner-table gossip — that she arose from her obscurity like Cinderella from her ashes, to be decked with every gift that fairy minds could suggest. Those who had known her intimately made no effort to conceal their importance. Those who did not know her personally put forward claims of inherited friendship, and those who did not know her traditionally or otherwise — the *nouveaux riches* and *parvenus*, who alone feel the monied value of such social connections — began making their resolutions to capture her as soon as she came in sight of society.

The old residence was to be rebought, and refurnished from France; the *avant scène* at the opera had been engaged; the old cook was to be hired back from the club at a fabulous price; the old balls and the old dinners were to gladden the city — so said they who seemed to know. Nothing was to be spared, nothing stinted — at her age, with no child or relative, and life running short for pleasure. Diamonds,

DRAWN BY F. S M. PAPE.

THE PRESENT.

laces, velvets, champagne, Château Yquem—"Grand Dieu Seigneur!" the old Creole servants exclaimed, raising their hands at the enumeration of it.

Where the news came from nobody knew, but everything was certified and accepted as facts, although, as between women, the grain of salt should have been used. Impatience waxed, until nearly every day some one would ring the bell of the old residence, to ask when the mistress was going to move in. And such affectionate messages! And people would not, simply could not, be satisfied with the incomprehensible answers. And then it leaked out. The old lady was simply waiting for everything to arrive—furniture, toilets, carriage, etc.—to make a grand *entrée* into her old sphere; to come riding on a throne as it were. And still the time passed, and she did not come. Finally two of the clever-heads penetrated the enigma: *mauvaise honte*, shyness—so long out of the world, so old; perhaps not sure of her welcome. So they determined to seek her out.

"We will go to her, like children to a grandmother, etc. The others have no delicacy of sentiment, etc. And she will thus learn who really remember, really love her, etc."

Provided with congratulatory bouquets, they set forth. It is very hard to find a dweller on the very sea-bottom of poverty. Perhaps that is why the effort is so seldom made. One has to ask at grocers' shops, groggeries, market-stalls, Chinese restaurants; interview corner cobblers, ragpickers, gutter children. But nothing is impossible to the determined. The two ladies overcame all obstacles, and needled their way along, where under other circumstances they would not have glanced, would have thought it improper to glance.

They were directed through an old, old house, out on an old, old gallery, to a room at the very extreme end.

"Poor thing! Evidently she has not heard the good news yet. We will be the first to communicate it," they whispered, standing before the dilapidated, withered-looking door.

Before knocking, they listened, as it is the very wisdom of discretion to do. There was life inside, a little kind of voice, like some one trying to hum a song with a very cracked old throat.

The ladies opened the door. "Ah, my friend!"

"Ah, my friend!"

"Restored!"

"Restored!"

"At last!"

"At last!"

"Just the same!"

"Exactly the same!"

It was which one would get to her first with bouquet and kiss, competition almost crowding friendship.

"The good news!"

"The good news!"

"We could not stay!"

"We had to come!"

"It has arrived at last!"

"At last it has arrived!"

The old lady was very much older, but still the same.

"You will again have a chance!"

"Restored to your friends!"

"The world!"

"Your luxuries!"

"Your comforts!"

"Comforts! Luxuries!" At last the old lady had an opportunity to slip in a word. "And friends! You say right."

There was a pause—a pause which held not a small measure of embarrassment. But the two visitors, although they were women of the world, and so dreaded an embarrassment more than they did sin, had prepared themselves even to stand this.

The old lady standing there—she was very much thinner, very much bent, but still the same—appeared to be looking not at them, but at their enumeration.

"Comfort!" She opened a pot bubbling on the fire. "Bouillon! A good five-cent bouillon. Luxury!" She picked up something from a chair, a handful of new cotton chemises. "Luxury!" She turned back her bedspread: new cotton sheets. "Did you ever lie in your bed at night and dream of sheets? Comfort! Luxury! I should say so! And friends! My dear, look!" Opening her door, pointing to an opposite gallery, to the yard, her own gallery; to the washing, ironing, sewing women, the cobbling, chair-making, carpentering men; to the screaming, laughing, crying, quarreling, swarming children. "Friends! All friends—friends for fifteen years. Ah, yes, indeed! We are all glad—elated in fact. As you say, I am restored."

The friends simply reported that they had found the old lady, and that she was imbecile; mind completely gone under stress of poverty and old age. Their opinion was that she should be interdicted.

Grace King.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

IN HER FIRST YOUTH, BY LYDIA F. EMMET.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

THE HIGH PLATEAU.

A HATCHET whizzed over the fire, making one revolution, and striking Henry's shoulder with the handle instead of the blade. A dozen mouths derided the marksman, and other hatchets were poised when a huge old chief turned on his young men and stopped their sport. He had a stern aspect suited to the leader of the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac, and he was known to hate the English with a hatred scarcely less than Pontiac's. Henry remembered him as the Grand Sautor: the French called the Chippewa nation Sautors. He was an able political second to the master Indian mind of his day, and he would not now permit any action taken in his presence without first consulting the envoys from Detroit.

Henry stood in the midst of the savages, unconsciously affecting them by his presence. They admired him. He had not dodged the hatchet. His shorn hair crisped in a gold fleece over his head. The flame in his eyes, they afterward said, burned holes in them.

When Marie saw him she sprang up in the closed lodge, but as the hatchet-handle struck him she dropped to her knees. He was not hurt. He stood alive among his enemies, and near her. Marie's body bloomed all over, the living smoothness of flower-petals enveloping her. The sun and summer, the world, and the meaning of life, returned, and she lived infinitely. Her blood buzzed in her ears. Whether we shall exist hereafter in a happier state, or run, shivering souls, a long gantlet of woes, there are instants here which compensate us for everything.

"—to give myself up," she heard Henry saying, as soon as she could hear anything.

One of his Frenchmen interpreted, turning from Henry to the Grand Sautor and from the Grand Sautor back to Henry as the talk proceeded. Masses of wrinkles around the old chief's eyes contracted in ironical scrutiny.

"Why is the Englishman such a fool as to come back and give himself up when he had escaped?"

"You know why," said Henry. "Because I cannot have any harm done to the chief Wawatam and his family."

"There stands the chief Wawatam. Who has threatened to do him or his family any harm?"

Wawatam stood with his shoulder toward Henry, lax and sullen in attitude.

"A message was sent to me that the tribe had disagreed about the present he made on my account, and if I escaped entirely they intended to burn him and his whole family."

"Who told you that?"

"The chief himself told it to a Pani woman that Mme. Cadotte bought at the fort."

"The chief lied."

Henry looked at Wawatam, a confused redness mounting in his face. "The chief never lied to me in his life."

There was silence among the Chippewas. The Detroit Indians had made use of the arts of war, and were at Michilimackinac to stir up recruits, but none of them answered Wawatam's grin as he raised his head. They knew that Henry was his adopted brother. It was a kind of betrayal which most nearly touched their religious natures.

"The Pani woman went with Mme. Cadotte in her boat, with the Englishman," said the Grand Sautor, examining evidence. "How could the Pani woman carry a message from the chief when she did not see him after the Englishman did?"

"She said he told her when I got into the boat, but forbade her to tell me before it was done, that if he did not give me up at the end of a week, the tribe would come over to the island and burn him and his family. As soon as we landed I persuaded Mme. Cadotte to let me take the canoe and some men and come back. The weather was against us. You have all come to the island as he said you would. What are you going to do?"

"It is none of the Englishman's business; but we came to consult the Great Turtle."

Henry saw the medicine-man and young Indians bringing a load of heavy poles for the mystic Turtle lodge. The evening fire burned harmlessly, little bead-eyed fellows huddling in

copper nakedness between the blaze and their mothers' knees. Neither stake nor scaffold of torment appeared to have been thought of by the gathered multitude.

"My brother could have killed me while I was here," said Henry. "Why did he set a trap to bring me back?"

"Perhaps the Pani woman lied," suggested the Grand Sautor.

"The Pani woman did not lie," declared Wawatam, and he turned with a fierce stare at his English brother, the corners of his mouth drawn down, and the youthfulness of his face pitiably aged by deep creases. One week's debauchery had destroyed in him the civilization of two years. Race superiority in the other man still bore him down and overrode his Indian weapon of treachery. He felt one of Nature's wrongs. Henry listened in silence to what he had to say.

"My English brother's blood and mine were one. I hid him here, and gave him food; and he took what was mine away from me. I let him go out of my hand, but I fastened a cord to him. When he was gone, and I went to the black gown with my complaint, even the black gown was turned against me by English witchcraft, and would not let me have the wife promised to me. The black gown said: 'I will look into the matter. Perhaps it is best that no marriage takes place between you and the French girl nourished in your grandmother's lodge.' If this man had not come back on account of the Pani woman's words, I would have followed him."

A deep breath was drawn by the listeners. They said, "Ho!" in admiration. Every English-hating breast acquitted Wawatam, and exulted in his craft.

"I did not take what he says was his," denied Henry, sternly. "That white islander who lives in his grandmother's lodge scarcely looked at me when I went away. If a priest would not marry her to him, neither would a priest marry her to me. She is too good for either of us."

"How many times did you see this French girl?" inquired the Grand Sautor.

"Only three times, when she came with a boy to bring my food, and helped build my lodge."

"Did Wawatam send her with food to the Englishman?"

Wawatam answered, "There was no one else to send, except the boy, who would forget."

The old chief looked at the young one with a grunt of contempt.

"Wawatam is a young man; he has learned nothing. And the black gown does not live among us to give or take away our women. Where is she now?"

Wawatam replied that she was probably in the woods with his grandmother, getting fuel; the lodge was empty.

"Did you not tell us that the Englishman took her from you?"

"He bewitched her. She would not go with me to L'Arbre Croche."

Squaws, watching the ivory whiteness and muscular beauty of the Anglo-Saxon, wondered how any woman could refuse to look at him. The Canadians were rabbits beside him, broad, brown-faced fellows, lacking that which comes and goes in power through the countenance.

"The English trader has come back and put himself in our hands," said the Grand Sautor, summing up facts. "What shall be done with him?"

Wawatam took a knife from his belt, but the old chief gave him a look which no young Chippewa ever disregarded. So deadly was the silent threat of the Grand Sautor that a European has set it down in letters—"the most undaunted person could not behold him without some degree of terror."

One of the Detroit envoys stepped between Henry and the Grand Sautor, and spoke against letting any Englishman live. Pontiac was strong enough, if all the tribes united with him, to sweep the English from the country. Wawatam's experience was common: wherever an Englishman went, he took everything, and pushed his red brother out of his way.

When this speech was interpreted to Henry he understood why the Great Turtle was to be consulted. That esteemed and truthful spirit would tell the tribe whether a war against the English would be successful or not. The Chippewa nation hesitated after striking their first blow.

The impulse which brought Henry back to face these savages had not turned to indignation when he found himself made a fool of. He listened callously to gutturals on which his life hung, numb in the instinct of self-preservation. In the midst of the interpreting he was alert for a step or a rustle of leaves at the edge of the woods. Yet he did not own to himself what was working like madness in his cool English blood—that longing for the one beloved, which men laugh at, and die of, calling it by some other name. One or two happily nested birds cheeped from the oaks around the plateau, and the low call of an awaking owl came from the woods. The medicine-man, a disgusted practitioner, balked of his own importance, sat with his chin on his knees, waiting until the Englishman should be despatched. It was not for him to take the word out of the Grand Sautor's mouth, but when there was opportunity he hazarded the opinion that one Englishman less would neither gain nor lose the war; and popular conviction was with him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the Grand Sautor of Henry. "The English are no good, but we do not close their mouths."

Henry looked as relentlessly at his old enemy as that enemy looked at him.

"Why should I say anything? I felt obliged to come back, and I am here. You can do what you please with me now, though no Indian seemed able to kill me until trickery was used. But it is going to cost you dearly when you come to settle with the English, particularly Sir William Johnson."

At that name a wave of uneasiness passed through the camp. Sir William Johnson's influence extended from the valley of the Mohawk to the extreme northwest. He was the enemy of the French, but the manipulator and virtual lord of many eastern tribes. The Chippewas wished to be at peace with Sir William Johnson, at least until Pontiac's conspiracy was ripe enough for a successful sweep of the continent. But at Henry's implied threat the Grand Sautor rose up in defiance and passed sentence.

"The Englishman came back to save his adopted brother from dying by fire. Even he saw that we had a right to burn somebody; and we will now use that right. The Englishman shall die by fire, that none of my people be disappointed."

Directly the camp was let loose. Ready braves seized Henry and pinioned his arms, while others tied his feet together. He felt grim amusement at being made so tame a victim in front of the wrinkled old idol, though escape or defense was impossible from the instant of his surrender.

"You fellows who have had my goods, and paid me no beaver, can pay me now," he remarked coolly.

The delinquents shouted when they understood him. They would pay him, indeed, with firebrands thrust into his ears, his eyes, and even down his parching throat. They would pay the whole English nation in him. Henry kept his feet, and looked at his adopted Chippewa brother.

Wawatam worked fiercely, digging the hole for the stake, driving in with his moccasined foot a spade which Henry had given him. Plenty of trees offered their trunks on every hand, but there must be space for the full enjoyment of roasting an Englishman, and the center of the open plateau, in front of the lodges, was the spot chosen. A pole intended for the Great Turtle's lodge was held by other Indians ready to be packed into its earthen socket. The world was then a deliberate world in all its corners; but the intoxication of haste which this continent produces worked even in aboriginal natures. It was not long before Wawatam withdrew his spade, and sullenly watched the muscles on bare backs crowding around the post, and many hands packing the dirt in. This was the only kind of planting to which an ambitious young Indian would degrade himself.

When Wawatam had walked through the woods guiding Henry to Mme. Cadotte's boat, he began to regret planning the Englishman's complete escape. He scarcely knew what he desired; but every step in their silent march was a step toward the end of friendship. At one moment the savage felt prompted to kill Henry in the woods, but the spiritual tie of Indian adoption still held. It was monstrous to hurt the person given to him by supernatural signs. If Marie would go to L'Arbre Croche and be married, it would be clear that Henry had done him no harm. If she would not, the story the Pani woman had told him, and the look he had himself seen, demanded revenge. They had reached the landing, and Wawatam saw the Pani woman in the boat with Mme. Cadotte before he hit on a scheme to bring the Englishman back. Henry might not respond to the test, or he might have to be concealed about the island again. Wawatam took all chances.

The young chief had told his hurt briefly to his tribe. His own tongue failed to show all the change which had come over him. Little red tongues of fire springing from fat pine-wood should talk for him. And whatever counsel the Great Turtle might give, Wawatam was already decided; he had gone beyond his people in hostility to the English.

The most trivial incidents accompany the progress of death. Henry felt his sense of humor turn abnormally keen. The ludicrous side of the life he was about to leave affected him as a stimulant might have done. He saw George lying tipsy on Marie's bench, open-mouthed like a dead fish; and an old, hawk-faced Indian woman contentedly chewing her tongue while she rocked a child in the concave of her lap. He noticed a curious boy who tried to peep under the elbows of the earth-packers kicked end over end by the backward drive of a moccasin. Children as red as hairless puppies tumbled in a heap by the glowing log. The amenities of Indian life were being practised around Henry, and he fancied morsels of himself passed from hand to hand on a stick. It flashed across his mind like a vision that there are larger ways of doing things than any we know; that an archangel, for instance, might have managed this affair with honor, and without having a feather singed.

Henry's Canadian boatmen sat down by the fire, and took the chance to prepare themselves

a little supper before camping elsewhere. They could not interfere with the political or personal revenges of a tribe, though their master would be sorry to hear that the Englishman was burned. Having brought him to the island, according to orders, they would rest a night before taking the boat back; but nobody could expect them to meddle with what happened in the Chippewa camp.

Sounds of chopping in the dusky woods seemed to reverberate along the edge of the sky. While some of the Indians cut fuel, others ran with arm-loads of it to build around the stake, which towered ten feet high, having the festive air of a May-pole. More than one knife would be stuck by cunning marksmen in the bark over the victim's head, and great sport it would be if every feint at throwing made him dodge. And when the hot air should rush upward as through a funnel, and the top of the pole begin to wave its little pennon of smoke, there would be no need of other light on the high level. The sky overhead was a delicate apple-green, one of those illusive tints which the crimson and orange of sunset leave in high northern air. Swarming figures became less and less distinct in outline, and darkness encroached from the woods, bringing sweet odors with it. Henry smelt the pine, and remembered his first night's plunge through the thickets of the island—the enchanted island, to which a man must come back though he come to his death.

As soon as their preparations were finished the Chippewas dragged Henry to the stake and tied him. His bright head came up out of their buffeting, and steadied itself against the bark of the young tree. Through all his sensations he hoped that the presence of the Chippewas had driven Marie to some other part of the island for the night.

The wood was piled around Henry. Young Indians who had never seen a man burned stood by and learned cunning lessons in torture. The circle was not built as high as his knees; for a slow fire, steadily increased, would prolong the enjoyment of the camp far into the night.

Wawatam himself carried a brand from his outdoor hearth to light the pile. His eye and Henry's met as he knelt with the blazing pine. The Englishman's face was more distinct than Wawatam's. Not a word passed between them, and the barrier of flame began to rise, and separated them forever.

Some Indians who thought the spectacle needed illumination at its beginning were heaping wood on the camp-fire, and the crackle of the resinous fuel could be heard almost as far as its light could be seen. That shapeless black which we cannot call mere shadow, but people from childhood with monsters, drew away beyond the outermost trees. The ruby tinting of flame at night extended along the trampled sward, and up to oak twigs, seeming to edge the notchings of each leaf. The skins of naked babies grew roseate under this magic brush; and stilt-like shadows lay along the ground, mingling, and passing one another in constant caricature. Night was now overhead as well as around the little plane to which man's stature raises him; and stars were suddenly in their places, filmed with the light incense of burning wood.

The two lodges, opaque and weather-beaten, were least responsive of any objects on the plateau. Stolidly they witnessed the threads of fire climbing around Henry's feet. The nearest lodge kept its secret of a French girl who had lain all of a summer night with his staff across her breast. It was silent and empty, the flap closing on its vacant hollow. For when the Indians seized Henry, Marie had snatched the blanket gown at her bed-head, and torn an opening between mats at the back of the lodge. Her desperate rending shook the heavy structure. Any Chippewa beholder might have fancied the Great Turtle spirit already invoked, and in the throes of possessing the medicine-man. But the camp was in such an uproar that no one saw it, or Marie herself, when she broke through the hole and ran with her wool garment over her head to the nearest cover of trees.

She was leaving the open space behind, flying through dead leaves, half bent to shoot under low-swung boughs, when she heard the Chippewa yell, and her flight became a deer's. Then a sound of chopping mingled with Indian exultation, and she knew there was no pursuit; the chief's young men were merely scattering to cut wood. Marie held both hands on her bursting heart, letting the blanket dress fall around her neck, and then around her waist, as her blood glowed and moisture broke through every pore.

A path made by prayerward feet to the rift in the island stretched its thread through the labyrinth of trees. She could not see far ahead in the darkness to which twilight sunk there, and the swish of leaves filled her ears. Headlong she ran against a man in a cassock, who caught her, and held her panting at arm's-length. His white, benignant face was dimly visible. Brushing the twigs at a respectful distance behind him, other feet were coming, and Marie knew they were Noko's; she had counted on meeting the priest and the Indian grandmother in this path from the grotto chapel.

Marie leaned against a tree, dragging his hands. "Run, Father Jonois, to the lodges,

and stop the Chippewas — forbid them to burn him!"

"To burn whom?"

"The Englishman, father. I broke through the back of the lodge. They are cutting the wood — I cannot speak!"

Her suffocating pulses hammered audibly, and the priest braced her against the tree with a grip which calmed. She tried to control her breath. Father Jonois spoke quietly.

"I saw canoes on the lake, and suspected mischief. I was coming to the lodges. The English trader escaped last week in Mme. Cadotte's boat. Why is he back on the island?"

"Because the chief sent him a message that we were all to be killed on his account. He gave himself up."

The wail in her voice told the priest all that he had vainly tried to learn concerning this Englishman while examining her conscience in the afternoon. She was reticent then, looking down, or at the sacred image in the niche, and speaking indifferently of all human beings. Father Jonois had made a trip to the island as soon as the straits were safe for his canoe-man, to satisfy his conscience in the matter of disposing of this young French girl.

"I will do what I can, my daughter. Are many of the Chippewas there?"

"Yes, father."

"Is the old chief with them?"

"Yes, father."

Father Jonois slightly shook his head.

"Since this craze for war took them they pay little attention to the priest."

He went swiftly forward on his new errand. Whether Father Jonois picked up his cassock and ran, or attendant spirits drew the bushes from his path, he was so excellent a footer of the wilderness that Marie could scarcely keep the darker blackness of his figure in sight. They left the Indian grandmother far behind, trudging under a load of bark and forest plunder. When the priest obliged Noko to go as far as the Virgin's chapel with Marie, and to receive religious prodding herself, she combined pleasure with discipline, and stole time from her prayers to forage among things which she better loved. It was hard to keep an old Indian woman facing toward an image on a rocky shelf while the rain-freshened woods invited her, and Father Jonois often let her drop her beads to go digging. She stopped many times to rest as night sifted on her in the thickets, chewing a cud of tender beech-mast or sassafras leaves, her nose and chin approaching and retreating, and her sighs of content stirring the silence which inclosed her. Chippewa yells, which shook echoes abroad from the open place where they were uttered, came to her muffled through much leafage. If she had seen the glare growing at the top of the island, it could have given no alarm to a householder with nothing to lose. Past the anguish of loving, of despairing, past the keen and useless cares of life, the happy old woman sat down in the woods and went to sleep.

No man was wiser in his day than a frontier missionary. He knew when to interfere, and when the tide of returning heathenism was too strong for him. Many a border family owed its safety to the restraining priest; and many another perished because even the confessional failed to give him all the clues to the dark hearts he labored for. Father Jonois had not been able to prevent the massacre at Michilimackinac, and the misery of that experience returned upon him as he mounted the plateau and saw the tall stake and its surrounding swarms. Wawatam was kneeling with his torch, and flames crept up the lattice of wood. Marksmen, bow in hand, were gathering at long range from the stake, and snaky eyes resented the black gown's appearance there. Wawatam shook the priest's hand from his wrist.

"You are lighting a fire to burn your own soul eternally," warned Father Jonois. "Put it out."

Wawatam stuck the brand into another place. Father Jonois began to tear down the pile with his naked fingers, and as many Chippewas as could seize him dragged him back from it. A few years earlier they might have killed him. But the religion of the black gown, even when it was disregarded, had now its established power.

Henry ground his teeth, the sweat of physical anguish and faintness moving in drops down his forehead. His face could be distinctly seen in the bold light. His arms were bound down against the smoking blanket coat, but he had thrown it back from his neck before the Indians seized him, so that the beating pulses showed in the white brawn.

"It is not worth while to think of me," he called in French through the shimmering medium which separated him from the priest. "Think of the white islander, M. Jonois, and take her away from this wretched tribe of savages."

He called Marie by the name he had given her instead of her own, which Wawatam might comprehend. This French girl, who never mingled with the tribe, but lived her secluded, happy life on the island, had been an object of unacknowledged superstition to the Chippewas. Not one of them laid a hand on her now as she flew from the woods and leaped into the circle of fire.

Her electrical muscles seemed to act without volition. She did not know what she was doing, but did it from foregone necessity, as a

mother comes to the help of her child. The flower-like skin of her face was as stiff as a mask with the expressionless look of one meeting sudden death. The smoke swept sidewise, an inverted curtain, showing her dress of gull-breasts crisping to her body through every darkening plume, the ends of her braids and the little hairs edging them curling up. She had a woolen garment in her hand, and she wrapped it with her arms around Henry, and as she tried to protect him her face flamed with sweet helplessness and shame. The terrible weeping aloud of a hopeless woman pierced the roaring crackle of the fire. Father Jonois heard it with pangs which the massacre at the fort had not caused him.

But the sound, and Marie's touch with her poor little muffler, made Henry resplendent. All the beauty and strength of the man, all his physical endurance, and every endowment of tenderness, came upon him visibly as the power came upon Samson. He might have submitted alone to the torture of the Chippewas, and he knew there was no hope of escape; but he struggled until the cords of his arms cracked. The stake shook. He tore first one forearm and then the other from his thongs, and lifted Marie, shielding her face and head from the fire.

"Take her, Monsieur Jonois!" he shouted in French, and then in Chippewa to the Indians, "Let the priest go!"

But Marie herself held to the stake behind his head. Though she did not speak a word, he knew she was thus anchoring her fate to his, and would not be cast into safety.

"Then marry us!" Henry cried, and rapture deadened physical pain. In that delirium of heat and smoke he and the girl on his breast saw as a vision the life they might have had together—their common hearth and table, their days and nights of unbroken companionship. Marie needed no mother to tell her these things: the supplanter of mothers is swift in teaching. Every part of her which touched him said, "I love you." She thought it like a prayer, "I love you." Her breath came and went, a divine ether, instead of the stifling fumes of burning wood, carrying the one speechless fact which made it worth the breathing—"I love you—I love you."

The instant of Henry's breaking partly loose was a breathless instant among the Chippewas. But when he lifted Marie, and flung his commands to priest and Indians, Wawatam raised a yell. The quicksilver natures around the young chief responded. They knew it meant instant and cruel death to the Englishman and the French girl who took up his cause. No time for torture, or tickling a victim's ear, or stirring his hair with well-planted arrows. The marksmen dropped their bows, and ran to a carnival of fire. Young braves stooped with Wawatam to snatch brands or scoop live coals with spade or bark platter or anything at hand which would carry them from the camp-fire to heap on the two at the stake; and Father Jonois was beginning the marriage service.

A missionary adapted all his offices to the emergencies of life in the wilderness. These two asking marriage were of alien races, each knowing little of the other's past. He sincerely believed that one was doomed to perdition and the other required absolution instead of wedlock. Yet the Latin words rolled over his lips as at the command of heaven, for that cry out of the fire was a force as strong as religion.

The Chippewas holding the priest let him go, and ran after Wawatam. The nightmare which had lasted so long measured by pulse-beats, and so mere a point of time measured by the march of stars, was over before Father Jonois could further interfere. A man running across the open place with twenty strange Indians at his heels kicked the blazing wood from the stake, and scattered it with hands and feet as far as he could throw it. His deerskin boots smoked, and his face flamed with exertion. He cut Henry loose, two or three strokes of a knife dropping the thongs around the base of the post, and his men continued to tread out brands.

"Fools of Chippewas," he shouted, "what are you doing?"

Indians who had already lifted blazing pieces from the camp-fire, stood in a cluster like upright glow-worms; and others, shielding their faces and plucking, were startled in the act. They would have risen knife in hand against any other white man in the Northwest who assumed such authority over them; but M. Cadotte was not only their friend,—he had married into their tribe,—he was also the lord of all the red villages around Sault Ste. Marie. They knew his influence had kept the Lake Superior Indians from joining Pontiac, and their own pause since lifting the hatchet had resulted from that knowledge.

As the blaze around the stake was quenched, darkness again encroached upon the plateau from the woods, though one by one brands were dropped back on the camp-fire. Patches of creeping redness, where smoke was just breaking into sullen flame, showed on Henry's woolen clothes. M. Cadotte pulled off his coat, and the priest took his cassock skirts to smother them, and Marie was stripped of her heated blanket cloth from which the sewed feathers dropped like burnt gum. Sudden terror of herself as an inflammable material made her submit to have the smoldering dress torn off

by Father Jonois, and he shoved her through the half darkness into her lodge.

The night wind, flowing from the lakes across mossy forests cooled by a week's rain and moist with freshly condensed dew, was sweet after that hot breath of torment. It came to Marie through the hole she had made between the mats, and she threw herself on the ground as she had often thrown herself in the lake water, prostrate before the good God who drenched her with such joy.

The Chippewas drew together at the camp-fire, red light shining between their moving legs. Their brutal carnival died out as quickly at M. Cadotte's shout as it had arisen with Wawatam's yell. He noticed when he approached them that the young chief Wawatam was gone. M. Cadotte was too well skilled in treating with Indians to look around the dark edges of the camp apprehensively, but the fact that Wawatam might be skulking made him say briefly what he had to say. The crimson stack of reviving brands gave him a ruddier hue than was natural, though he was a hale, well-built Frenchman, dark-haired, and very animated in gesture.

"And have you been sitting here, Grand Sautor, and allowing your young men to destroy their nation?" he inquired, confronting the old image.

The Grand Sautor made no reply, but waited to hear what had happened at the Sault to make M. Cadotte take all this trouble for an Englishman. Some little satisfaction embedded itself in his wrinkles that the Englishman was at least well scorched before being turned loose. The medicine-man, resting his horns against a tree, relaxed in weary disgust. He knew the Great Turtle spirit would not be consulted that night.

"As many burns as there are on that young Englishman's body, that many Chippewas will Sir William Johnson have for them. What! Do you not know this man is his relative? I would not have let the young Englishman come back if I had been at the Sault when he arrived. But I was away, meeting messengers sent from Fort Niagara, from Sir William Johnson. He sent for his young relative. And he has come as far as Fort Niagara to meet the tribes of the Northwest. His kettles are hung, full of meat. The messengers said he intended to load your canoes with powder and shot and blankets, and more presents than you can carry away. Are you so fond of your old bows and arrows for hunting when you can have firearms? What will he say when I am obliged to tell him, 'Monsieur, these fools of Chippewas have listened to evil birds from Detroit and other places, and have put your young relative into the fire?"

M. Cadotte turned abruptly on the sullen Detroit envoys sitting with their knees up to their chins.

"Did these fellows tell you that Detroit is taken? Detroit is not taken. It never can be taken. The St. Lawrence River is black with canoes, and the canoes are full of English soldiers. Pontiac cannot stand against such power. And here are you—laying up crimes against the lives of your women and children! Will you go to this council at Fort Niagara, and make peace with a people who have you in their hands? I am of your tribe, and I see nothing else for us to do. Or will you refuse? The messengers wait at the Sault, and you must come and tell them yourselves what you will do."

Marie had not finished changing her moccasins and girding on one of her blanket gowns when Father Jonois called her. She hung her beads in her girdle, and tied her birch-bark cap under her chin. There was nothing else for her to take. She looked back at her wilderness nest. Noko's vacant bed gave her a pang. She had forgotten the old grandmother. Noko must be dozing somewhere on the path, under a load of bark and roots. What would she do when she trudged home to the lodges and found no French girl ready to take off her load and ladle her belated supper out for her?

"O dear Noko!" said Marie.

But the sweet necessity of going where her love went hurried her out of the little home, and she dropped the flap forever behind her.

The camp-fire, coaxed by the squaws, was lifting candle-flames and making the plateau flicker. Those faces which had always been strange to Marie, distantly watched her now, half sinister in their wordless scrutiny. M. Cadotte had his Canadians and Indians mustered, and he surrounded the Englishman with them. It was necessary to hurry to the boats. The fluctuating aboriginal temper which he had turned toward peace might turn back toward war the next minute, reckless of consequences. And the young chief Wawatam, who had separated himself from the savage bivouac, might work harm with arrows in the darkness which the following council would never be able to mend. M. Cadotte was sincerely attached to his Chippewa relatives.

"But where is George?" said Marie. "Can we not take him along?"

"No, no; it would not do," objected M. Cadotte. The Frenchman had no mind to make a further breach with Wawatam by abducting his adopted son.

Marie paused at the bench where George lay, and put her hand on his unconscious head.

"O poor George! Who will take care of him?"

"Make your mind easy, my child," said Father Jonois. "I will look after George."

"But some one must drive him to bathe, Father Jonois, or he would not wash himself once a year."

"I will lay it upon him as penance," promised Father Jonois; "as indeed it is to most of my flock."

"O George, the saints also watch over you," whispered Marie; and George stirred in his heavy sleep, bubbling half articulately:

"All good."

Then, understanding what she risked by pausing, Marie hurried down the familiar path to the bay through the moist, sweet woods. Indian-pipes were perhaps springing about her, parting dead leaves as they shot like rising souls above the earth. Would there fail a girl to search them out and love them while the island stood on the waters?

Her island — her dear island!

And then she remembered the chief who had been kind to her two years. But Henry held her hand against his breast as they walked. She felt the pang of all his burns, and knew that every eye kept watch on thickets ahead; and it puzzled her that our good and evil are so mixed in this world that we cannot separate them.

"For what could I not have done to the Pani woman," flashed through Marie's mind, "if the Pani woman had this hand which now holds mine? The poor chief cannot know it was impossible for me ever to go to L'Arbre Croche with him."

SOUTH of the Cheneaux islands there was a redness in the east which surprised the eye like dawn at night, until a disk appeared, inflamed and pushing upward. It was the old moon, diminished in figure, but grand, as the lady of the sky forever is. As the flush died away, woods, islands, and immense stretches of water sprung to distinctness in her mystic day, and she unrolled her web of tapestry along the rippling pavement below. There was no more than a ripple on the straits.

Father Jonois's canoe moved away from the little fleet heading toward the Sault. He had just finished the sacrament of marriage and his admonitions to the bridegroom, while the Canadians held the boats together in mid-channel. A problem that had troubled him two years was now solved, and his conscience acquitted him of the French girl whom her husband called the white islander. In winter he used to cross the ice on a sledge to make sure she was well and happy with her Chippewa household, and he guarded her at all seasons in the semi-savage lot from which she sprung into beauty. She loved him with veneration; yet she had just kissed his hand and turned away to the uttermost parts of the earth with a stranger she had never seen when that moon was new.

"There are women," thought the priest, "who have a vocation for loving as plain as others have for the holy life."

His expert canoe-man, who had ventured on more than one perilous journey with him, looked forward to an easy night crossing. Widening triangles of light showed behind the eastward-moving boats as they clove the water. An auroral play of camp-fire could be seen on the summit of Mackinac above the white cliffs and foliage dome. Night had never seemed less savage on that coast. Father Jonois, turning his back on accomplished duty and visible things, began to whisper prayers. Still a glamourous influence, as resistless as music, stole out from that island, and followed the canoe while it pushed its breastplate of foam toward sparks of French windows at Fort Michilimackinac.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE HORIZON LINE.

WE wander wide o'er earth's remotest lands,
Yet never reach those wondrous realms that are
Bounded in childhood by thy shadowy bar
That 'twixt us and our fortunes ever stands.
Though Cæsar tread the globe with conquering bands,
He cannot touch thine outline faint and far
That flies before him; and the heavens' least star
Is not more safe from contact of his hands.
O spell forever vague and hovering,
Thou offerest endless balm for jaded eyes
Dull with achievement. Man, until he dies,
Thy magic distance can no nearer bring.
Alluring, soft, elusive, still it lies
On the thronged earth one inaccessible thing.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE CENSUS AND IMMIGRATION.

THE question of foreign immigration has of late engaged the most serious attention of the country, and in a constantly increasing degree. The race changes which have begun during the last decade among the immigrants to this country, the growth of the total immigration, and the effects of it upon our rates of wages and the quality of our citizenship, have excited much apprehension and aroused a very deep interest. The result has been a strong and growing feeling in favor of restricting immigration, or of endeavoring at least to exclude the most undesirable elements among the immigrants. There has been as yet very little practical legislation as an outcome of this popular feeling; and although something has been accomplished in this direction, it is not pretended that enough has been done by law to meet the perils arising from foreign immigration in any adequate way. The movement against indiscriminate and unlimited immigration is in fact still in the tentative stage. There is a strong public sentiment in favor of it, but the objects, purposes, and legislative methods necessary to give this sentiment practical effect are still vague and undefined.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to bring together and to publish as rapidly as possible all facts which throw light upon this question, and which will enable us to deal with it intelligently and efficiently in practice; for it is a grave and difficult problem, requiring both wisdom and patience for its proper settlement. The movement in favor of restriction proceeds on two grounds: first, that immigration is not only excessive, but that its quality is deteriorating; and second, that there is a large body of very undesirable immigration, which in any event ought to be shut out, because it tends to lower the quality of our citizenship, and, by the introduction in large masses of a very low class of labor, tends also to reduce unduly and dangerously American rates of wages.

Upon the points which touch the quality of the immigration to this country, the census of 1890, now practically complete, although not yet published in its final form, throws a good deal of light, and affords some interesting and suggestive comparisons.

The total white population of the United States in 1890 was 54,983,890, divided as follows:

Native parentage	34,358,348
Foreign parentage	11,503,675
Foreign-born	9,121,867

Expressed in percentages of the total white population in the United States, the division is as follows:

Native parentage	62 per cent.
Foreign parentage	21 "
Foreign-born	17 "
Foreign birth and parentage	38 "

The proportion of undesirable elements in these divisions can be shown in part by a comparison of these percentages with those of like divisions in the criminal and pauper classes. An examination of the statistics of criminals, juvenile delinquents, and paupers ought to disclose the same proportions in birth and parentage as the total population, provided our immigration is equal in character to the inhabitants of the United States who have been here for one or more generations. The result of such an examination, however, is widely and even alarmingly different, as the following figures prove.

Of the convicts in penitentiaries 48 per cent. are of native parentage, while 52 per cent. are of foreign birth and parentage; or, in other words, while persons of foreign birth and parentage furnish a little more than one third of the total white population of the country, they furnish more than half of the criminals.

Of juvenile delinquents 39 per cent. are of native parentage, and 61 per cent. of foreign birth or parentage. That is to say, persons of foreign birth or parentage are a little more than one third of our population, and yet they furnish nearly two thirds of our juvenile delinquents, the inmates of reformatories.

Of the paupers in almshouses 41 per cent. are of native parentage, and 59 per cent. of foreign birth or parentage. Again it will be noticed that while persons of foreign birth or parentage furnish only one third of the population, they supply nearly two thirds of the paupers in almshouses. In this last case, however, it is proper to go a little more into detail. Of the 59 per cent. of paupers of foreign birth or parentage only 8 per cent. are born in this country, while 51 per cent. are foreign-born. These last figures are startling. The foreign-

born constitute only 17 per cent. of our total white population,— in round numbers about a sixth,— and yet they furnish *over half of all the paupers in almshouses throughout the country*. This fact of itself certainly shows that an immigration which supplies more than half the inmates of our almshouses might, to say the least, be sifted with great advantage.

The census of 1890 unfortunately has no statistics in regard to the defective classes, so that we are unable to get any light from it upon the physical conditions of our immigrants during the past ten years. The census of 1880, on the other hand, although it gave full statistics of the defective as well as of the delinquent classes, did not classify the population or the criminal, delinquent, and pauper classes according to parentage, but merely divided them into native and foreign-born. It is therefore possible to make comparisons only between the foreign-born of 1880 and the foreign-born of 1890 in the criminal, delinquent, and pauper classes. Even these limited comparisons, however, are well worth making, and are very suggestive.

In 1880 the foreign-born furnished 15.4 per cent. of the total white population, while of criminals (classified in 1880 as prisoners, and including both convicts in penitentiaries and prisoners in county jails) they furnished 30 per cent.; of paupers in almshouses they supplied 38 per cent.; and of juvenile delinquents, 10 per cent.[1] The following table gives the comparison between these percentages and those of 1890 in the same classes:

	1880.	1890.
Percentage of foreign-born to total white population	15.4	17
Prisoners in penitentiaries and county jails	30	28
Paupers in almshouses	38	51
Juvenile delinquents	10	14.5

It will be seen from this comparison that the percentage of criminals of foreign birth has fallen off slightly in the last ten years, owing probably to the improvements in immigrant legislation and the better enforcement of the immigration laws, which have taken effect, so far as they have had any effect at all, almost exclusively against criminals. The number of juvenile delinquents of foreign birth, on the other hand, has increased somewhat (four and a half per cent.) since 1880. In these two classes, therefore, there has been, comparatively speaking, no marked change of percentages; but when we come to paupers in almshouses we find a very different result. While the percentage of our foreign-born inhabitants to the total white population has increased only about two per cent., the number of paupers of foreign birth in our almshouses has increased thirteen per cent., from 1880 to 1890. This fact shows in the most unanswerable way that the immigration to this country has deteriorated very decidedly during the last ten years, and that the race changes which have begun in that period have been accompanied by a far greater change in the general quality of the immigrants.

There seems to be little need of comment upon these facts and figures, which speak for themselves only too plainly. Something certainly ought to be done, and done at once, to restrict, or at least to sift, thoroughly an immigration which furnishes more than half our paupers, while it supplies only one sixth of our total white population. The undesirable proportion thus disclosed is too dangerously large. The census figures indicate that even the very inadequate legislation which has thus far been obtained, together with a better enforcement of the laws, has succeeded in preventing any increase in the proportion of the criminal class among our immigrants; but the law is evidently utterly helpless as it now stands in shutting out paupers, who are coming here in greatly increased numbers, far beyond the natural increase of the total immigration. There can be no reasonable doubt, moreover, judging from these facts, that if we had the means of comparison, it would appear that the defective classes, the insane, and the physically disabled among the immigrants had increased during the last decade in like ratio with the paupers.

These are facts which may well give us pause, and they disclose conditions which, if continued, will have graver and worse effects upon our people and our future welfare than all other public questions now engaging public attention would have together. It is not my purpose here to enter upon the wide field which would be opened by any discussion of the general restriction of immigration on the grounds of excessive numbers, illiteracy, or low forms of labor. I have confined myself merely to a consideration of the effects of recent immigration in adding disproportionately to the crime and pauperism of the country, and of its exact share therein. Beyond that it is not necessary to go. The census figures bearing on this point are certainly alarming, and deserve the most serious consideration of the American people and of their representatives in Congress. Whatever may be said on the general question of foreign immigration, it is beyond question that it is not only our right but our plain, imperative, and very immediate duty to protect ourselves against the immigration of criminals, and also against this steadily swelling stream of pauper-

[1] The percentage of juvenile delinquents is of course relatively small, because the proportion of juvenile immigrants is small compared with the whole body of immigrants.

ism which fills our almshouses, places upon our taxpayers burdens which should be borne by other nations, and introduces among us an ever-increasing element of deterioration in the general quality of our citizenship. More legislation is needed, and needed at once, to exclude, if nothing more, the criminal and pauper classes now being thrust upon us in large numbers by Europe. We should not, in my opinion, think for a moment of stopping there, but at the point where we are confronted with pauperism, disease, and crime we ought certainly to make a beginning in the work of restriction.[1]

Henry Cabot Lodge.

[1] The following tables give in detail the figures and percentages which have been used in this article. A word of explanation is necessary in regard to those relating to convicts in penitentiaries, juvenile delinquents, paupers in almshouses, and prisoners in county jails. They have been taken from the bulletins of Dr. Wines, the well-known expert in such statistics. They are reached by throwing out all persons whose parentage is unknown in whole or in part, and then dividing those persons who had one native and one foreign parent equally between the foreign and native parentage. Dr. Wines's figures obtained in this way give as accurately as is possible the proportion of foreign or immigrant blood among the criminals, juvenile delinquents, and paupers according to the latest and best official figures.

CRIMINAL AND DELINQUENT CLASSES, FROM THE CENSUS OF 1890.

	Total White of Known Parentage.	Native-born of Native Parents.	Native-born of Foreign Parents.	Foreign-born.
Total Population	54,983,890	34,358,348	11,503,675	9,121,867
Convicts in Penitentiaries	28,439	13,715	7,457	7,267
Juvenile Delinquents	9,577	3,726	4,446	1,405
Paupers in Almshouses	53,695	21,993	4,054	27,648
Prisoners in County Jails	12,392	5,579	3,048	3,765

THE SAME BY PERCENTAGES.

	Native of Native Parentage.	Native of Foreign Parentage.	Foreign-born.
Total Population	62.5	20.9	16.6
Convicts in Penitentiaries	48.2	26.2	25.6
Juvenile Delinquents	38.9	46.4	14.7
Paupers in Almshouses	40.9	7.6	51.5
Prisoners in County Jails	45.0	24.6	30.4

CRIMINAL AND DELINQUENT CLASSES, FROM THE CENSUS OF 1880.

	Total White of Known Parentage.	Native-born.	Foreign-born.
Prisoners	42,563	29,756	12,807
Paupers in Almshouses	60,570	37,603	22,967
Juvenile Delinquents	10,220	9,213	1,007

THE SAME BY PERCENTAGES.

Prisoners.	Native-born.	Foreign-born.
Prisoners	69.9	30.1
Paupers in Almshouses	62.1	37.9
Juvenile Delinquents	90.1	9.9

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

(MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.)

NURSLINGS of peace, ye babes with luminous brow
And eyes still deepening with sweet, holy calm,
What far-off radiance, what mighty psalm
Breathed through unnumbered hosts, has rapt your look
Fast on the brooding skies, as on some charmèd book!

Heart-flowers of heaven, could earth but reach ye now!
Oh, could our speech, in such celestial wise
As angels talk in, ever you apprise,
Then should I learn, white souls, the grace ye see
(But at your glance must die) — yet give that glance to me!

Cherub of silence, with your warning sign
Of beauteous gesture and bright lips congealed,
Out of a glory pondering glories sealed —
Dreamer, I 'd wake thee though the heavenly eyes,
Rising on me — frail life — should to sweet death surprise!

With what clear grace of innocence divine,
Finger on lip, the sinless Child attends!
The Holy Mother with his vision blends:
Love's star adumbrate in the Sun of Love,
Orbed in his steadfast eyes, shine all the choirs above!

John J. Shutterly, Jr.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

THE age of Queen Anne was one which abounded in paradoxes, and loved them. It was an age when England was full of patriotic policy, yet every statesman was a traitor; when tradition was dear, yet revolution practicable; when speech was gross and manners unrefined, yet the laws of literary composition rigid, and correctness the test of poetry. It was full of high ecclesiasticism and high Puritanism, sometimes both united in one person. In it ignorance was most profound, yet learning most considered and prominent. An age when Parson Trulliber was not an unfit representative of the rural clergy, yet in which the public could be interested in such a recondite pleasantry as the "Battle of the Books," seems the strangest self-contradiction; yet so it was. In this paradoxical age no man lived who was a more complete paradox than Defoe. His fame is world-wide, yet all that is known of him is one or two of his least productions, and his busy life is ignored in the permanent place in literary history which he has secured. His characteristics, as apart from his conduct, are all those of an honest man; but when that most important part of him is taken into the question, it is difficult to pronounce him anything but a knave. His distinguishing literary quality is a minute truthfulness to fact which makes it almost impossible not to take what he says for gospel; but his constant inspiration is fiction — not to say, in some circumstances, falsehood. He spent his life in the highest endeavors that a man can engage in, — in the work of persuading and influencing his country, chiefly for her good, — and he is remembered by a boys' book, which is, indeed, the first of boys' books, yet not much more. Through these contradictions we must push our way before we can reach any clear idea of Defoe, the London tradesman, who, by times, composed almost all the newspapers in London, wrote all the pamphlets, had his finger in every pie, and a share in all that was done, yet brought nothing out of it but a damaged reputation and an unhonored end.

It is curious that something of a similar fate should have happened to the other and greater figure, his contemporary, his enemy, in some respects his fellow-laborer; another and still more brilliant slave of the Government, which in itself had so little that was brilliant — the great Dean. Swift, too, of all his books is remembered chiefly by the book of "The Travels of Gulliver," which, though full of a satirical purpose unknown to Defoe, has come to rank along with "Robinson Crusoe." We may say, indeed, that these two books form a class by themselves, of perennial enchantment for the young, and full of a curious and enthralling illusion which even in age we rarely shake off.

Daniel Defoe was born in London in 1661, of what would seem to have been a respectable burgher family, only one generation out of the country, which probably was why his father, with yeomen and grazier relations in Northamptonshire, was a butcher in town. The butcher's name, however, was Foe; and whether the Defoe of his son was a mere pleasantry upon his signature of D. Foe, or whether it embodied an intention of setting up for something better than the tradesman's monosyllable, is a quite futile question upon which nobody can throw any light. The boy was well educated, according to the capabilities of his kindred, in a school at Newington probably intended for the sons of comfortable dissenting tradesmen who were to be devoted to the ministry, with the assistance, in some instances, of a fund raised for that purpose. The master was good, and if Defoe attained there even the rudiments of the information he afterward showed and laid claim to, the education must have been excellent indeed. He claims to have known Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, "and could read the Greek," — which latter is as much as could have been expected had he been the most advanced of scholars, — besides an acquaintance with science, geography, and history not to be surpassed apparently by any man of his time. Much of this information, however, was no doubt picked up in the travels and much knocking about of his early years, of which there is little record. He would seem to have changed his mind about becoming a dissenting minister at an early age, and was probably a youth of somewhat wandering tendencies, as he claims to have been "out" with Monmouth, and does not appear in any recognized occupation till after that unfortunate attempt. He must have been twenty-four when he first becomes visible as a hosier in Cornhill, which seems a very natural, and indeed rather superior, beginning in life for the son of the butcher in Cripplegate. He laid claim afterward to having been a tra-

der, not a shopkeeper, a claim supported more or less from a source not favorable to Defoe — by Oldmixon, who says that his only connection with the trade was that of "peddling to Portugal," whatever that may mean. We may take it for granted that he had occasions of visiting the Continent in connection with his trade. The volume of advice to shopkeepers which is entitled the "Complete English Tradesman," written and published in the latter part of his life, though it does not seem to be taken by his biographers in general as any certain indication that he himself made his beginning in a shop, is nevertheless full of curious details of the life of the London shopkeeper of his time, to which class he assuredly belonged. We learn from this curious production that vanity was even more foolish in the eighteenth century than it is now. We are acquainted with sporting shopkeepers who ride to hounds, and with foolish young men who fondly hope to be mistaken for "swells"; but a shopkeeper in a wig and a sword passes the power of imagination. It is a droll example of the fallacy of all our fond retrospections and preference of the good old times to find that in Defoe's day this was by no means an extraordinary circumstance. "The playhouses and the balls," he says, "are more filled with citizens and young tradesmen than with gentlemen and families of distinction; the shopkeepers wear different garbs than what they were wont to do, are decked out with long wigs and swords, and all the frugal badges of trade are quite disdained and cast aside."

He was born into a world where town could be convulsed by a chance broadside, and the Government propped or wounded to death by an anonymous essayist; when men of letters were secretaries of state, and other men of letters starved in Grub street, and the masses thanked God they could not read; when a revolution was made for liberty of conscience, yet every office and privilege was barred by a test, and intolerance was the habit of the time. He was born the year after the Restoration, and was no doubt carried out of London post-haste with the rest of his family in the early summer when the roads were crowded with wagons and carts full of women, children, and servants, all flying from the plague. The butcher's little son was only four, but very likely retained a recollection of the crowded ways and strange spectacles of the time; and no doubt he saw, with eyes starting out of their little sockets with excitement and terror, the glare of the great fire which burned down all the haunts of the pestilence, and cured London by destroying it. He left school at nineteen, and till he was twenty-four there is no indication that he was doing anything save, perhaps, picking up notions on trade in general, and as much as a young dissenter could, among his own class, or in the coffee-houses where it was safe, delivering his sentiments upon questions so vital to the welfare of the country; discoursing largely with a wonderful, long-winded, sober enthusiasm, making every statement that occurred to him look like the most certain truth; talking everywhere, in the coffee-house, at the street corners, down in Cripplegate in the paternal parlor, never silent; a swarthy youth, with quick gray eyes, and keen, eager features, and large, loquacious mouth. When, in the disturbed and confused wretchedness of the time, no man knowing what was about to happen, but sure that some change must come, young Monmouth set up his hapless standard, could it be Defoe's own impulse, or the catch of some eddy of feeling into which he had been swept, which carried him off into the ranks of the adventurer? It is said that three of his fellow-students at Newington figure among the victims of the Bloody Assize. Defoe would always be more disposed to talk than fight. He must, we cannot help thinking, have thought it a feeble proceeding to put one's self in the way of getting one's head cut off, when one could use it so much more effectually in convincing one's fellow-creatures. His mind, ever ready to slip through every loophole, carried his body off safely out of the clutches of Jeffreys. Probably when he turned up at home against all hope after this unlucky escapade, his friends were only too thankful to thrust him into the hosier's warehouse, where, no doubt, he would give himself the air of having sold and bought hose all his life.

There is, however, nothing to build any account of his life upon in these earlier years. The revolution filled him with enthusiasm, and King William gained his full and honest support — a support both bold and serviceable, and with nothing in it which was not to his credit. But apparently a man cannot be so good a talker, so active a politician, and at the same time follow the rules which he himself laid down for a successful tradesman. Most likely his mind was never in his hose, and the world was full of so many more exciting matters. Seven years after he had been set up in business he "broke," and had to fly, though no further than Bristol apparently, where he made an arrangement with his creditors. He would seem to have failed for the large sum at that time of seventeen thousand pounds, which he honestly exerted himself to pay, and so far succeeded in doing so that he reduced in a few years his debts to five thousand pounds in all; and, what was still more, finding certain of the creditors with whom he had compounded to be poor, after he had paid his composition

fully, he made up to them the entire amount of his debt, an unlooked-for and exceptional example of honorable sentiment. Some years later, when Defoe had got into notoriety, and was the object of a great deal of violent criticism, a contemporary gives this fact — on the authority, indeed, of an anonymous gentleman in a coffee-house only, though it seems to have been generally received as true.

Neither Defoe's business nor his failure, however, kept him from the active exercise of his literary powers, which he used in the service of King William with what seems to have been a most genuine and hearty sympathy. Pamphlet after pamphlet came from his pen with an influence upon public opinion which it is difficult to estimate nowadays, but which was certainly much greater than any fugitive political publications could have now. He wrote in defense of a standing army, the curious insular prejudice against which was naturally astonishing as well as annoying to the Continental prince who had become king of Great Britain. He wrote in support of the war, which to William was a vital necessity, but which England was somewhat slow to see in the same light. And, most effectively of all, he answered the always ready national grumble against foreigners, which was especially angry and thunderous against the Dutchman, by the triumphant doggerel of "The True-born Englishman," the first of Defoe's works which takes a conspicuous place. In this strange and not very refined production he held up to public admiration the pedigree of the race which complained so warmly of every new invasion, and held so high an opinion of itself. "A true-born Englishman 's a contradiction," he cries, and sets forth, step by step, the admixtures of new blood which have gone to the formation of the English people — Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman.

> From this amphibious, ill-born mob began
> That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.

It is not a very delicate hand which traces these, and many another wave of strange ancestors; but Defoe's rude lines went straight to the mark. The public had no objection to a coarse touch when it was effective, and Englishmen are rarely offended by ridicule; never, we may say, when it is home-born. The stroke was so true that the native sense of humor was hit. Perhaps England did not, on account of Defoe's verses, like the Dutchman any better, but she acknowledged Tutchin's seditious assault upon the foreigners to be fully answered, and the universal laugh cleared the air. Eighty thousand copies of this publication were sold, it is said, in the streets, where everybody bought the "lampoon," which, assailing everybody, gave no individual sting. It also procured for Defoe a personal introduction to the king. Whether it was to this or to his former services that he owed a small appointment he held for some years, it is difficult to say, but evidently he did not serve King William for nothing. In the mean time Defoe assumed his business occupations, and set up a manufactory of pantiles at Tilbury, where he employed a hundred poor laborers, and throve, or seems to have thriven, in his new industry, living in something like luxury, and paying off, as described, his previous debts.

When William died the times changed; the High Church came back with Anne into a potency which had been impossible in the unsympathetic reign of that Dutchman. Defoe had written some time before against the practice of occasional conformity; that is, the device by which dissenters managed to hold public office in despite of existing tests, by kneeling now and then at the altars of the established church and receiving the communion there. Defoe took the highest view of principle in this respect, and denounced the nonconformists who thus secured office to themselves by the sacrifice of their consciences, "bowing in the House of Rimmon." There seems no reason, in fact, why a moderate dissenter should not do this, except that any religious duty specially performed for the sake of a secular benefit is always suspect and odious; yet the obvious argument that a man who could reconcile it with his conscience to attend the worship of the church should not be a dissenter, was unquestionably sound and unassailable in point of logic. Defoe had deeply offended the dissenters, to whom he himself belonged, by his protests; but this did not prevent him from rushing into print in defense of the expedient of occasional conformity as soon as it was threatened from the other side. There is little difficulty in following the action of his mind in such a question. It was wrong and a deflection from the highest point of duty to sacrifice one's conscience, even occasionally, for the sake of office; but, on the other hand, it was equally wrong to abolish an expedient which broke the severity of the test, and made life possible to the nonconforming classes. The views were contradictory, yet both were true, and it was his nature to see both sides with most impartial good sense, while he felt it to be, if a breach of external consistency, no wrong to defend or assail one side or the other as might seem most necessary. He allowed himself so complete a license on this point that it is curious he should be found the public champion of the higher duty. No doubt his utterance to his dissenting brethren on that question was to himself no reason why he

should not defend their right to use the expedient if they had a mind; but this is too fine a distinction for the general intelligence.

The discussions on this subject were the occasion of one of the most striking episodes in his life. When the bill against occasional conformity was introduced, to the delight of the High Church party from the queen downward, and when the air began to buzz around him with the bluster, hitherto subdued by circumstances, of the reviving party, who would have made short work of the dissenters had their power been equal to their will, a grimly humorous perception of the capabilities of the occasion seems to have seized Defoe. Notwithstanding that he had angered all the sects by his plain speaking, he was a born dissenter, and there is no such way of reconverting a stray Israelite as to hear the Philistines blaspheme. He seized upon the extremist views of the high-fliers with characteristic insight, and, with a keen consciousness of the power of his weapon, used it remorselessly. The "Shortest Way to Deal with Dissenters" is a grave and elaborate statement of the wild threats and violent talk in which, in the intoxication of newly acquired power, the partizans of the church indulged, with noise and exaggeration proportioned to the self-suppression which had been forced upon them by the panic of a papal restoration under James, and by the domination of the more moderate party during William's unsympathetic reign. They were now at the top of the wave, and could brandish their swords in the eyes of their adversaries. Their talk in some of their public utterances was as bloodthirsty as if they intended a St. Bartholomew. Defoe took up this frenzied babble, and put it into the form of a grave and practical proposal. As serious as was Swift when he proposed to utilize the superabundant babies of the poor by eating them, Defoe propounded the easy way to get rid of the dissenters, and the necessity of settling this question forever. "Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsman gives them advantages of ground; but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise." He says:

> 'T is vain to trifle in this matter, the light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, etc.; 't is their glory and their advantage. If the gallows instead of the counter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or to hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.
>
> To talk of 5*s.* a month for not coming to the sacrament, and 1*s.* per week for not coming to church, this is such a way of converting people as never was known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government.
>
> If it be a crime of the highest consequence both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offenses, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.
>
> We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming. But an offense against God and the church, against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for 5*s.* This is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.
>
> If men sin against God, affront his ordinances, rebel against his church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors, let them suffer as such capital crimes deserve; so will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united. . . . I am not supposing that all the dissenters in England should be hanged or banished, but as in cases of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed, so, a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude.

The reader will perceive by what a serious argument the hot-headed fanatic was betrayed and the wiser public put upon their guard. The mirror thus held up to nature with a grotesque twist in it, which made the likeness bewildering, gave London such a sensation as she had not felt for many a day. The wildest excitement arose. At first all parties, in the shock of surprise, took it for genuine, and while some were even so foolish as to receive it with unthinking applause,—which was the case, according to Oldmixon, "in our two famous universities,"—the more sensible reader of the church party was first indignant with the high-fliers for expressing such opinions, and then furious with the satirist who had insulted the church by putting them into her mouth. Nobody indeed saw the joke, from the fellow of Cambridge who thanked his bookseller for packing up "so excellent a treatise" along with the books he had ordered, and considered it "next to the sacred Bible and holy comments the best book I ever saw," to the "soberer churchman" who "openly exclaimed against the proposal, condemned the warmth that appeared in the clergy, and openly professed that such a man as Sacheverell and

his brethren would blow up the foundations of the church." The dissenters, who were at once insulted and alarmed by the extraordinary threats thus set forth against them, all alike turned upon the perpetrator of the hoax when he was discovered. Some "blushed when they reflected how far they had applauded," some labored to prove that it was "a horrible slander against the church." The Government, sharing the general commotion, placed Defoe in the position of a revolutionary leader who "by the villainous insinuations of that pamphlet would have frightened the dissenters into another rebellion." Defoe himself seems to have had a moment of panic, and fled; he was proclaimed in the "Gazette," and a reward offered for his discovery. His biographers in general assert that he gave himself up with some generosity to save the printer and publisher, who had been arrested; but there are public documents which seem to prove a different procedure, showing how "My Lord Nottingham hunted him out," and how "the person who discovered Daniel Foe" claimed and was paid the reward of fifty pounds offered for the offender, described as a "middle-aged, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown colored hair (but wears a wig), a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." However that might be, he was arrested and committed to Newgate in the spring of 1703, and the obnoxious publication — "this little book, a contemptible pamphlet of but three sheets of paper," as he describes it — was burned by the common hangman. It was not, however, till the summer, three or four months after his arrest, that he was tried, and that period he seems to have spent in Newgate in perfect freedom, at least for literary productions, since he filled the air with a mist of pamphlets explaining at one moment that he meant nothing but a harmless satire, and at another exhorting the dissenters to be content with spiritual freedom, and again bursting forth into the rude but potent strains of the "Hymn to the Pillory." He was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, as well as to that grotesque but sometimes terrible instrument of torture. But the pillory was no torture to Defoe. On the last three days of July — once before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, where his shop had been, and where, no doubt, everybody knew him, once in Cheapside, and again at Temple Bar — he stood aloft, with the crowd surging round, and performed his penance. The crowd in those days was not a soft or civil one. When it indorsed the sentence pronounced by law, its howls and cries, its missiles and its curses, made the punishment horrible. But the crowd had by this time found time to take in the joke. Banter, when it is broad enough to be intelligible, always pleases the general public, and there must have been some *bonhomie* about the sufferer, some good repute as a merry fellow and one who loved a jest, which conciliated the populace. Instead of dead cats they flung him nosegays; they gathered about his platform under the low, deep arch which once made a mock gate to the city, and behind the bustling 'change, and between the shops of Cheapside, held a series of impromptu festivals, drinking his health, and shouting out his new verses, which were sold by thousands in the streets:

> Hail, hieroglyphic state machine,
> Contriv'd to punish fancy in;
> Men that are men, in thee can feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificants disdain;
> Exalted on thy stool of state,
> What prospect do I see of sovereign fate.

Defoe was again ruined. It is to be supposed that when he went into hiding his business had to be abandoned, and all his affairs got into confusion. He was described as "living at Newington Green with his father-in-law, who is a lay elder of a conventicle there." This description, however, is evidently drawn up by an enemy, since his previous bankruptcy is spoken of as fraudulent, an assertion made nowhere else. His biographer, Wilson, informs us that though he had "kept his coach" before this period, the pantile works had now to be broken up, and his business was ruined. He had, though there is no information about her, a wife and six children — perhaps supported by the elder at Newington, who very likely thought, like his brethren, but badly of Defoe.

He lay in Newgate for nearly a year, without, however, to all appearance, losing any opportunity for a pamphlet during the whole time, and laying in grist for his mill amid the strange and terrible surroundings of an eighteenth-century prison. Mr. Minto, in the admirable sketch of Defoe which he has contributed to the "English Men of Letters," seems to think that his hero must have enjoyed himself in this teeming world of new experiences, and that "he spent many pleasant hours" listening to the tales of his fellow-prisoners. No doubt there must have been some compensation to such a man in making acquaintance with a new aspect of life, but it is, perhaps, going too far to attribute a possibility of enjoyment to any undegraded man in the pandemonium described in so many contemporary narratives. Defoe did, however, what, so far as we are aware, no man before or after him has ever done (excepting, perhaps, Leigh Hunt, in whose case we have a vague recollection of similar activity): he originated, wrote, and published a newspaper in his prison, "The Review of the Affairs of France" — that

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL, AFTER COPPERPLATE BY M. VAN DER GUCHT, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DANIEL DEFOE.

is, of the affairs of Europe and the world; that is, of any political subject that might be uppermost—was published twice a week, and appeared during the whole time of his imprisonment, a brilliant, familiar, graphic commentary upon all that was happening, a dialogue between the imprisoned spectator of life and the busy world outside in which he was both questioner and answerer, pouring out upon the country with the keenest understanding of other people's views, and the most complete mastery of his own, his remarks and criticisms, his judgment and advice. A newspaper in those days was not, of course, the huge sheet which it has now become. The "Review" was a sheet of eight, but afterward of only four small quarto, pages. It was no assemblage of paragraphs, trivial or important, the work of many anonymous persons whose profession it is to manufacture a newspaper, but one man's eager and lively conversation with his countrymen, full of the vigor of personal opinion and the unity

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

NEWGATE PRISON. THE OLD BAILEY.

of an individual view. A keener intelligence was never brought to the treatment of public affairs, nor a mind more thoughtful, reasonable, and practical. His prejudices were few — too few, perhaps, granted that the aim was good. Defoe was disdainful of punctilio in the way of carrying it out, he was not above doing evil that good might come; but he had a far higher refinement of meaning than could be embraced by any such vulgar statement, in his subtle faculty of discovering, and all but proving, that what might have seemed evil to a common intelligence was in reality a good, if not the best, way of carrying his excellent purpose out. Up to the moment of his leaving Newgate, however, there was nothing equivocal in the use he made of his extraordinary faculties. He was a free man discussing boldly on his own responsibility, and without any *arrière pensée*, the affairs of England. If he had first keenly assailed the dissenters, who were his own people, in respect of the compliances by which they made themselves capable of bearing office, and then exposed to grimmest ridicule the adversaries who aimed at rendering them altogether incapable, there was in this no real inconsistency. His championship of King William had been honest and thorough. If he loved to have a finger in every pie, and let loose his opinion at every crisis, there was no contemporary opinion which was better worth having. But now this unwearying critic, this keen observer, this restless, brilliant casuist, this practical man of business, had come to the turning-point of his life.

His liberation from Newgate followed closely upon the advent of Harley to power. When this event happened, it is said that one of the first things the new minister did was to send a message to Defoe in prison: "Pray ask that gentleman what I can do for him." Whether it was in direct sequence to this question, or whether the queen had formed an independent intention of freeing the prisoner, we need not inquire; but he was set free, Queen Anne furnishing the means to pay his fine. She is said also to have taken an interest in his family, and contributed to their support during his confinement. He declared himself to be liberated on the condition of writing nothing (further modified as nothing "which some people might not like") for some years, a condition which he immediately fulfilled by publishing an "Elegy on the Author of the True-born Englishman," to tell the world so, and took no further notice of the prohibition, so far as appears. The real meaning of this curious statement would seem by all evidence to have been, that Defoe there and then accepted the position of a secret servant of the Government, a writer pledged to support their measures and to carry out their views. At the moment, and perhaps in reality during the greater part of his career, their measures were those which he approved; and certainly at this period of his history he has never been accused of writing against his conscience. Even when, after eager championship of peace, he was obliged by political changes to veer into what looked like support of war, he was never without the strong defense to fall back upon, that he demanded peace only after securing certain indispensable conditions, and that war might be and was the only means of gaining them, an argument most simple and evident to his mind.

Harley has never appeared in history as a great man; but when we consider that he was able thus to subjugate and secure to his own service two of the greatest intelligences of his

time, it is impossible not to respect his influence and judgment. The great and somber genius of Swift, the daring, brilliant, and ever-ready intellect of Defoe, became instruments in the hands of this ordinary and scheming statesman. Once more, with a curious parallelism, these two men stand before us, no friends to each other—"an illiterate fellow, whose name I forget," says Swift, with the almost brutal scorn which was part of his character; while Defoe replies to the taunt with angry virulence, setting forth his own acquirements, "though he wrote no bill at his door, nor set Latin on the front of his productions," a piece of pretension habitual to the time, of which the other was guilty. But Harley, who was not worthy, so far as intellect went, to clean the shoes of either, had them both at his command, serving his purposes, doing his bidding. Which of them suffered most by the connection it is not easy to say. It turned Swift's head, and brought into humiliating demonstration the braggart and the bully in his nature. Defoe had not the demoralizing chance of being the lord high treasurer's boon companion; but Harley made a dishonest partizan, a paid and slippery special pleader and secret agent, out of the free-lance of politics. From this moment the defenders and champions of Defoe have to turn into casuists, as he himself did. They have to give specious explanations to suppress and to account for his shifts and changes, though at first these were sufficiently innocent. The evil grew, however, so that toward the end of his career even the apologist must keep silence; but this is the nature of all evil.

DETAIL FROM PAINTING BY EYRE CROWE, IN POSSESSION OF J. L. NEWALL, ESQ. DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

If excuses are to be sought for Defoe's conduct in this first beginning of his slavery, it will not be difficult to find them. The age, for one thing, was corrupt through and through. There was not a statesman but had two strings to his bow, nor a politician of any description who did not attempt to serve two masters. To hold the balance between Hanover and St. Germains, to be ready to perform a demi-volt in air at any moment as the scale should turn, was the science of the day. On the other hand, he was a ruined man, with a family to support and nothing but his busy and inexhaustible pen with which to do it. The material inducement of a certain income to fall back upon, whatever might be the chances of journalism, must have been very strong. And what was stronger still, was the delight of his own vivacious, restless, ready mind, with its sense of boundless power and infinite resource, to which difficulty was a delight and the exercise of walking over hot coals or dancing on a sword-point the most exhilarating possibility, in making its triumphant way over obstacles which would have baffled almost all his contemporaries.

In the mean time, however, all that Defoe had to do was simple enough. He had to support peace and the union, two things

which in his free estate he had already advocated with all his powers. He did it with the utmost skill, fervor, and success, and to all appearance contributed much to the great public act which was the subject of so many struggles and resistances on the part of the smaller nation — the union. This great expedient, of which from the first he had seen the advantage, Defoe worked for with unwearying zeal. He praised and caressed Caledonia — upon which subject he wrote one of those vigorous essays in verse which he called poetry — and the tolerance of the Presbyterian Church, and the good sense of the nation generally, which was not always perceptible to English politicians; and even risked a visit to Edinburgh in performance of the orders of the Government, though at the risk of rude handling to himself. In all this there cannot be the slightest doubt that he was entirely honest and patriotic, and acted from an enlightened personal view of the necessities of the case. When the curious incident of the Sacheverell prosecution occurred, he had once more a subject entirely to his own mind, and expressed his own feelings in supporting with all his might the measures of the Government against that High Church firebrand, one of the chief of those whom he had held up to public ridicule in the *shortest way*. So far he was fortunate, being employed upon subjects entirely congenial to his mind, and on which he had already strong convictions. The equivocal part of the matter is that he never ceased to assert and insist upon his independence.

This happy state, however, did not last. Harley fell, but with his last breath (as a minister) abjured his champion not to sacrifice himself, but to come to an understanding with his successor, Godolphin. This necessitated a certain revolution of opinion in respect to peace, which Defoe managed cleverly with the excellent device above mentioned. And there was still higher ground which he felt himself entitled to take. The public safety was involved in the stability of the new ministry, such as it was, and he faces the dilemma with boundless pluck and assurance. "Though I don't like the crew, I won't sink the ship. I 'll pump, and heave, and haul, and do everything I can, though he that pulls with me were my enemy. The reason is plain. We are all in the ship, and must sink or swim together." These admirable reasonings brought him at last to the calm rectitude of the following conclusion:

It occurred to me instantly as a principle for my conduct that it was not material to me what ministers her Majesty was pleased to employ. My duty was to go along with every ministry so far as they did not break in upon the constitution and the laws and liberties of my country, my part being only the duty of a subject, viz., to submit to all lawful commands, and to enter into no service that was not justifiable by the laws, to all of which I have exactly obliged myself.

When Harley returned to power, another modification became necessary, but Defoe piously felt it was providential that he should thus be thrown back upon his original protector. And had the matter ended here, as was long supposed, it is difficult to see what indictment could be brought against him. It is not expedient, certainly, that a director of public opinion should have state pay, and does not look well when the secret is betrayed; but so long as the scope of all his productions is good, honest, and patriotic, with only as much submission in trifles as is inevitable, the bargain is a personal meanness rather than a public crime. And this was long supposed to have been the case. It was believed that after the death of Queen Anne and Harley's final fall, Defoe's eloquent mouth was closed, and that he disappeared into the calm of private life to earn a better hire and a more lasting influence through the two immortal works of fiction by which alone, but for the painful labors of biographers, his name would have been known.

An unwary or else too painstaking student, some twenty years ago, was seized with the idea of roaming the earth in search of relics of Defoe. And the diabolical powers which put this fatal pursuit into his mind directed him to a bundle of yellow papers in the State Paper Office which has, alas! for ever and ever made an end of our man of genius. These treacherous papers give us information, under his own hand, that he was in reality in full action in the most traitorous of employments during the period of his supposed retirement. The following, which is the first of these fatally self-elucidatory letters, will reveal at once the inconceivable occupation to which Defoe in his downfall lent himself. The letter is addressed to the secretary of the minister who had given him his disgraceful office.

It was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should appear as if I were as before under the displeasure of the Government and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of disguise than if I appeared openly. . . . In the interval of this, Dyer, the "News-Letter" writer, having been dead, and Dormer, his successor, being unable by his troubles to carry on that work, I had an offer of a share in the property, as well as in the management of that work.

I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable piece of service, for that letter was really very prejudical to the public, and the

ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS, AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD

most difficult to come at in a judicial way in case of offense given. My lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my service in that case, as he afterward did.

Upon this I engaged in it, and that so far, that though the property was not wholly my own, yet the conduct and government of the style of news was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his lordship the sting of that mischievous paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the style should continue Tory as it was, that the party might be amused and not set up another, which would have destroyed the design, and this part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

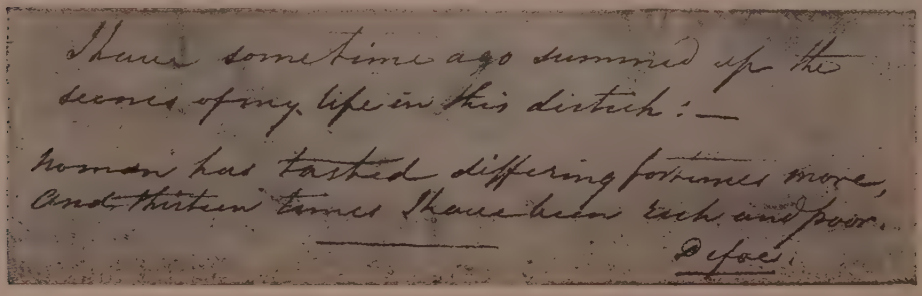
This went on for a year before my Lord Townshend went out of the office, and his lordship, in consideration of the service, made me the appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further allowance as service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose goodness I had many years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this service, and the appointment annexed, and with his lordship's approbation I introduced myself, in the disguise of a translator of the foreign news, to be so far concerned in this weekly paper of Mist's as to be able to keep it within the circle of a secret management, also prevent the mischievous part of it; and yet neither Mist nor any of those con-

cerned with him have the least guess or suspicion by whose direction I do it.

There is nothing, it seems to us, for any apologist to say in explanation of this extraordinary statement. The emissary of a Whig and Hanoverian government acting as editor of a Tory and Jacobite newspaper,—nay, of three newspapers,—in order to take the harm out of them, to amuse the Tory party with a pretense of style and subjects suitable to their views, while balking all their purposes, is at once the most ingenious and the most shameless of all devices. It continued for a long period, and was very successful. But when the deceit was discovered at last, Mist, the deluded publisher, made a murderous assault upon the deceiver, and the journalists of the period seem to have risen unanimously against him. That Defoe must have fallen sadly before he came to this is very evident, but how he fell except by the natural vengeance of deterioration which makes a man who has long paltered with the truth unable at last to distinguish the gradations which separate the doubtful from the criminal, no one can say. He must, however, have fallen indeed in position and importance before he could be put to such miserable work; and he must have fallen more fatally, like that other son of the morning, deep down into hades, where he became the father of lies and betrayer of mankind, before he could have been capable of this infamous mission.

We turn with relief to the work which of all these manifold labors is the only portion which has really survived the effects of time. Defoe's political writings, with all their lucidity, their brilliant good sense and daring satire, and their astonishing readiness and variety, are for the student, and retain a place among the materials of history, studied no longer for their own sake, but for the elucidations they may give. But "Robinson Crusoe" lives by his own right, and will, we may confidently affirm, after the long trial he has had, never die. We need not discuss the other works of fiction which are all as characteristic, as distinct narratives of apparent fact, as carefully elaborated in every detail; they are almost all excellent in their beginning, but, a fault which is shared by Crusoe himself, run into such a prodigality of detail toward their close, that the absence of dramatic construction and of any real inspiration of art becomes painfully (or, rather, tediously, which is worse) apparent. We do not, however, share the opinion of those critics who disparage Defoe's marvelous power of narrative. "The little art he is truly master of, of forging a story and imposing it on the world for truth," is an art which he possesses in common with but very few men who have ever lived, and even among these few he has it in a very high degree. The gift is peculiar. We are not moved by it to pity or tenderness, and not much to admiration, for the hero. The inner circle of our emotions is seldom if ever entered; but on the other hand, there is nothing in that island where the shipwrecked mariner finds a shelter, and which he makes into a home, which we do not know and see as well as if we had dwelt in it like Robinson. It is an island which is added to the geography of the world. Not only would no child ever doubt its existence, but to the most experienced reader it is far more true and real than half of those of which we have authentic histories, which our relatives and countrymen have visited and colonized. Those South Sea Islands about which we have so many flowery volumes are not half so certain. And every detail of the life of its solitary inhabitant comes up before us like our own personal proceedings, more than visible, incontestable experiences. Not one of us but could draw the picture of the solitary in his furs, with all his odd implements about him; and more wonderful still, not a child from four upward but could tell whom the picture represented. The tale does not move us as do imaginative histories on a more poetic level, but in its humbler range it is as living as the best, and there is something in this very absence of emotion which gives a still more wonderful force to the tale. Men in such desperate circumstances, driven


I have sometime ago summed up the
scenes of my life in this distich:—
Roman has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.
Defoe.

FACSIMILE OF DISTICH FROM THE BACK OF PROOF IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

to the use of all their faculties for the mere preservation of their lives, have presumably but little time for feeling. The absorption of every faculty in this one primitive need brings a certain serenity, a calm which is like the hush of the solitude, the silence of the seas. The atmosphere is full of this stillness. There is the repose of nature, not filled with reflections of human sentiment, but imposing her patience, her calm repetition of endless endeavor, upon the solitary flung into her bosom; and there is a sobriety in the story which adds immensely to the power. Other unknown islands have been in fiction, but none where the progress of events was so gradual, where there were so few miraculous accessories. One of the most able of English romancers, the late Charles Reade, is one of the latest to carry us to a desolate island. His story is full of charm, of humor, and of sentiment far beyond the reach of Defoe. Nothing could be more tender, more delightful, than the idyl of the two lovers cut off from all mankind, lost in the silence of the seas. But in every way his isle is an enchanted isle. Not only is it peopled with love and all the graces, but it is running over with every convenience, everything that is useful and beautiful. The inexhaustible ingenuity of the lover is not more remarkable than the quantities of necessary articles of every kind that turn up at every step. He builds his lady a bower lined with mother-of-pearl; he clothes her in a cloak of sealskin; he finds jewels for her; she has but to wish and to have, as if Regent street had been within reach. Very different is the sober sanity of the elder narrative. Conveniences come very slowly to Robinson Crusoe. He has to grope his way, and find his living hardly, patiently. Day after day and year after year, the story-teller goes on working out the order of events. It is as leisurely as nature, as little helped by accident, as sober, even as matter of fact; and yet what a potent, clear, all-realizing fancy this sober imagination was!

DRAWN BY S. G. PARKE.

MONUMENT TO DEFOE AT BUNHILL FIELDS.

He was fifty-eight at the time this book was written, a man worn with endless work and strife, but ever ready for more; a man who had fallen and failed, and made but little of his life. It is said that he was at his highest point of external prosperity when he published "Robinson Crusoe"; but when we remember that he was at that time engaged in the inconceivable muddle of Mist's journal, it seems almost impossible to believe this, or to understand how anything but poverty could have driven him into such disgraceful employment. No doubt, to a man who at heart had once been an honest man, and was so no more, it must have been a relief and blessed deliverance to escape away into the distant seas, to refresh his ever-active soul with the ingenious devices of the shipwrecked sailor, and to bury himself in that life so different from his own. Was it a desperate expedient of nature to save him from utter self-contempt? Such a man, even if his conscience had grown callous, must have required some outlet from the dreadful slavery to which he had bound himself.

"Robinson Crusoe" is the work by which Defoe is best known, which is, after all, the most effectual guarantee that it is his best work. But it is not, to our thinking, worthy of being

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, WHERE DEFOE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED.

placed in competition with the "Journal of the Plague," a history so real, so solemn, and so impressive, so full of the atmosphere and sentiment of the time, that it reaches a far higher point of literary art than anything else Defoe has written. For this is not prose alone, nor that art of making fiction look like truth, which is supposed to be his greatest excellence: it is one of the most impressive pictures of a historical incident which has struck the poetic imagination everywhere, and of which we have perhaps more authentic records than of any other historical episode. Neither Boccaccio nor Manzoni has equaled Defoe in the story of the plague. To the old Italian it was a horror from which the life-loving fled with loathing as well as fear, and which they tried to forget and put out of their sight. Defoe's minute description of the argument carried on within his own mind by the narrator is curiously characteristic of the tendency to elaborate and explain which enters so largely into all his works. The mental condition of the respectable citizen, divided between concern for his life and concern for his property, seeing with reasonable eyes that death was not certain, but that in case of flight ruin was, is in his best manner, and so real that it is impossible to resist its air of

absolute truthfulness. But the state of the shut-up streets, the dreadful sounds and sights, the brooding heat and stillness of the long and awful days, the cloud of fate that is about the doomed city, are beyond description impressive. This curious spectator of all things, this impartial yet eager looker-on, determined to see all that can be seen, prudent yet fearless, adopting every precaution, yet neglecting no means of investigation, inquiring everywhere, always with his eyes and his ears open, at once a philosophical inquirer and an eager gossip, is without doubt Defoe himself. But he is also a marked figure of the time. He is one of the special kind of men born to illustrate that period. Pepys would have found means for some piece of junketing even in the midst of his alarm, whereas Defoe thinks of his property, when he has time to think of anything but the plague, which is a very natural modification consequent on the changes of the times. But they are at bottom the same. While, however, this central figure remains the characteristic but not elevated personage with whom we are already acquainted, the history which he records is done with a tragic force and completeness which it is impossible to surpass. In this there is nothing commonplace, no wearing monotony; the very statistics have a tragic solemnity in them; the awful, unseen presence dominates everything. We scarcely breathe while we move about the streets emptied of all passers-by, or with a suspicious throng in the middle of the way, keeping as far as possible from the houses. This is not mere prose: it is poetry in its most rare form; it is an ideal representation, in all its sober details, of one of the most tragical moments of human suffering and fate.

Nothing else that Defoe has done is on the same level. It is pitched on too high a key, perhaps, for the multitude. His innocent thief, Colonel Jack, begins with a picture both amusing and touching of the curious moral denseness and confusion of a street boy; his Cavalier is a charming young man. But both these and all the rest of Defoe's heroes and heroines grow heavy and tedious at the end. The "Journal of the Plague" is not like them in this respect. The conclusion — the sudden surprise and delicious sense of relief, the joy which makes the passers-by stop and shake hands with one another in the streets, and the women call out from their windows with tears and outcries of gladness — is as sudden and overwhelming as the reality. We are caught in the growing despair, and suddenly deliverance comes. Here alone Defoe is not too long, the unexpected is brought in with a skill and force not less remarkable than that which in the previous pages has portrayed the slow growth and inevitable development of the misery. Up to this anticlimax of unlooked-for joy the calamity has grown, every new touch intensifying the awful reality. But the recovery is sudden, and told without an unnecessary word. It is the only instance in which Defoe has followed the instinct of a great artist, and shown that he knew how to avail himself of the unwritten code and infallible methods of art.

We forget his shortcomings when we discuss this which is to our mind much his greatest work, and it is well that we should leave him in this disposition. He died mysteriously, alone, after a period of wandering and hiding which nobody can explain. Whether he was in trouble with creditors or with political enemies, or with the exasperated party which he had managed to outwit; whether he kept out of the way that his family might make better terms for themselves, or that he might keep the remains of his money out of the hands of an undutiful son or a grasping son-in-law, nobody can tell. He died in remote lodgings, all alone, and his affairs were administered by a stranger. His domestic circumstances have been referred to during his life only in the vaguest way. He had a wife and a numerous family when he was put in the pillory; he had a wife, a son who was unkind, and three daughters, at the end. He died at seventy-two "of a lethargy," no doubt fallen into the feebleness and hopelessness of lonely old age. To be doing seems to have been a necessity of his being. But he never seems to have enjoyed the importance due to his powers; and in an age when men of letters filled the highest posts, he never rose above his citizen circle, his shopkeeping ways. Something in the man must have accounted for this, but it is difficult to say what it was; for the age did not require a high standard of truthfulness, and the worst of his misdoings were kept secret from the public. Perhaps his manners were not such as society, though very easy in those days, could tolerate; perhaps — but this is simple guess-work. All we know of Defoe is that as a writer he was of the greatest influence and note, but as a man nothing. When Addison was secretary of state, and Prior an ambassador, he was nobody — a sword in the hand of an unscrupulous statesman; a shopkeeper manufacturing his genius and selling it by the yard. A sadder conclusion never was told.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS FROM INDIA.[1]

VENICE, November 26, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . I have just come here to get a few quiet days of Venice before the *Poonah* sails. She is here, lying off in the harbor; and I have been on board and looked her over. She is a beautiful, great vessel, with a big, broad deck, and a bright, pleasant cabin, looking as if she might be a capital home for three weeks. . . . I shall go alone now, unless possibly a young collegian of this last class at Cambridge, a friend of Arthur's, Evert Wendell, should go on the same steamer. I saw him in Berlin, and he wants to go, and has sent to ask his father's leave. He is a bright, pleasant fellow, and would be good company, but I do not think there is much chance of his going, though he may turn up at the last moment.

Affectionately,

P.

STEAMSHIP "POONAH," LYING AT BRINDISI,
Sunday, December 3, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . The *Poonah* is an old ship, rather noisy, and not at all fast, and not very clean. But she is well arranged, and in good weather must be very pleasant. The sail from Venice to Brindisi has been cold, rough, and rainy. The Adriatic has behaved very badly. We could not touch at Ancona, which is on the program, because of the rough weather. This Sunday morning is bright, but cold and windy; not a bit of suggestion of the tropics yet. In a day or two we shall get it, and I only hope we shall not get too much. The people on the *Poonah*, so far, are not very interesting, but they are only a few. The best are supposed to come on board here at Brindisi, having come by rail from London; so I hope when we sail to-morrow morning we shall find ourselves in the midst of that delightful society which the voyage to India has always been said to furnish. Young Wendell is on board, having turned up at the last moment in Venice. He makes bright, pleasant company, and we shall probably be together through India.

Affectionately,

P.

SUEZ, SUNDAY MORNING,
December 10, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: We are just tying up to the wharf in Suez, and nobody seems to know how long we are to stay here before we start on our voyage down the Red Sea. I will write my Sunday letter at once, and tell you that I have come thus far in happiness, health, safety, and in the *Poonah*. I sent Gertie a postal card the other day from Alexandria, which I hope she will excuse. I am not in the habit of sending postal cards, but there was no other way. We were only there for a very short time, and all of it was spent on shore. It was curious to see the results of the war so close at hand. The great square of Alexandria is all in ruins, and looks like Liberty Square in Boston after the great fire. The forts which brought on the bombardment are all banged to pieces, and the guns are standing on their heads. There must have been some wonderful firing on the Englishmen's part. Then we sailed over to Port Said, the steamer rolling about badly in the long swell. There was plenty of room at the dinner-table Thursday. Port Said looks as I remember seeing Lawrence look when we were boys and father took us there from grandmother's one day. It is an extemporized town of shanties and cheap buildings, with everything to sell which it is supposed that uncomfortable and extravagant travelers will buy. Only the population does not look like Lawrence people. They are brown Egyptians, and Nubians as black as coals, and a few British soldiers with white pith helmets and red coats.

The sail down the canal has been delightful. The air was fresh and bright as spring, and yet had the warmth of summer in it. The atmosphere was delightful, and though we sometimes ran between high banks of sand which hid everything, most of the time the view was made up of long stretches of desert, reaching away to distant hills with effects of light and color on them all, which were beautiful. This morning I saw a glorious sunrise out of my state-room window, such as the children of Israel must have seen hundreds of on their famous trip from Egypt into Palestine some years ago. We passed yesterday Ismailia, where the British headquarters were this autumn, and saw the way they started to Tel el Kebir. And there we heard about the verdict in Arabi's case, about which nobody seemed to care much.

Now we really start upon our voyage. All up to this point has been mere preparation. Here the passengers for Australia and Calcutta leave us, and we take on board the passengers for Bombay, who have come all the way by sea from London. So we shall be quite a new company. We have lost two or three days by hav-

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ing to go through the canal, and shall not be in Bombay certainly before the 22d, perhaps not till later. I like the ship, and the people, and the life on board, and all is going beautifully. Merry Christmas to you all.

Ever affectionately,

P.

ON THE "POONAH," December 15, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: I write my Sunday letter this week on Friday, because, you see, to-night we are to arrive at Aden, and there can mail our epistles. There will not be another chance until we come to Bombay. All this week we have been running down the Red Sea. The weather has been sultry and oppressive; not particularly hot by the thermometer, but such weather as makes one want to get in a draught and do nothing. In the great cabin the punkas are hung up, long cloth fans, which are fastened to a rod that runs along the ceiling, over the dining-table; and every meal-time they are kept swinging by a long cord, which runs through the skylight, and is attached at the other end to a small Mohammedan on deck, who pulls, and pulls, and pulls. We could hardly live without it. This morning we were passing Mocha, where the coffee comes from, and this afternoon we shall go through Bab-el-Mandeb. When we are once out into the Indian Ocean, the special sultriness of the Red Sea will be over, and we shall have a week of charming sailing.

The ship is very comfortable, but she is old and slow. She is four days behind her time, and we shall not be at Bombay before Saturday, the 23d, more than three weeks from the time we left Venice. But it has all been very pleasant. There is a very miscellaneous and interesting company on board. Here is the general who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and is coming back from England, after being decorated by the Queen. Here is Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his boat up under the guns at Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and did wonders of bravery. Here is a young Cambridge parson, going out to a missionary brotherhood at Delhi. Here are merchants of Calcutta and Madras, whom one pumps continually for information about India — Englishmen, all of them. At Bombay we shall break up; and I suppose I shall stay there about a week, and then travel by Delhi, Jeypore, Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares to Calcutta, taking about a month, and bringing us to Calcutta about the 1st of February. A week there, a week's trip to the mountains, and a two-weeks' journey to Madras and its neighborhood, will bring us to Ceylon about the 1st of March; after a week there we sail again direct for Aden and Suez. So there 's our winter. And you can tell at any time about where we are.

Affectionately,

P.

BOMBAY, Sunday, December 24, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: In India at last! And you do not know how queer and beautiful it is. I will tell you about it. On Friday night, at eleven o'clock, the slow old *Poonah* dropped her anchor in the harbor opposite the Apollo Bunden, which is the landing-place of Bombay. That night we slept on board, but by six the next morning we were in a boat and being rowed to shore, where we had a jolly good breakfast at Watson's Hotel. While we were eating it two gentlemen sent in their cards. One was Mr. George A. Kittredge, who is the head of the tramway system here. He is brother-in-law of Mr. Lawrie, who goes to Trinity Church, and he crossed in the *Scythia* with you and me in 1877. The other gentleman was Mr. Charles Lowell, son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell who used to be at St. Mark's School. These two gentlemen insisted on taking charge of us during our stay in Bombay. Lowell is in the banking business here. We were immediately carried to Lowell's bungalow, and here I write to you.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas twenty feet deep, immense chambers (in the middle of which stand the beds), doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas, and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian Ocean in front. A dozen or more dusky Hindu servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists, and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me; he has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself. He is now brushing my hat for the twelfth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging-places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast- (or "tiffin," as we call it here) and dinner-table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.

Yesterday we drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindu temples with their squatting, ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings, where the country is ruled; a noble university; Par-

see merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding-processions with the bride of six riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints, chattering gibberish and begging alms—there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all. And this is dead winter in the tropics! I have got out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half-past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral, but declined.

I received letters yesterday which had been traveling with us on the *Poonah* for the last three weeks. They came on board at Brindisi. It was a fine welcome to India.

We shall be in and about Bombay for about a week. You must not think that we shall suffer from the heat. This is the hottest place that we shall visit; and as soon as we leave here we shall be in the hills, and by and by shall see the thermometer at zero. How I shall think of you to-morrow! It is holidays here, and our friends have nothing to do but to look after us. Banks close for four days! Good-by! My love to you all always.

BOMBAY, Tuesday, December 26.

. . . Do you care to know how we spent Christmas? I will tell you. We arose in the cool of the morning, at six o'clock. After we had a cup of tea, some fruit, bread and butter, the open carriage was at the door, and we put on our pith helmets to keep off the sun, and drove away. First we went to the Jain hospital for animals. The Jains are a curious sect of Hindus, and one of their ideas is the sacredness of animal life. And so they have a great hospital, where they gather all the sick and wounded animals they can find, and cure them if they can, or keep them till they die. The broken-legged cows, sick pigeons, mangy dogs, and melancholy monkeys are very curious. We stayed there awhile, and then drove to the Parsee burial-place. The Parsees are Persian sun-worshipers, who have been settled here for centuries, and are among the most intelligent and enterprising citizens. Their pleasant way of disposing of their dead is to leave a body on a high tower, where vultures devoted to that business come, and in about an hour consume all its flesh, leaving the bones, which, after four weeks of drying in the sun, are tumbled into a common pit, where they all crumble together into dust. You see the towers with vultures waiting on top for the next arrival, but no one is allowed to enter.

Then we came home and had our breakfast, after which we drove into the town, whence I sent a telegram of "Merry Christmas" to you at eleven o'clock. Then we went to the service at the cathedral, which was very good. Then I drove out to the Government-house, where the governor, Sir James Furgusson, had invited me to lunch. Very pleasant people were there, and the whole thing was interesting. The drive out and in, about four miles each way, was through the strangest population, and in the midst of the queerest sights. After my return (I went there alone), we wandered about the native bazaars, and saw their curious trades. At eight o'clock Mr. Kittredge gave us a sumptuous dinner at the Byculla Club, where, with turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies, we made the best of that end of Christmas day which we knew how. After that, about ten o'clock, we wandered out into a native fair, where we saw their odd performances until late into the night, when we drove home along the cool sea-shore, and went to bed, tired but happy, after the funniest Christmas day we ever passed.

We go now for a short trip to Carlee and Poonah, to see some curious old Buddhist temples. When we get back from there we start for a long journey to Ahmedabad, Jeypore, Delhi, Lahore, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpoor, Allahabad, Benares, and Calcutta. This will take three weeks or a month.

I hope you had a happy Christmas. And now a happy New Year to you! Hurrah for 1883! I hope you will have a splendid watch-meeting, and think of me.

No mail leaves here for England except every Friday, so this will not go for three days yet. We are off to-morrow for the country.

BOMBAY, January 2, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: A happy New Year to you! May 1883 be the happiest of any yet! I see no reason why it should not be. We shall not frisk about quite as much as we did thirty years ago, when we were boys. For all that, there are soberer joys even for such old chaps as you and I, and if the birds fly somewhat more sluggishly than of old, why, perhaps it will be all the easier to get the salt on their tails. So a happy New Year to William! The New Year broke on me as I was driving in a tonga from Deogaon to Nandgaon. A tonga is a queer sort of dog-cart, drawn by two sharp little ponies with a yoke over their necks as if they were oxen; you see we have been spending a good part of the last week in going up the hills to see the wonderful Buddhist and

Brahmanical caves and temples. And Sunday we spent in a bungalow on the top of a hot hill, out of which, two thousand years ago, these wonderful people hewed these marvelous affairs.

Think of a structure bigger than Trinity Church, with spires, columns, and domes a hundred feet high, which is not a structure at all, but is carved out of solid rock, and hewn into chambers, corridors, courtyards, and shrines; almost every inch of its surface inside and out covered with sculptures, some very big and stately, some as fine as jewels, and all full of the most interesting religious and historical meaning. Think of that, old fellow! That is the most splendid of the caves, but there are thirty-five of them, all more or less wonderful, and some almost as fine as this. We spent Sunday there, and Sunday night, about ten o'clock (for you do everything you can by night, to avoid the heat), we took our tongas and drove six hours down from Elora, where the caves are, to the railway. On the way, just as we were stopping to change ponies, and some half-naked Hindus were howling to one another over their arrangements, and the Southern Cross was blazing in the sky, and the moon was struggling up, 1883 came tripping in. I thought of you at home, and wondered whether you were having a watch-meeting, and what you thought of the New Year; then I remembered it was only three o'clock in Boston, and that you were just going to afternoon church. So I tumbled back into the tonga again, and we jolted on.

You see I am getting somewhat at the country. It is interesting far beyond anything I expected. Our friends Kittredge and Lowell have been more kind and devoted than you can imagine. No one in a week could have seen more, or seen it better, than we. This afternoon we leave Bombay, and launch out for ourselves. We have a capital fellow for a traveling servant, a dusky gentleman with a turban and a petticoat, a low-caste Hindu named Huri. When you get this, about the 1st of February, we shall have passed through northern India, and shall be in Calcutta. In a day or two we shall get out of excessive heat, and not be troubled with it again until we leave Calcutta for southern India. I am splendidly well. My young traveling companion is very pleasant.

BANKAPOOR, Tuesday, January 3, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE: Since I wrote to you last, we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under a bo-tree, and thought and thought until at last was the Dukha-Satya opened to him, and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I consider this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning before sunrise we started for Gaya, and the red Barabar Hills.

We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretense of a hotel, and where you do not know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up, as you can to that of almost any man to whom you ever bowed in the street. They are a most hospitable folk, only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble. Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie! We had to drive ten miles in a rattling gharry, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would not go any farther. It was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine — one tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments, hundreds on hundreds of them set up the last two thousand years by pilgrims. In the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer, fantastic temple (which has been rebuilt again and again), but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the master sat those six long years. The bo-tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating. The landscape was the same, and though this is one of the places to which thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmanical worlds, the monuments which they set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet and looked upon the outer world.

It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw. We had two weeks in Delhi, because my companion, Evert Wendell, must needs pick up the smallpox. It is rather good to know one town of a great country so well as I know that, and it is on the whole, I suppose, the most interesting town in India. I think I know every one of its superb old tombs by heart. He could not have chosen a better place if he was bound to do such a ridiculous thing at all.

I wished you a happy New Year when the old year left us in the midst of a night drive among the hills. I hope you felt my wish around the globe, or through it, whichever way wishes go. . . .

Affectionately, P.

DELHI, January 14, 1883.

Delhi is an immensely interesting place, and it is not a bad thing to see it thoroughly. It is the old center of Mohammedan power in India. Here the Great Mogul ruled for years and years, and the great mosque is one of the wonders of the Mussulman world. Here, too, was the center of the great meeting in 1857, and the town is full of interesting points connected with that history. Then the present life, both Hindu and Mohammedan, is vastly interesting. The streets are endless pictures. This morning the Jumna was full of bathers in the sacred stream. The bazaars are crowded with the natives of all parts of India. The processions of marriages and burials meet you everywhere. The temples, with their hideous gods, are all along the streets, and the fakirs go clinking their begging-bowls everywhere.

At present there is particular excitement because the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab is here with his whole suite. They entered the city yesterday morning with a train of elephants and camels, and all the citizens in their best clothes turned out to see them. Now they are encamped on a broad field, just below the mission, and they make a most picturesque array. For days whole hosts of wretched-looking folk have been sweeping the streets, dusting the temples, and cleaning up everything in anticipation of the coming of the governor sahib.

Later, Sunday afternoon.

I preached this morning in the English church, and had the usual English congregation. I am getting so used to English people in these days that a real American would seem a strange sort of creature. The English are faithful to their duties, and their Indian civil service ought to be the pattern of the world. I wish that we had anything like it in America. The trouble about the whole thing is that the Englishman does not really like the Indian, and does not aim for any real liking from him; also, the Englishman suffers so in this terrible Indian climate that he cannot live here permanently; each officer is anxious to get through his service, get his pension, and be off for England. Such brave and devoted work as our missionary hosts are doing must tell, and the English rulers are gradually getting the Indians fit for more and more self-government. . . .

Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

DELHI, January 21, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Here I am still at Delhi for another Sunday. What do you think has happened? Wendell has had the smallpox! . . . I have seen Delhi, which is one of the most interesting of Indian towns, through and through, and especially the mission work, that is most nobly, sensibly, and faithfully done. Yesterday afternoon, in the most desolate and degraded part of all the town, as I stood with a little crowd under a tree, with the hubbub of heathen life around us, all sorts of faces, stupid, bright, hostile, eager, and scornful, I heard a native catechist preach the Gospel in Urdu, of which I could not understand a word, and thought there could not be a better missionary picture. A group of Sikh soldiers came up, splendid-looking fellows, with fine faces, enormous turbans, curled beards, who entered into lively discussion with the preacher, and for a time the debate ran very high. I could not make out which had the best of it, but the catechist seemed to understand himself very well.

The principal point of the Sikhs seems to be that what God made every man he meant that man to continue, so there could be no good reason for changing one's religion. But when the preacher asked them how the Sikh religion (which is only about two hundred years old) began, he rather had them.

I went for a three-days' trip to Lahore and Umritsir, which was exceedingly interesting. They are in the Sikh country, which is a region quite by itself, with the finest set of men in India and a religion of its own. At Umritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning just after sunrise. This was a very fine trip.

The lieutenant-governor has been in camp here for two weeks, Sir Charles Atchison, to whom I had an introduction from Sir Richard Temple. Friday morning, a stunning menial in red and yellow appeared on a camel at my door, with a note saying that he (the lieutenant-governor, not the menial) and Lady Atchison requested the pleasure of my company at dinner. I went, and it was great fun. We had a swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us. The lieutenant-governor was very pleasant, and when I left promised me some more letters to people in Calcutta. I took his daughter in to

dinner, and had a nice talk with her. She is a sensible young Scotch lassie. . . .

I have been preaching again to-day, so that for three Sundays I have been on duty. Of course these are purely European congregations. . . .

It is the most splendid weather possible now, about like our best May or early June weather. In the mornings it is rather cold; the natives go about with most of their bedclothes wrapped about their heads, though their legs are bare, and do not seem to mind the cold. By ten or eleven o'clock they are sitting in the sun, with almost everything off of them, and burning themselves a shade or two more brown. Their picturesqueness is endlessly interesting. . . .

Ever affectionately,

P.

BENARES, January 28, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: . . . This is the sacredest place in India. There are five thousand Hindu temples in Benares. It is the very Back Bay of Asia. You stumble at every step on a temple with its hideous idol. If you hear a gentleman or lady muttering behind you in the street, they are not abusing you, but only saying prayers to Vishnu or Siva, who has a little shrine somewhere in the back yard of the next house. There is one sweet temple to their monkey god, where they keep five hundred monkeys. I went to this temple yesterday morning, and the little wretches were running over everything, and would hardly let you go, wanting you to feed them. They are so sacred that if you hurt one of them you would have an awful time. It reminded me of nothing so much as your drawing-room after dinner.

Then I went down to the Ganges, where hundreds and hundreds of people were bathing in the sacred river. Pilgrims from all over India had come to wash their sins away, and were scrubbing themselves as thick as they could stand for two miles along the bank of the stream. It is a beautiful religion, at least in this, that it keeps its disciples always washing themselves.

By and by we came to a place where in a little hollow by the river's side a pile of wood was burning; two men were waving a big piece of cloth to fan the flame, and gradually as it burned you caught sight through the flame of a strange bundle lying in the midst of the wood and slowly catching fire. Then you knew that it was the funeral pile of some dead Hindu who had died happy in knowing that he would be burned beside the sacred river, and that his ashes would be mingled with its waters. Then came another curious and pathetic sight. Close by the side of this burning pile was another, all prepared, but not yet lighted. Soon I saw a man leading a little naked boy some four years old into the water. He washed the little chap all over, then stood him up beside the pile of wood; a priest up above on a high altar said some prayers over him, and the man gave the little boy a blazing bunch of straw, and showed him how to stick it into the midst of the wood until the whole caught fire. It was a widower showing his small son how to set his mother on fire. The little fellow seemed scared, and cried, and when they let him go ran up to some other children,—probably cousins,—who put his clothes on for him, and then he squatted on his heels, and quietly watched the flames.

While this was going on they had brought down the body of a child perhaps seven or eight years old, and for it they built another pile of wood close to the water. Then they took the body into the stream and bathed it for a moment, then brought it out and laid it on the wood. The father of the child went into the water and washed himself all over. After he came out the priest at the altar chanted a prayer for him. Then he went up to an old woman who sold straw, and bought a bundle, haggling some time over the price. This he lighted at the burning pile of the little boy's mother, and with it set his own child's pile in flames. They had covered the little body with a bright red cloth, and it was the prettiest funeral pile of all. By this time another body, a wasted and worn old man, had come, and they were already bathing him in the Ganges, while some men were gathering up the ashes (of somebody who was burned earlier in the day) and throwing them into the river, where they float to certain bliss. So it goes on all the time, while a great crowd is gathered around, some laughing, some praying, some trafficking, some begging. While we looked on, an interesting-looking fakir came up with a live snake pleasantly curled around his neck, and begged an alms, while the boys behind kept pulling the tail of his hideous necklace to make him mad, and just down the slope beside the water the mother was being burned by the little boy, and the child by her father.

This is not a cheerful letter, but on less serious occasions the Hindus are a most amusing people. On these cool mornings the whole population seems to go about with its bedclothes around its head and legs all bare. They never sit, but squat all over the place. When you meet them they make believe take up some dust from the ground and put it on their heads. I wish you could see my servant Huri. He looks like a most sober, pious female of about forty-five. He wears petticoats and bloomers. Where he sleeps and what he eats I have not the least idea. He gets eight dollars a month, finds himself, and is the most devoted and use-

ful creature you ever saw, but as queer an old woman as ever lived. . . .

Affectionately,

P.

The Hindus are the most pathetic and amusing people, my dear Mary. This morning after I had written this long letter, we went down once more to the Ganges, and watched the bathers and the burners for a long time. On the way we almost destroyed large numbers of the infant population, who crawl about the streets, and run under the horses' feet, and are just the color of the earth of which they are made, so that it is very hard to tell them from the inanimate clay. Almost none of them wear any clothes until they get to be six or seven years old; then their clothes soon get to be the same color as their skins, and it does not help you much.

We passed a pleasant temple of the Goddess of Smallpox, and looked in a moment, just out of association. Her name is Sitla, and her temple is a horrid-looking place. On the way through the city there are all sorts of amusing sights. Here is a fellow squatted down in the dirt, blowing away on a squeaking flute, and as he blows there are a lot of snakes, cobras, and all sorts of dreadful-looking things swinging back and forth around him, sticking their heads out of his baskets. Suddenly the musician starts up and begins a fantastic dance, and in a few minutes makes a dive at a chap in the crowd, and by sleight of hand seems to take a long snake (which he has concealed somewhere about him) out of the other fellow's turban. Then the crowd howl and jeer, and we throw the dirty musician a quarter of a cent. All this is pleasantest to see from the carriage. Just as we are turning away there is a cheerful noise of a band coming down the narrow street, and there appear a dozen men and boys playing on queer drums, cymbals, and trumpets. After them a crowd of women singing a wild and rather jolly air, then on horseback a small boy of twelve all dressed up in gilt paper and white cloth, and on another horse a little girl about the size of Tood, who is his bride. She is dressed like a most gorgeous doll, and has to be held on the horse by a man who walks behind. They have all been down to the Ganges for worship, and now are going home to the wedding-feast, after which the bride will be taken to the boy's mother's house to be kept for him; and a hard time the little wretch will have. The wedding-procession comes to grief every few minutes in the crowded streets. Sometimes a big swell on an elephant walks into the midst of the band, and for a few minutes you lose sight of the minstrels altogether, and hear only fragments of the music coming out of the neighboring houses, where they have taken refuge. Sometimes there come a group of people, wailing, crying, and singing a doleful hymn as they carry a dead body to the Ganges, and for a while the funeral and marriage music get mixed; but they always come unsnarled, and the wedding picks itself up and goes its way. Then you stop a moment to see a juggler make a mango-tree grow in three minutes from a seed to a tall bush. You drop into the bazaars and see their pretty silks; then you stop and listen to a guru preaching in a little nook between two houses; so you wander on until you see the Ganges flashing in the sun, and thousands of black and brown backs popping in and out, as the men and women take their baths.

When they come out they sit with their legs folded under them for a long time, look at nothing, think of nothing, and meditate; then they go to a gentleman who sits under a big umbrella with a lot of paint-boxes about him, and he puts a daub on their foreheads whose color and pattern tell how long they have bathed and prayed, and how holy they are after it all.

I have been looking at Huri, who is squatted on the ground in the sun, just outside my door, as I am writing. He wears a gold and purple turban. The poor fellow was upset in a rickety cab last week after he had left me at the station, and says his bones are bent; but he has been carefully examined, and we can find no harm. He always sleeps just outside my door at night. Last night I heard the jackals when I went to bed, and was quite surprised to find the whole of Huri in my room when I woke up this morning. I wish I could bring him home. Good-by again.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 3, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Lots of letters to-day — the best of them your Christmas letter, telling that you received my Bombay telegram, and went to church and heard Bishop Clark; how you had lots of presents, and went to Salem, and saw James and Sallie in the afternoon. It was all delightful, and reading it, as we drove along to-day in Dharamtolla street (which means the "Way of Righteousness," and a funny, shabby old Hindu way of righteousness it is), it seemed as if I saw you all at your home life. The palm-trees turned to elms, the naked Indians to Boston men and women, with Boston greatcoats buttoned up to their respectable Boston chins. It was all delightful! Do thank for me the whole Salem round-robin.

Since I wrote that tremendous letter to Mary last Sunday, another week of India has passed. I have been down to Gaya, and seen where Buddha sat and contemplated for six years, and a marvelous strange place it is, with

ten thousand Buddhas carved on every side. Then I came on here, and have been seeing interesting things and people for three days. Calcutta is not half so nice as Bombay, but there are people here whom I wanted very much to see. "Stately Bombay" and "Fair Calcutta" the Anglo-Indians are fond of saying. I have just written an enormous letter to Arthur about Chunder Sen, to whom I made a long visit the other day. This afternoon I went to one of the schools supported by the Zenana Mission (of which you have sometimes heard from Trinity reading-desk), gave the prizes to a lot of little Hindus, and made an address which was translated into Bengalee for my audience.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station, at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mount Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. About eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kunchain-Junga, the second highest mountain in the world, 28,156 feet high. Think of that! Certainly they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, whence the tip of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kunchain-Junga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town, and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the new year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music, dances, and queer outdoor plays. We were welcomed as distinguished strangers, set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for bakshish.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kunchain-Junga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took train again for Calcutta, and arrived there Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid little journey, and one always to be remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting; one was to dine at the Government-house with the viceroy, Thursday evening. Of course I was too late for that, and was very sorry. Now I shall not see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party, Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan Del Bāhadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old rajah a lac of rupees, or $50,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer—acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights; a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, in a great covered courtyard; supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home, as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.

I cannot tell you all I am doing or have done. This morning for a change I preached in Henry Martyn's old pulpit in the Mission Church. To-morrow morning we sail on the P. and O. steamer *Rohilla* for Madras, a three-days' voyage. Thence we travel by Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura to Tuticorin. Then across by sea to Colombo, and after a week in Ceylon, sail in the *Verona* (P. & O.) on the 7th of March (the day Daniel Webster made his speech) for Suez. From Suez by rail to Alexandria, seeing Cairo on the way, and the recent battle-field of Tel el Kebir. When you get this, about the 24th of March, I shall probably be in Alexandria, perhaps spend Easter there. Thence I somehow go to Spain, getting there about April 1.

Affectionately,

P.

KANDY, March 4, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: Do you know, I think this place is good enough and important enough to write a letter to you from. In the first place, it is the farthest point of my travels. From this time my face is turned homeward. In the second place, I think it must be the most beautiful place in all the world. I do not see how there could be one more beautiful. I wish you could have driven with me this morning at sunrise, through the roads with hundreds of different kinds of palm-trees, and to the

Buddhist temple, where they were offering fresh flowers to Buddha, and banging away on drums in his honor, enough to kill you; then out to the gardens where cinnamon, nutmeg, clove trees, tea and coffee plants, pineapples, mangoes, bamboos, banyans, India-rubber trees, and a hundred other curious things are growing. Here and there you meet an elephant or a peacock, and the pleasant-faced natives smile at you out of their pretty houses.

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon,
With the cocoanut-trees on the shore,
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is spelt with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,—
He 's considered the swell of all Kandy,—
And the rest of him 's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk mostly is Tamul,
Which sounds you can hardly tell how:
It is half like the scream of a camel,
And half like the grunt of a sow.

But it is too hot to make any more poetry. It is perfectly ridiculous how hot it is. I would not walk to that Buddhist temple opposite for anything. If I tried to, you would never see my familiar face in Clarendon street any more. I am glad, with all the beauty of Ceylon, that there are only two days more of it. It is too near the equator. Wednesday morning the *Verona* sails from Colombo, and will carry me to Suez, and the Indian trip is over. It has been one unmixed pleasure from beginning to end.

We have a new boy. Huri's language gave out at Calcutta. He did not know the queer tongues they talk in southern India, and he had to be sent back to Bombay. We parted with tears and rupees. Then came another boy, who had to be summarily dismissed; he was too stupid for anything. It made the journey far too laborious when we had to take care of him. Now we have a beautiful creature named Tellegoo, or something like that. He wears a bright yellow-and-green petticoat, which makes him look very gay, and a tortoise-shell comb in his hair! Our association with him will be brief, for we leave him on the wharf when we sail Wednesday, and there will be fewer rupees and no tears.

I went to church this morning, and the minister preached on the text, "Bake me a little cake first," and the point was that before you bought any clothes or food you must give something toward the endowment of the English church at Kandy. It was a really pretty sermon. . . .

There are the Buddhists howling again. It must be afternoon service. The priests go about without a bit of hair on their heads and wrapped in dirty yellow sheets. My love to everybody.

Affectionately,

P.

On S. S. "Verona," March 25, 1883.

Dear Johnny: . . . How I wish you were here to-night! We would sit late on deck, and you should tell me all about Springfield, and I would tell you all about India. This long return voyage is a splendid chance to think it over and arrange in one's memory the recollections of the wondrous land. Besides the countless pictures which one saw every day, eleven great sights stand out which you must see when you go to India. They are these:

First. The Rock Temples of Carlee and Elora. Think of buildings as big as Christ's Church, Springfield, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, and covered, inside and out, with Hindu sculptures of the richest sort.

Second. The deserted city of Ambir — a city of the old Moguls with hardly a human inhabitant; palaces and temples abandoned to the jackals and the monkeys.

Third. The *Kuttub* at Delhi — the most beautiful column in the world, covered with inscriptions; the most splendid monument of the Mohammedan power.

Fourth. The Golden Temple of Umritsir. Think of a vast, artificial lake in whose center, reached by a lovely white marble bridge, is the holy place of the Sikhs, the lower half of most delicate marble mosaics, and the upper of sheets of beaten gold.

Fifth. The Taj at Agra — a dream of beauty. The tomb of an old Mogul empress, made of the finest marble, and inlaid in the most dainty way; the whole as large as the State-house.

Sixth. The river shore of the Ganges at Benares — mile after mile of palaces and temples, and in front of them the bathing-places of the living and the burning-places of the dead.

Seventh. Buddh-Gaya — where Buddha sat for six years under the bo-tree till the enlightenment came to him. A valley full of Buddhist temples is there now.

Eighth. The view of Kunchain-Junga from Darjeeling, the second highest mountain in the world. Think of a hill five times as high as Mount Washington, blazing with snow in the sunshine.

Ninth. The Seven Pagodas, near Madras, where whole stories of the Hindu mythology are sculptured on the face of perpendicular rocks. They are queer enough.

Tenth. The Sivite Temple at Tanjore, one mass of brilliant color and sculpture, with its great pyramid two hundred feet high.

Eleventh. The Temple at Kandy in Ceylon, where they keep Buddha's tooth. You see the strange Buddhist priests and their strange ways.

These are the greatest things in India, and there are ever so many more like them, only not quite so great or interesting. I am very glad I went, and I wish that everybody who cares about interesting things could go there too.

Affectionately,

P.

THE HEIR OF THE McHULISHES.

By the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.

I.

THE consul for the United States of America at the port of St. Kentigern was sitting alone in the settled gloom of his private office. Yet it was only high noon of a "seasonable" winter's day, by the face of the clock that hung like a pallid moon on the murky wall opposite to him. What else could be seen of the apartment by the faint light that struggled through the pall of fog outside the lusterless windows presented the ordinary aspect of a business sanctum. There were a shelf of fog-bound admiralty law, one or two colored prints of ocean steamships under full steam, bow on, tremendously foreshortened, and seeming to force themselves through shadowy partitions; there were engravings of Lincoln and Washington, as unsubstantial and shadowy as the dead themselves. Outside, against the window, which was almost level with the street, an occasional procession of black silhouetted figures of men and women, with prayer-books in their hands and gloom on their faces, seemed to be born of the fog, and prematurely to return to it. At which a conviction of sin overcame the consul. He remembered that it was the Sabbath day, and that he had no business to be at the consulate at all.

Unfortunately, with this shameful conviction came the sound of a bell ringing somewhere in the depths of the building, and the shuffling of feet on the outer steps. The light of his fire had evidently been seen, and like a beacon had attracted some wandering and possibly intoxicated mariner with American papers. The consul walked into the hall with a sudden right-eous frigidity of manner. It was one thing to be lounging in one's own office on the Sabbath day, and quite another to be deliberately calling there on business.

He opened the front door, and a middle-aged man entered, accompanying and partly shoving forward a more diffident and younger one. Neither appeared to be a sailor, although both were dressed in that dingy respectability and remoteness of fashion affected by second and third mates when ashore. They were already well in the hall, and making their way toward the private office, when the elder man said, with an air of casual explanation, "Lookin' for the American consul; I reckon this yer 's the consulate?"

"It is the consulate," said the official, dryly, "and I am the consul; but—"

"That 's all right," interrupted the stranger, pushing past him, and opening the door of the private office, into which he shoved his companion. "Thar, now!" he continued to the diffident youth, pointing to a chair, and quite ignoring the presence of the consul. "Thar 's a bit of America. Sit down thar. You 're under the flag now, and can do as you darn please." Nevertheless, he looked a little disappointed as he glanced around him, as if he had expected a different environment and possibly a different climate.

"I presume," said the consul, suavely, "you wish to see me on some urgent matter; for you probably know that the consulate is closed on Sunday to ordinary business. I am here myself quite accidentally."

"Then you don't live here?" said the visitor, disappointedly.

"No."

"I reckon that 's the reason why we did n't see no flag a-flyin' when we was a huntin' this

place yesterday. We was directed here, but I says to Malcolm, says I, 'No; it ain't here, or you 'd see the Stars and Stripes afore you 'd see anythin' else.' But I reckon you float it over your house, eh?"

The consul here explained smilingly that he did *not* fly a flag over his lodgings, and that except on national holidays it was not customary to display the national ensign on the consulate.

"Then you can't do here — and you a *consul* — what any nigger can do in the States, eh? That's about how it pans out, don't it? But I did n't think *you'd* tumble to it quite so quick, Jack."

At this mention of his Christian name, the consul turned sharply on the speaker. A closer scrutiny of the face before him ended with a flash of reminiscence. The fog without and within seemed to melt away; he was standing once more on a Western hillside with this man; a hundred miles of sparkling sunshine and crisp, dry air stretching around him, and above a blue and arched sky that roofed the third of a continent with six months' summer. And then the fog seemed to come back heavier and thicker to his consciousness. He emotionally stretched out his hand to the stranger. But it was the fog and his personal surroundings which now seemed to be unreal.

"Why, it's Harry Custer!" he said with a laugh that, however, ended in a sigh. "I did n't recognize you in this half light." He then glanced curiously toward the diffident young man, as if to identify another possible old acquaintance.

"Well, I spotted you from the first," said Custer, "though I ain't seen you since we were in Scott's Camp together. That's ten years ago. You're lookin' at *him*," he continued, following the consul's wandering eye. "Well, it 's about him that I came to see you. This yer 's a McHulish — a genuine McHulish!"

He paused, as if to give effect to this statement. But the name apparently offered no thrilling suggestion to the consul, who regarded the young man closely for further explanation. He was a fair-faced youth of about twenty years, with pale reddish-brown eyes, dark hair reddish at the roots, and a singular white and pink waxiness of oval cheek, which, however, narrowed suddenly at the angle of the jaw, and fell away with the retreating chin.

"Yes," continued Custer; "I oughter say the *only* McHulish. He is the direct heir — and of royal descent! He 's one of them McHulishes whose name in them old history times was enough to whoop up the boys and make 'em paint the town red. A regular campaign boomer — the old McHulish was. Stump speeches and brass-bands war n't in it with the boys when *he* was around. They 'd go their bottom dollar and last cartridge — if they 'd had cartridges in them days — on him. That was the regular McHulish gait. And Malcolm there 's the last of 'em — got the same style of features, too."

Ludicrous as the situation was, it struck the consul dimly, as through fog and darkness, that the features of the young man were not unfamiliar, and indeed had looked out upon him dimly and vaguely at various times, from various historic canvases. It was the face of complacent fatuity, incompetency, and inconstancy, which had dragged down strength, competency, and constancy to its own idiotic fate and levels — a face for whose weaknesses valor and beauty had not only sacrificed themselves, but made things equally unpleasant to a great many minor virtues. Nevertheless the consul, with an amused sense of its ridiculous incongruity to the grim Scottish Sabbath procession in the street, and the fog-bound volumes of admiralty law in the room, smiled affably.

"Of course our young friend has no desire to test the magic of his name here, in these degenerate days."

"No," said Custer, complacently; "though between you and me, old man, there 's always no tellin' what might turn up over in this yer monarchy. Things of course are different over our way. But jest now Malcolm will be satisfied to take the title and property to which he 's rightful heir."

The consul's face fell. Alas! it was only the old, old story. Its endless repetitions and variations had been familiar to him even in his youth and in his own land. "Ef that man had his rights," had once been pointed out to him in a wild Western camp, "he 'd be now sittin' in scarlet on the right of the Queen of England!" The gentleman who was indicated in this apocalyptical vision, it appeared, simply bore a singular likeness to a reigning Hanoverian family, which for some unexplained reason he had contented himself with bearing with fortitude and patience. But it was in his official capacity that the consul's experience had been the most trying. At times it had seemed to him that much of the real property and peerage of Great Britain was the inherited right of penniless American republicans who had hitherto refrained from presenting their legal claims, and that the habitual first duty of generations of British noblemen on coming into their estates and titles was to ship their heirs and next of kin to America, and then forget all about them. He had listened patiently to claims to positions more or less exalted — claims often presented with ingenuous sophistry or pathetic simplicity, prosecuted with

great good humor, and abandoned with invincible cheerfulness; but they seldom culminated more seriously than in the disbursement of a few dollars by the consul to enable the rightful owner of millions to procure a steerage passage back to his previous democratic retirement. There had been others, less sincere, but more pretentious in quality, to whom, however, a letter to the Heralds' College in London was all sufficient, and who, on payment of various fees and emoluments, were enabled to stagger back to New York or Boston with certain unclaimed and forgotten luggage, which a more gallant ancestor had scorned to bring with him into the new life, or had thrown aside in his undue haste to make them citizens of the republic. Still, all this had grown monotonous and wearisome, and was disappointing as coming through the intervention of an old friend who ought to know better.

"Of course you have already had legal opinion on the subject over there," said the consul, with a sigh, "but here, you know, you ought first to get some professional advice from those acquainted with Scotch procedure. But perhaps you have that too."

"No," said Custer, cheerfully. "Why, it ain't only two months ago that I first saw Malcolm. Tumbled over him on his own farm jest out of MacCorkleville, Kentucky, where he and his fathers before him had been livin' nigh a hundred years — yes, *a hundred years*, by Jove! ever since they first emigrated to the country. Had a talk over it; saw an old Bible about as big and as used up as that," lifting the well-worn consular Bible — "with dates in it, and heard the whole story. And here we are."

"And you have consulted no lawyer?" gasped the consul.

"The McHulishes," said an unexpected voice that sounded thin and feminine, "never took any legal decision. From the craggy summits of Glen Crankie he lifted the banner of his forefathers, or raised the war-cry 'Hulish dhu, ieroe!' from the battlements of Craigiedurrach. And the clan gathered round him with shouts that rent the air. That was the way of it in old times. And the boys whooped him up and stood by him." It was the diffident young man who had half spoken, half recited, with an odd enthusiasm that even the culminating slang could not make conventional.

"That 's about the size of it," said Custer, leaning back in his chair easily with an approving glance at the young man. "And I don't know if that ain't the way to work the thing now."

The consul stared hopelessly from the one to the other. It had always seemed possible that this dreadful mania might develop into actual insanity, and he had little doubt but that the younger man's brain was slightly affected. But this did not account for the delusion and expectations of the elder. Harry Custer, as the consul remembered him, was a level-headed, practical miner, whose leaning to adventure and excitement had not prevented him from being a cool speculator, and he had amassed more than a competency by reason of his judicious foresight and prompt action. Yet he was evidently under the glamour of this madman, although outwardly as lazily self-contained as ever.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the consul in a suppressed voice, "that you two have come here equipped only with a statement of facts and a family Bible, and that you expect to take advantage of a feudal enthusiasm which no longer exists — and perhaps never did exist out of the pages of romance — as a means of claiming estates whose titles have long since been settled by law, and can be claimed only under that tenure? Surely I have misunderstood you. You cannot be in earnest."

"Honest Injun," said Custer, nodding his head lazily. "We mean it, but not jest that way you 've put it. F'r instance, it ain't only us two. This yer thing, ole pard, we 're runnin' as a syndicate."

"A syndicate?" echoed the consul.

"A syndicate," repeated Custer. "Half the boys that were at Eagle Camp are in it, and two of Malcolm's neighbors from Kentucky — the regular old Scotch breed like himself; for you know that MacCorkle County was settled by them old Scotch Covenanters, and the folks are Scotch Presbyterians to this day. And for the matter of that, the Eagle boys that are in it are of Scotch descent, or a kind of blend, you know,—in fact, I 'm half Scotch myself — or Irish," he added thoughtfully. "So you see that settles your argument about any local opinion, for if them Scots don't know their own people, who does?"

"May I ask," said the consul, with a desperate attempt to preserve his composure, "what you are proposing to do?"

"Well," said Custer, settling himself comfortably back in his chair again, "that depends. Do you remember the time that we jumped them Mexican claims on the North Fork — the time them greasers wanted to take in the whole river-bank because they 'd found gold on one of the upper bars? Seems to me we jest went peaceful-like over there one moonshiny night, and took up *their* stakes and set down *ours*. Seems to me *you* were one of the party."

"That was in our own country," returned the consul, hastily, "and was an indefensible act, even in a lawless frontier civilization. But you are surely not mad enough even to conceive of such a thing *here!*"

"Keep your hair on, Jack," said Custer, lazily. "What 's the matter with constitutional methods, eh? Do you remember the time when we did n't like Pueblo rules, and we laid out Eureka City on their lines, and whooped up the Mexicans and diggers to elect mayor and aldermen, and put the city front on Juanita Creek, and then corralled it for water lots? Seems to me you were county clerk then. Now who 's to keep Dick Macgregor and Joe Hamilton, that are both up the Nile now, from droppin' in over here to see Malcolm in his own house? Who 's goin' to object to Wallace or Baird, who are on this side, doin' the Eytalian lakes, from comin' here on their way home, or Watson and Moore and Timley, that are livin' over in Paris, from joinin' the boys in givin' Malcolm a housewarmin' in his old home? What 's to keep the whole syndicate from gatherin' at Kelpie Island up here off the west coast, among the tombs of Malcolm's ancestors, and fixin' up things generally with the clan?"

"Only one thing," said the consul, with a gravity which he nevertheless felt might be a mistaken attitude. "You should n't have told *me* about it. For if, as your old friend, I cannot keep you from committing an unconceivable folly, as the American consul here it will be my first duty to give notice to our legation, and perhaps warn the authorities. And you may be sure I will do it."

To his surprise Custer leaned forward and pressed his hand with an expression of cheerful relief. "That 's so, old pard; I reckoned on it. In fact, I told Malcolm that that would be about your gait. Of course you could n't do otherwise. And it would have been playin' it rather low down on you to have left you out in the cold — without even *that* show in the game. For what you will do in warnin' the other fellows, don't you see, will just waken up the clan. It 's better than a campaign circular."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the consul, with a half-hysterical laugh. "But we won't consider so lamentable a contingency. Come and dine with me, both of you, and we 'll discuss the only thing worth discussing, — your *legal* rights, — and you can tell me your whole story, which, by the way, I have n't heard."

"Sorry, Jack, but it can't be done," said Custer, with his first approach to seriousness of manner. "You see, we 'd made up our mind not to come here again after this first call. We ain't goin' to compromise you."

"I am the best judge of that," returned the consul, dryly. Then suddenly changing his manner, he grasped Custer's hands with both his own. "Come, Harry," he said earnestly, "I will not believe that this is not a joke, but I beg of you to promise me one thing, — do not move a step further in this matter without legal counsel. I will give you a letter to a legal friend of mine — a man of affairs, a man of the world, and a Scot as typical perhaps as any you have mentioned. State your *legal* case to him — only that; but his opinion will show you also, if I am not mistaken, the folly of your depending upon any sectional or historical sentiment in this matter."

Without waiting for a reply, he sat down and hastily wrote a few lines to a friendly local magnate. When he had handed the note to Custer, the latter looked at the address, and showed it to his young companion.

"Same name, is n't it?" he asked.

"Yes," responded Mr. McHulish.

"Do you know him?" asked the consul, evidently surprised.

"We don't; but he 's a friend of one of the Eagle boys. I reckon we would have seen him anyhow; but we 'll agree with you to hold on until we do. It 's a go. Good-by, old pard! So long!"

They both shook the consul's hand, and departed, leaving him staring at the fog into which they had melted as if they were unreal shadows of the past.

II.

THE next morning the fog had given way to a palpable, horizontally driving rain, which wet the inside as well as the outside of umbrellas, and caused them to be presented at every conceivable angle as they drifted past the windows of the consulate. There was a tap at the door, and a clerk entered.

"Ye will be in to Sir James MacFen?"

The consul nodded, and added, "Show him in here."

It was the magnate to whom he had sent the note the previous day, a man of large yet slow and cautious nature, learned and even pedantic, yet far-sighted and practical; very human and hearty in social intercourse, — which, however, left him as it found him, — with no sentimental or unbusinesslike entanglements. The consul had known him sensible and sturdy at board meetings and executive councils; logical and convincing at political gatherings; decorous and grave in the kirk; and humorous and jovial at festivities, where perhaps later in the evening, in company with others, hands were clasped over a libation lyrically defined as a "right guid williewaught." On one of these occasions they had walked home together, not without some ostentation of steadiness; yet when MacFen's eminently respectable front door had closed upon him, the consul was perfectly satisfied that a distinctly proper and unswerving

man of business would issue from it the next morning.

"Aye, but it 's a soft day," said Sir James, removing his gloves. "Ye 'll not be gadding about in this weather."

"You got my note of introduction, I suppose?" said the consul, when the momentous topic of the weather was exhausted.

"Oh, aye."

"And you saw the gentleman?"

"Aye."

"And what 's your opinion of — his claims?"

"He 's a fine lad — that Malcolm — a fine type of a lad," said Sir James, with an almost too effusive confidence. "Ye 'll be thinking so yourself — no doubt? Aye, it 's wonderful to consider the preservation of type so long after its dispersal in other lands. And it 's a strange and wonderful country that of yours, with its plantations — as one might say — of homogeneity unimpaired for so many years, and keeping the old faith too — and all its strange survivals. Aye, and that Kentucky, where his land is — it will be a rich State! It 's very instructing and interesting to hear his account of that remarkable region they call 'the blue-grass country,' and the stock they raise there. I 'm obliged to ye, my friend, for a most edifying and improving evening."

"But his claim — did he not speak of that?"

"Oh, aye. And that Mr. Custer — he 's a grand man, and an amusing one. Ye 'll be great comrades, you and he! Man! it was delightful to hear him tell of the rare doings and the bit fun ye two had in the old times. Eh, sir, but who 'd think that of the proper American consul at St. Kentigern!" And Sir James leaned back in his chair, and bestowed an admiring smile on that official.

The consul thought he began to understand this evasion. "Then you don't think much of Mr. McHulish's claim?" he said.

"I 'm not saying that."

"But do you really think a claim based upon a family Bible and a family likeness a subject for serious consideration?"

"I 'm not saying *that* either, laddie."

"Perhaps he has confided to you more fully than he has to me, or possibly you yourself knew something in corroboration of his facts."

"No."

His companion had evidently no desire to be communicative. But the consul had heard enough to feel that he was justified in leaving the matter in his hands. He had given him fair warning. Yet, nevertheless, he would be even more explicit.

"I do not know," he began, "whether this young McHulish confided to you his great reliance upon some peculiar effect of his presence among the tenants, and of establishing his claim to the property by exciting the enthusiasm of the clan. It certainly struck me that he had some rather exaggerated ideas, borrowed, perhaps, from romances he 'd read, like Don Quixote his books of chivalry. He seems to believe in the existence of a clan loyalty, and the actual survival of old feudal instincts and of old feudal methods in the Highlands. He appears to look upon himself as a kind of local Prince Charlie, and, by Jove! I 've an idea he 's almost as crazy."

"And why should he na believe in his own kith and kin?" said Sir James, quickly, with a sudden ring in his voice, and a dialectical freedom quite distinct from his former deliberate and cautious utterance. "The McHulishes were chieftains before America was discovered, and many 's the time they overran the border before they went as far as that. If there 's anything in blood and loyalty, it would be strange if they did na respond. And I can tell ye, ma frien', there 's more in the Hielands than any 'romancer,' as ye call them, — aye, even Scott hissel', and he was but an Edinboro' man, — ever dreamed of. Don't fash yoursel' about that. And you and me 'll not agree about Prince Charlie. Some day I 'll tell ye, ma frien', mair aboot that bonnie laddie than ye 'll gather from your partizan historians. Until then ye 'll be wise when ye 'll be talking to Scotchmen not to be expressing your Southern prejudices."

Intensely surprised and amused at this sudden outbreak of enthusiasm on the part of the usually cautious lawyer, the consul could not refrain from accenting it by a marked return to practical business.

"I shall be delighted to learn more about Prince Charlie," he said, smiling, "but just now his prototype — if you 'll allow me to call him so — is a nearer topic, and for the present — at least until he assume his new titles and dignities — has a right to claim my protection, and I am responsible for him as an American citizen. Now, my dear friend, is there really any property, land, or title of any importance involved in his claim, and what and where, in Heaven's name, is it? For I assure you I know nothing practical about it, and cannot make head or tail of it."

Sir James resumed his slow serenity, and gathered up his gloves. "Aye, there 's a great deer-forest in Ballochbrinkie, and there 's part of Loch Phillibeg in Cairngormshire, and there 's Kelpie Island off Moreovershire. Aye, there 's enough land when the crofters are cleared off, and the small sheep-tenants evicted. It will be a grand property then."

The consul stared. "The crofters and tenants evicted!" he repeated. "Are they not part of the clan, and loyal to the McHulish?"

"The McHulish," said Sir James with great deliberation, "has n't set foot there for years. They 'd be burning him in effigy."

"But," said the astonished consul, "that 's rather bad for the expectant heir—and the magic of the McHulish presence."

"I 'm not saying that," returned Sir James, cautiously. "Ye see he can be making better arrangements with the family on account of it."

"With the family?" repeated the consul. "Then does he talk of compromising?"

"I mean they would be more likely to sell for a fair consideration, and he 'd be better paying money to them than the lawyers. The syndicate will be rich, eh? And I 'm not saying the McHulish would n't take Kentucky lands in exchange. It 's a fine country, that blue-grass district."

The consul stared at Sir James so long that a faint smile came into the latter's shrewd eyes; at which the consul smiled, too. A vague air of relief and understanding seemed to fill the apartment.

"Oh, aye," continued Sir James, drawing on his gloves with easy deliberation, "he 's a fine lad that Malcolm, and it 's a praiseworthy instinct in him to wish to return to the land of his forebears, and take his place again among them. And I 'm noticing, Mr. Consul, that a great many of your countrymen are doing the same. Eh, yours is a gran' country of progress and ceevel and religious liberty, but for a' that, as Burns says, it 's in your blood to turn to the auld home again. And it 's a fine thing to have the money to do it—and, I 'm thinking, money well spent all around. Good morning. Eh, but I 'm forgetting that I wanted to ask you to dine with me and Malcolm, and your Mr. Custer, and Mr. Watson, who will be one of your syndicate, and whom I once met abroad. But ye 'll get a bit note of invitation, with the day, from me later."

The consul remembered that Custer had said that one of the "Eagle boys" had known Sir James. This was evidently Watson. He smiled again, but this time Sir James responded only in a general sort of way, as he genially bowed himself out of the room.

The consul watched his solid and eminently respectable figure as it passed the window, and then returned to his desk, still smiling. First of all he was relieved. What had seemed to him a wild and reckless enterprise, with possibly some grim international complications on the part of his compatriots, had simply resolved itself into an ordinary business speculation—the ethics of which they had pretty equally divided with the local operators. If anything, it seemed that the Scotchman would get the best of the bargain, and that, for once at least, his countrymen were deficient in foresight. But that was a matter between the parties, and Custer himself would probably be the first to resent any suggestion of the kind from the consul. The vision of the McHulish burned in effigy by his devoted tenants and retainers, and the thought that the prosaic dollars of his countrymen would be substituted for the potent presence of the heir, tickled, it is to be feared, the saturnine humor of the consul. He had taken an invincible dislike to the callow representative of the McHulish, who he felt had in some extraordinary way imposed upon Custer's credulity. But then he had apparently imposed equally upon the practical Sir James. The thought of this sham ideal of feudal and privileged incompetency being elevated to actual position by the combined efforts of American republicans and hard-headed Scotch dissenters, on whom the soft Scotch mists fell from above with equal impartiality, struck him as being very amusing, and for some time thereafter lightened the respectable gloom of his office. Other engagements prevented his attendance at Sir James's dinner, although he was informed afterward that it had passed off with great éclat, the later singing of "Auld lang Syne" and the drinking of the health of Custer and Malcolm with "Hieland honors." He learned also that Sir James had invited Custer and Malcolm to his lacustrine country-seat in the early spring. But he learned nothing more of the progress of Malcolm's claim, its details, or the manner in which it was prosecuted. No one else seemed to know anything about it; it found no echo in the gossip of the clubs, or in the newspapers of St. Kentigern. In the absence of the parties connected with it, it began to assume to him the aspect of a half-humorous romance. He often found himself wondering if there had been any other purpose in this quest or speculation than what had appeared on the surface, it seemed so inadequate in result. It would have been so perfectly easy for a wealthy syndicate to buy up a much more valuable estate. He disbelieved utterly in the sincerity of Malcolm's sentimental attitude. There must be some other reason—perhaps not known even to the syndicate.

One day he thought that he had found it. He had received a note addressed from one of the principal hotels, but bearing a large personal crest on paper and envelop. A Miss Kirkby, passing through St. Kentigern on her way to Edinburgh, desired to see the consul the next day, if he would appoint an hour at the consulate; or, as her time was limited, she would take it as a great favor if he would call at her hotel. Although a countrywoman, her name might not be so well known to him as those of her "old friends" Harry Custer, Esq.,

and Sir Malcolm McHulish. The consul was a little surprised; the use of the title — unless it referred to some other McHulish — would seem to indicate that Malcolm's claim was successful. He had, however, no previous knowledge of the title of "Sir" in connection with the estate, and it was probable that his fair correspondent — like most of her countrywomen — was more appreciative than correct in her bestowal of dignities. He determined to waive his ordinary business rules, and to call upon her at once, accepting, as became his patriotism, that charming tyranny which the American woman usually reserves exclusively for her devoted countrymen.

She received him with an affectation of patronage, as if she had lately become uneasily conscious of being in a country where there were distinctions of class. She was young, pretty, and tastefully dressed; the national feminine adaptability had not, however, extended to her voice and accent. Both were strongly Southwestern, and as she began to speak she seemed to lose her momentary affectation.

"It was mighty good of you to come and see me, for the fact is, I did n't admire going to your consulate — not one bit. You see, I 'm a Southern girl, and never was 'reconstructed' either. I don't hanker after your Gov'ment. I have n't recognized it, and don't want to. I reckon I ain't been under the flag since the wah. So you see, I have n't any papers to get authenticated, nor any certificates to ask for, and ain't wanting any advice or protection. I thought I 'd be fair and square with you from the word 'go.'"

Nothing could be more fascinating and infectious than the mirthful ingenuousness which accompanied and seemed to mitigate this ungracious speech, and the consul was greatly amused, albeit conscious that it was only an attitude, and perhaps somewhat worn in sentiment. He knew that during the war of the rebellion, and directly after it, Great Britain was the resort of certain Americans from the West as well as from the South who sought social distinction by the affectation of dissatisfaction with their own Government or the ostentatious simulation of enforced exile; but he was quite unprepared for this senseless protraction of dead-and-gone issues. He ventured to point out with good-humored practicality that several years had elapsed since the war, that the South and North were honorably reconciled, and that he was legally supposed to represent Kentucky as well as New York. "Your friends," he added smilingly, "Mr. Custer and Mr. McHulish, seemed to accept the fact without any posthumous sentiment."

"I don't go much on that," she said with a laugh. "I 've been living in Paris till maw — who 's lying down up-stairs — came over and brought me across to England for a look around. And I reckon Malcolm 's got to keep touch with you on account of his property."

The consul smiled. "Ah, then, I hope you can tell me something about *that*, for I really don't know whether he has established his claim or not."

"Why," returned the girl with naïve astonishment, "that was just what I was going to ask *you*. He reckoned you 'd know all about it."

"I have n't heard anything of the claim for two months," said the consul; "but from your reference to him as 'Sir Malcolm,' I presumed you considered it settled. Though, of course, even then he would n't be 'Sir Malcolm,' and you might have meant somebody else."

"Well, then, Lord Malcolm — I can't get the hang of those titles yet."

"Neither 'Lord' nor 'Sir'; you know the estate carries no title whatever with it," said the consul, smilingly.

"But would n't he be the laird of something or other, you know?"

"Yes; but that is only a Scotch description, not a title. It 's not the same as Lord."

The young girl looked at him with undisguised astonishment. A half laugh twitched the corners of her mouth. "Are you sure?" she said.

"Perfectly," returned the consul, a little impatiently; "but do I understand that you really know nothing more of the progress of the claim?"

Miss Kirkby, still abstracted by some humorous astonishment, said quickly: "Wait a minute. I 'll just run up and see if maw 's coming down. She 'd admire to see you." Then she stopped, hesitated, and as she rose added, "Then a laird's wife would n't be Lady anything, anyway, would she?"

"She certainly would acquire no title merely through her marriage."

The young girl laughed again, nodded, and disappeared. The consul, amused yet somewhat perplexed over the naïve brusqueness of the interview, waited patiently. Presently she returned, a little out of breath, but apparently still enjoying some facetious retrospect, and said, "Maw will be down soon." After a pause, fixing her bright eyes mischievously on the consul, she continued:

"Did you see much of Malcolm?"

"I saw him only once."

"What did you think of him?"

The consul in so brief a period had been unable to judge.

"You would n't think I was half engaged to him, would you?"

The consul was obliged again to protest that in so short an interview he had been unable to conceive of Malcolm's good fortune.

"I know what you mean," said the girl, lightly. "You think he 's a crank. But it 's all over now; the engagement 's off."

"I trust that this does not mean that you doubt his success?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "That 's all right enough, I reckon. There 's a hundred thousand dollars in the syndicate. Maw put in twenty thousand, and Custer 's bound to make it go — particularly as there 's some talk of a compromise. But Malcolm 's a crank, and I reckon if it was n't for the compromise the syndicate would n't have much show. Why, he did n't even know that the McHulishes had no title."

"Do you think he has been suffering under a delusion in regard to his relationship?"

"No; he was only a fool in the way he wanted to prove it. He actually got these boys to think it could be filibustered into his possession. Had a sort of idea of 'a rising in the Highlands,' you know, like that poem or picture — which is it? And those fool boys, and Custer among them, thought it would be great fun and a great spree. Luckily, maw had the gumption to get Watson to write over about it to one of his friends, a Mr — Mr — MacFen, a very prominent man."

"Perhaps you mean Sir James MacFen," suggested the consul. "He 's a knight. And what did *he* say?" he added eagerly.

"Oh, he wrote a most sensible letter," returned the lady, apparently mollified by the title of Watson's adviser, "saying that there was little doubt, if any, that if the American McHulishes wanted the old estate they could get it by the expenditure of a little capital. He offered to make the trial; that was the compromise they 're talking about. But he did n't say anything about there being no 'Lord' McHulish."

"Perhaps he thought, as you were Americans, you did n't care for *that*," said the consul, dryly.

"That 's no reason why we should n't have it if it belonged to us, or we chose to pay for it," said the lady, pertly.

"Then your changed personal relations with Mr. McHulish is the reason why you hear so little of his progress or his expectations?"

"Yes; but he don't know that they are changed, for we have n't seen him since we 've been here, although they say he 's here, and hiding somewhere about."

"Why should he be hiding?"

The young girl lifted her pretty brows. "Maybe he thinks it 's mysterious. Did n't I tell you he was a crank?" Yet she laughed so naïvely, and with such sublime unconsciousness of any reflection on herself, that the consul was obliged to smile too.

"You certainly do not seem to be breaking your heart as well as your engagement," he said.

"Not much — but here comes maw. Look here," she said, turning suddenly and coaxingly upon him, "if she asks you to come along with us up north, you 'll come, won't you? Do! It will be such fun!"

"Up north?" repeated the consul, interrogatively.

"Yes; to see the property. Here 's maw."

A more languid but equally well-appointed woman had entered the room. When the ceremony of introduction was over, she turned to her daughter, and said, "Run away, dear, while I talk business with — er — this gentleman," and, as the girl withdrew laughingly, she half stifled a reminiscent yawn, and raised her heavy lids to the consul.

"You 've had a talk with my Elsie?"

The consul confessed to having had that pleasure.

"She speaks her mind," said Mrs. Kirkby, wearily, "but she means well, and for all her flightiness her head 's level. And since her father died she runs me," she continued with a slight laugh. After a pause, she added abstractedly, "I suppose she told you of her engagement to young McHulish?"

"Yes; but she said she had broken it."

Mrs. Kirkby lifted her eyebrows with an expression of relief. "It was a piece of girl-and-boy foolishness, anyway," she said. "Elsie and he were children together at MacCorkleville, — second cousins, in fact, — and I reckon he got her fancy excited over his nobility, and his being the chief of the McHulishes. Of course Custer will manage to get something for the shareholders out of it, — I never knew him to fail in a money speculation yet, — but I think that 's about all. I had an idea of going up with Elsie to take a look at the property, and I thought of asking you to join us. Did Elsie tell you? I know she 'd like it — and so would I."

For all her indolent, purposeless manner, there was enough latent sincerity and earnestness in her request to interest the consul. Besides, his own curiosity in regard to this singularly supported claim was excited, and here seemed to be an opportunity of satisfying it. He was not quite sure either that his previous antagonism to his fair countrywoman's apparent selfishness and snobbery was entirely just. He had been absent from America a long time; perhaps it was he himself who had changed, and lost touch with his compatriots. And yet the demonstrative independence and recklessness of men like Custer were less objectionable to, and less inconsistent with, his American ideas

than the snobbishness and almost servile adaptability of the women. Or was it possible that it was only a weakness of the sex, which no republican nativity or education could eliminate? Nevertheless he looked up smilingly.

"But the property is, I understand, scattered about in various places," he said.

"Oh, but we mean to go only to Kelpie Island, where there is the ruin of an old castle. Elsie must see that."

The consul thought it might be amusing. "By all means let us see that. I shall be delighted to go with you."

His ready and unqualified assent appeared to relieve and dissipate the lady's abstraction. She became more natural and confiding; spoke freely of Malcolm's mania, which she seemed to accept as a hallucination or a conviction with equal cheerfulness, and, in brief, convinced the consul that her connection with the scheme was only the caprice of inexperienced and unaccustomed idleness. He left her, promising to return the next day and arrange for their early departure.

His way home lay through one of the public squares of St. Kentigern, at an hour of the afternoon when it was crossed by working men and women returning to their quarters from the docks and factories. Never in any light a picturesque or even cheery procession, there were days when its unwholesome, monotonous poverty and dull hopelessness of prospect impressed him more forcibly. He remembered how at first the spectacle of barefooted girls and women slipping through fog and mist across the greasy pavement had offended his fresh New World conception of a more tenderly nurtured sex, until his susceptibilities seemed to have grown as callous and hardened as the flesh he looked upon, and he had begun to regard them from the easy local standpoint of a distinct and differently equipped class.

It chanced, also, that this afternoon some of the male workers had added to their usual solidity a singular trance-like intoxication. It had often struck him before as a form of drunkenness peculiar to the St. Kentigern laborers. Men passed him singly and silently, as if following some vague alcoholic dream, or moving through some Scotch mist of whisky and water. Others clung unsteadily but as silently together, with no trace of convivial fellowship or hilarity in their dull fixed features and mechanically moving limbs. There was something weird in this mirthless companionship, and the appalling loneliness of those fixed or abstracted eyes. Suddenly he was aware of two men who were reeling toward him under the influence of this drug-like intoxication, and he was startled by a likeness which one of them bore to some one he had seen; but where, and under what circumstances, he could not determine. The fatuous eye, the features of complacent vanity and self-satisfied reverie were there, either intensified by drink, or perhaps suggesting it through some other equally hopeless form of hallucination. He turned and followed the man, trying to identify him through his companion, who appeared to be a petty tradesman of a shrewder, more material type. But in vain, and as the pair turned into a side street the consul slowly retraced his steps. But he had not proceeded far before the recollection that had escaped him returned, and he knew that the likeness suggested by the face he had seen was that of Malcolm McHulish.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Bret Harte.

THE TEST.

"THY love," he cried, "is like a fragrant flower
Whose stainless beauty cannot fade or die."
"And thine," she, blushing, said, "is like some high,
Still tide, that knows no ebb to check its power."
But when life's changes brought a darkened hour,
In secret each heart feared love's doom was nigh.
The tide goes down; storms kill the blossoms shy;
Then, clasping hands, they turned to meet the shower.
Courage and hope were nursed for many a day.
At last the mists rolled off; their dream was true.
Beneath no restless tide the anchor lay
That held her safe; his deathless blossom grew
More fair. Love's test fulfilled, along their way
Sang blithe content, 'neath clouds or skies of blue.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

THE HILTONS' HOLIDAY.

I.

THERE was a bright, full moon in the clear sky, and the sunset was still shining faintly in the west. Dark woods stood all about the old Hilton farm-house, save down the hill, westward, where lay the shadowy fields which John Hilton, and his father before him, had cleared and tilled with much toil — the small fields to which they had given the industry and even affection of their honest lives.

John Hilton was sitting on the doorstep of his house. As he moved his head in and out of the shadows, turning now and then to speak to his wife, who sat just within the doorway, one could see his good face, rough and somewhat unkempt, as if he were indeed a creature of the shady woods and brown earth, instead of the noisy town. It was late in the long spring evening, and he had just come from the lower field as cheerful as a boy, proud of having finished the planting of his potatoes.

"I had to do my last row mostly by feelin'," he said to his wife. "I 'm proper glad I pushed through, an' went back an' ended off after supper. 'T would have taken me a good part o' to-morrow mornin', an' broke my day."

"'T ain't no use for ye to work yourself all to pieces, John," answered the woman, quickly. "I declare it does seem harder than ever that we could n't have kep' our boy; he 'd been comin' fourteen years old this fall, most a grown man, and he 'd work right 'longside of ye now the whole time."

"'T was hard to lose him; I do seem to miss little John," said the father, sadly. "I expect there was reasons why 't was best. I feel able an' smart to work; my father was a girt strong man, an' a monstrous worker afore me. 'T ain't that; but I was thinkin' myself to-day what a sight o' company the boy would ha' been. You know, small 's he was, how I could trust him to leave anywheres with the team, and how he 'd beseech to go with me wherever I was goin'; always right in my tracks I used to tell 'em. Poor little John, for all he was so young he had a great deal o' judgment; he 'd ha' made a likely man."

The mother sighed heavily as she sat within the shadow.

"But then there 's the little girls, a sight o' help an' company," urged the father, eagerly, as if it were wrong to dwell upon sorrow and loss. "Katy, she 's most as good as a boy, except that she ain't very rugged. She 's a real little farmer, she 's helped me a sight this spring; an' you 've got Susan Ellen, that makes a complete little housekeeper for ye as far as she 's learnt. I don't see but we 're better off than most folks, each on us having a workmate."

"That 's so, John," acknowledged Mrs. Hilton, wistfully, beginning to rock steadily in her straight splint-bottomed chair. It was always a good sign when she rocked.

"Where be the little girls so late?" asked their father. "'T is gettin' long past eight o'clock. I don't know when we 've all set up so late, but it 's so kind o' summer-like an' pleasant. Why, where be they gone?"

"I 've told ye; only over to Becker's folks," answered the mother. "I don't see myself what keeps 'em so late; they beseeched me after supper till I let 'em go. They 're all in a dazzle with the new teacher; she asked 'em to come over. They say she 's unusual smart with 'rethmetic, but she has a kind of gorpen look to me. She 's goin' to give Katy some pieces for her doll, but I told Katy she ought to be ashamed wantin' dolls' pieces, big as she 's gettin' to be. I don't know 's she ought, though; she ain't but nine this summer."

"Let her take her comfort," said the kind-hearted man. "Them things draws her to the teacher, an' makes them acquainted. Katy 's shy with new folks, more so 'n Susan Ellen, who 's of the business kind. Katy 's shy-feelin' and wishful."

"I don't know but she is," agreed the mother slowly. "Ain't it sing'lar how well acquainted you be with that one, an' I with Susan Ellen? 'T was always so from the first. I 'm doubtful sometimes our Katy ain't one that 'll be like to get married — anyways not about here. She lives right with herself, but Susan Ellen ain't nothin' when she 's alone, she 's always after company; all the boys is waitin' on her a'ready. I ain't afraid but she 'll take her pick when the time comes. I expect to see Susan Ellen well settled, — she feels grown up now, — but Katy don't care one mite 'bout none o' them things. She wants to be rovin' out o' doors. I do believe she 'd stand an' hark to a bird the whole forenoon."

"Perhaps she 'll grow up to be a teacher," suggested John Hilton. "She takes to her book more 'n the other one. I should like one on

'em to be a teacher same 's my mother was. They 're good girls as anybody 's got."

"So they be," said the mother, with unusual gentleness, and the creak of her rocking-chair was heard, regular as the ticking of a clock. The night breeze stirred in the great woods, and the sound of a brook that went falling down the hillside grew louder and louder. Now and then one could hear the plaintive chirp of a bird. The moon glittered with whiteness like a winter moon, and shone upon the low-roofed house until its small window-panes gleamed like silver, and one could almost see the colors of a blooming bush of lilac that grew in a sheltered angle by the kitchen door. There was an incessant sound of frogs in the lowlands.

"Be you sound asleep, John?" asked the wife presently.

"I don't know but what I was a'most," said the tired man, starting a little. "I should laugh if I was to fall sound asleep right here on the step; 't is the bright night, I expect, makes my eyes feel heavy, an' 't is so peaceful. I was up an' dressed a little past four an' out to work. Well, well!" and he laughed sleepily and rubbed his eyes. "Where 's the little girls? I 'd better step along an' meet 'em."

"I would n't just yet; they 'll get home all right, but 't is late for 'em certain. I don't want 'em keepin' Mis' Becker's folks up neither. There, le' 's wait a few minutes," urged Mrs. Hilton.

"I 've be'n a-thinkin' all day I 'd like to give the child'n some kind of a treat," said the father, wide awake now. "I hurried up my work 'cause I had it so in mind. They don't have the opportunities some do, an' I want 'em to know the world, an' not stay right here on the farm like a couple o' bushes."

"They 're a sight better off not to be so full o' notions as some is," protested the mother, suspiciously.

"Certain," answered the farmer; "but they 're good, bright child'n, an' commencin' to take a sight o' notice. I want 'em to have all we can give 'em. I want 'em to see how other folks does things."

"Why, so do I,"—here the rocking-chair stopped ominously,—"but so long 's they 're contented—"

"Contented ain't all in this world; hoppertoads may have that quality an' spend all their time a-blinkin'. I don't know 's bein' contented is all there is to look for in a child. Ambition 's somethin' to me."

"Now you 've got your mind on to some plot or other." (The rocking-chair began to move again.) "Why can't you talk right out?"

"'T ain't nothin' special," answered the good man, a little ruffled; he was never prepared for his wife's mysterious powers of divination. "Well there, you do find things out the master! I only thought perhaps I 'd take 'em tomorrow, an' go off somewhere if 't was a good day. I 've been promisin' for a good while I 'd take 'em to Topham Corners; they 've never been there since they was very small."

"I believe you want a good time yourself. You ain't never got over bein' a boy." Mrs. Hilton seemed much amused. "There, go if you want to an' take 'em; they 've got their summer hats an' new dresses. I don't know o' nothin' that stands in the way. I should sense it better if there was a circus or anythin' to go to. Why don't you wait an' let the girls pick 'em some strawberries or nice ros'berries, and then they could take an' sell 'em to the stores?"

John Hilton reflected deeply. "I should like to get me some good yellow-turnip seed to plant late. I ain't more 'n satisfied with what I 've been gettin' o' late years o' Ira Speed. An' I 'm goin' to provide me with a good hoe; mine 's gettin' wore out an' all shackly. I can't seem to fix it good."

"Them 's excuses," observed Mrs. Hilton, with friendly tolerance. "You just cover up the hoe with somethin', if you get it — I would. Ira Speed 's so jealous he 'll remember it of you this twenty year, your goin' an' buyin' a new hoe o' anybody but him."

"I 've always thought 't was a free country," said John Hilton, soberly. "I don't want to vex Ira neither; he favors us all he can in trade. 'T is difficult for him to spare a cent, but he 's as honest as daylight."

At this moment there was a sudden sound of young voices, and a pair of young figures came out from the shadow of the woods into the moonlighted open space. An old cock crowed loudly from his perch in the shed, as if he were a herald of royalty. The little girls were hand in hand, and a brisk young dog capered about them as they came.

"Wa' n't it dark gittin' home through the woods this time o' night?" asked the mother, hastily, and not without reproach.

"I don't love to have you gone so late; mother an' me was timid about ye, and you 've kep' Mis' Becker's folks up, I expect," said their father, regretfully. "I don't want to have it said that my little girls ain't got good manners."

"The teacher had a party," chirped Susan Ellen, the elder of the two children. "Goin' home from school she asked the Grover boys, an' Mary an' Sarah Speed. An' Mis' Becker was real pleasant to us: she passed round some cake, an' handed us sap sugar on one of her best plates, an' we played games an' sung some pieces too. Mis' Becker thought we did real well. I can pick out most of a tune on the cabinet organ; teacher says she 'll give me lessons."

"I want to know, dear!" exclaimed John Hilton.

"Yes, an' we played Copenhagen, an' took sides spellin', an' Katy beat everybody spellin' there was there."

Katy had not spoken, she was not so strong as her sister, and while Susan Ellen stood a step or two away addressing her eager little audience, Katy had seated herself close to her father on the doorstep. He put his arm around her shoulders, and drew her close to his side, where she stayed.

"Ain't you got nothin' to tell, daughter?" he asked, looking down fondly, and Katy gave a pleased little sigh for answer.

"Tell 'em what 's goin' to be the last day o' school, and about our trimmin' the schoolhouse," she said, and Susan Ellen gave the program in most spirited fashion.

"'T will be a great time," said the mother, when she had finished. "I don't see why folks wants to go trapesin' off to strange places when such things is happenin' right about 'em." But the children did not observe her mysterious air. "Come, you must step yourselves right to bed!"

They all went into the dark, warm house, the bright moon shone upon it steadily all night, and the lilac flowers were shaken by no breath of wind until the early dawn.

II.

THE Hiltons always waked early. So did their neighbors, the crows and song-sparrows and robins, the light-footed foxes and squirrels in the woods. When John Hilton waked, before five o' clock, an hour later than usual because he had sat up so late, he opened the house door and came out into the yard, crossing the short green turf hurriedly as if the day were too far spent for any loitering. The magnitude of the plan for taking a whole day of pleasure confronted him seriously, but the weather was fair, and his wife, whose disapproval could not have been set aside, had accepted and even smiled upon the great project. It was inevitable now, that he and the children should go to Topham Corners. Mrs. Hilton had the pleasure of waking them, and telling the news.

In a few minutes they came frisking out to talk over the great plans. The cattle were already fed, and their father was milking. The only sign of high festivity was the wagon pulled out into the yard, with both seats put in as if it were Sunday; but Mr. Hilton still wore his every-day clothes, and Susan Ellen suffered instantly from disappointment.

"Ain't we goin', father?" she asked complainingly, but he nodded and smiled at her, even though the cow, impatient to get to pasture, kept whisking her rough tail across his face. He held his head down and spoke cheerfully, in spite of this vexation.

"Yes, sister, we 're goin' certain, an' goin' to have a great time too." Susan Ellen thought that he seemed like a boy at that delightful moment, and felt new sympathy and pleasure at once. "You go an' help mother about breakfast an' them things; we want to get off quick 's we can. You coax mother now, both on ye, an' see if she won't go with us."

"She said she would n't be hired to," responded Susan Ellen. "She says it 's goin' to be hot, an' she 's laid out to go over an' see how her aunt Tamsen Brooks is this afternoon."

The father gave a little sigh; then he took heart again. The truth was that his wife made light of the contemplated pleasure, and, much as he usually valued her companionship and approval, it was sure that they should have a better time without her. It was impossible, however, not to feel guilty of disloyalty at the thought. Even though she might be completely unconscious of his best ideals, he only loved her and the ideals the more, and bent his energies to satisfying her indefinite expectations. His wife still kept much of that youthful beauty which Susan Ellen seemed likely to reproduce.

An hour later the best wagon was ready, and the great expedition set forth. The little dog sat apart, and barked as if it fell entirely upon him to voice the general excitement. Both seats were in the wagon, but the empty place testified to Mrs. Hilton's unyielding disposition. She had wondered why one broad seat would not do, but John Hilton meekly suggested that the wagon looked better. The little girls sat on the back seat dressed alike in their Sunday hats of straw with blue ribbons, and their little plaid shawls pinned neatly about their small shoulders. They wore gray thread gloves, and sat very straight. Susan Ellen was half a head the taller, but otherwise, from behind, they looked much alike. As for their father, he was in his Sunday best — a plain black coat, and a winter hat of felt, which was heavy and rusty-looking for that warm early-summer day. He had it in mind to buy a new straw hat at Topham, so that this with the turnip-seed and the hoe made three important reasons for going.

"Remember an' lay off your shawls when you get there, an' carry them over your arms," said the mother, clucking like an excited hen to her chickens. "They 'll do to keep the dust off your new dresses goin' an' comin'. An' when you eat your dinners don't get spots on you, an' don't point at folks as you ride by, an' stare, or they 'll know you come from the

country. An' John, you call into Cousin Ad'line Marlow's an' see how they all be, an' tell her I expect her over certain to stop awhile before hayin'. It always eases her phthisic to git up here on the highland, an' I 've got a new notion about doin' over her best-room carpet sence I see her that 'll save rippin' one breadth. An' don't come home all wore out; an', John, don't you go an' buy me no kickshaws to fetch home. I ain't a child, an' you ain't got no money to waste. I expect you 'll go, like 's not, an' buy you some kind of a foolish boy's hat; do look an' see if it 's reasonable good straw, an' won't splinter all off round the edge. An' you mind, John —"

"Yes, yes, hold on!" cried John, impatiently; then he cast a last affectionate, reassuring look at her face, flushed with the hurry and responsibility of starting them off in proper shape. "I wish you was goin' too," he said, smiling. "I do so!" Then the old horse started, and they went out at the bars, and began the careful long descent of the hill. The young dog, tethered to the lilac bush, was frantic with piteous appeals; the little girls piped their eager good-bys again and again, and their father turned many times to look back and wave his hand. As for their mother, she stood alone and watched them out of sight.

There was one place far out on the high-road where she could catch a last glimpse of the wagon, and she waited what seemed a very long time until it appeared and then was lost to sight again behind a low hill. "They 're nothin' but a pack o' child'n together," she said aloud, and then felt lonelier than she expected. She even stooped and patted the unresigned little dog as she passed him, going into the house.

The occasion was so much more important than any one had foreseen that both the little girls were speechless. It seemed at first like going to church in new clothes, or to a funeral; they hardly knew how to behave at the beginning of a whole day of pleasure. They made grave bows at such persons of their acquaintance as happened to be straying in the road. Once or twice they stopped before a farm-house, while their father talked an inconsiderately long time with some one about the crops and the weather, and even dwelt upon town business and the doings of the selectmen, which might be talked of at any time. The explanations that he gave of their excursion seemed quite unnecessary. It was made entirely clear that he had a little business to do at Topham Corners, and thought he had better give the little girls a ride; they had been very steady at school, and he had finished planting, and could take the day as well as not. Soon, however, they all felt as if such an excursion were an every-day affair, and Susan Ellen began to ask eager questions, while Katy silently sat apart enjoying herself as she never had done before. She liked to see the strange houses, and the children who belonged to them; it was delightful to find flowers that she knew growing all along the road, no matter how far she went from home. Each small homestead looked its best and pleasantest, and shared the exquisite beauty that early summer made, shared the luxury of greenness and floweriness that decked the rural world. There was an early peony or a late lilac in almost every dooryard.

It was seventeen miles to Topham. After a while they seemed very far from home, having left the hills far behind, and descended to a great level country with fewer tracts of woodland, and wider fields where the crops were much more forward. The houses were all painted, and the roads were smoother and wider. It had been so pleasant driving along that Katy dreaded going into the strange town when she first caught sight of it, though Susan Ellen kept asking with bold fretfulness if they were not almost there. They counted the steeples of four churches, and their father presently showed them the Topham Academy, where their grandmother once went to school, and told them that perhaps some day they would go there too. Katy's heart gave a strange leap; it was such a tremendous thing to think of, but instantly the suggestion was transformed for her into one of the certainties of life. She looked with solemn awe at the tall belfry, and the long rows of windows in the front of the academy, there where it stood high and white among the clustering trees. She hoped that they were going to drive by, but something forbade her taking the responsibility of saying so.

Soon the children found themselves among the crowded village houses. Their father turned to look at them with affectionate solicitude.

"Now sit up straight and appear pretty," he whispered to them. "We 're among the best people now, an' I want folks to think well of you."

"I guess we 're just as good as they be," remarked Susan Ellen, looking at some innocent passers-by with dark suspicion, but Katy tried indeed to sit straight, and folded her hands prettily in her lap, and wished with all her heart to be pleasing for her father's sake. Just then an elderly woman saw the wagon and the sedate party it carried, and smiled so kindly that it seemed to Katy as if Topham Corners had welcomed and received them. She smiled back again as if this hospitable person were an old friend, and entirely forgot that the eyes of all Topham had been upon her.

"There, now we 're coming to an elegant

house that I want you to see; you 'll never forget it," said John Hilton. "It 's where Judge Masterson lives, the great lawyer; the handsomest house in the county, everybody says."

"Do you know him, father?" asked Susan Ellen.

"I do," answered John Hilton, proudly. "Him and my mother went to school together in their young days, and were always called the two best scholars of their time. The judge called to see her once; he stopped to our house to see her when I was a boy. An' then, some years ago — you 've heard me tell how I was on the jury, an' when he heard my name spoken he looked at me sharp, and asked if I wa' n't the son of Catharine Winn, an' spoke most beautiful of your grandmother, an' how well he remembered their young days together."

"I like to hear about that," said Katy.

"She had it pretty hard, I 'm afraid, up on the old farm. She was keepin' school in our district when father married her — that 's the main reason I backed 'em down when they wanted to tear the old school-house all to pieces," confided John Hilton, turning eagerly. "They all say she lived longer up here on the hill than she could anywhere, but she never had her health. I wa' n't but a boy when she died. Father an' me lived alone afterward till the time your mother come; 't was a good while, too; I wa' n't married so young as some. 'T was lonesome, I tell you; father was plumb discouraged losin' of his wife, an' her long sickness an' all set him back, an' we 'd work all day on the land an' never say a word. I s'pose 't is bein' so lonesome early in life that makes me so pleased to have some nice girls growin' up around me now."

There was a tone in her father's voice that drew Katy's heart toward him with new affection. She dimly understood, but Susan Ellen was less interested. They had often heard this story before, but to one child it was always new and to the other old. Susan Ellen was apt to think it tiresome to hear about her grandmother, who, being dead, was hardly worth talking about.

"There 's Judge Masterson's place," said their father in an every-day manner, as they turned a corner, and came into full view of the beautiful old white house standing behind its green trees and terraces and lawns. The children had never imagined anything so stately and fine, and even Susan Ellen exclaimed with pleasure. At that moment they saw an old gentleman, who carried himself with great dignity, coming slowly down the wide box-bordered path toward the gate.

"There he is now, there 's the judge!" whispered John Hilton, excitedly, reining his horse quickly to the green roadside. "He 's goin' down-town to his office; we can wait right here an' see him. I can't expect him to remember me; it 's been a good many years. Now you are goin' to see the great Judge Masterson!"

There was a quiver of expectation in their hearts. The judge stopped at his gate, hesitating a moment before he lifted the latch, and glanced up the street at the country wagon with its two prim little girls on the back seat, and the eager man who drove. They seemed to be waiting for something; the old horse was nibbling at the fresh roadside grass. The judge was used to being looked at with interest, and responded now with a smile as he came out to the sidewalk, and unexpectedly turned their way. Then he suddenly lifted his hat with grave politeness, and came directly toward them.

"Good morning, Mr. Hilton," he said. "I am very glad to see you, sir," and Mr. Hilton, the little girls' own father, took off his hat with equal courtesy, and bent forward to shake hands.

Susan Ellen cowered and wished herself away, but little Katy sat straighter than ever, with joy in her father's pride and pleasure shining in her pale, flower-like little face.

"These are your daughters, I am sure," said the old gentleman, kindly, taking Susan Ellen's limp and reluctant hand; but when he looked at Katy, his face brightened. "How she recalls your mother!" he said with great feeling. "I am glad to see this dear child. You must come to see me with your father, my dear," he added, still looking at her. "Bring both the little girls, and let them run about the old garden; the cherries will soon be getting ripe," said Judge Masterson, hospitably. "Perhaps you will have time to stop this afternoon as you go home?"

"I should call it a great pleasure if you would come and see us again some time. You may be driving our way, sir," said John Hilton.

"Not very often in these days," answered the old judge. "I thank you for the kind invitation. I should like to see the fine view again from your hill westward. Can I serve you in any way while you are in town? Good-by, my little friends!"

Then they parted, but not before Katy, the shy Katy, whose hand the judge still held unconsciously while he spoke, had reached forward as he said good-by, and lifted her face to kiss him. She could not have told why, except that she felt drawn to something in the serious, worn face. For the first time in her life the child had felt the charm of manners; perhaps she owned a kinship between that which made him what he was, and the spark of nobleness and purity in her own simple soul. She turned

again and again to look back at him as they drove away.

"Now you have seen one of the first gentlemen in the country," said their father. "It was worth comin' twice as far—" but he did not say any more, nor turn as usual to look in the children's faces.

In the chief business-street of Topham a great many country wagons like the Hiltons' were fastened to the posts, and there seemed to our holiday-makers to be a great deal of noise and excitement.

"Now I 've got to do my errands, and we can let the horse rest and feed," said John Hilton. "I 'll slip his headstall right off, an' put on his halter. I 'm goin' to buy him a real good treat o' oats. First we 'll go an' buy me my straw hat; I feel as if this one looked a little past to wear in Topham. We 'll buy the things we want, an' then we 'll walk all along the street, so you can look in the windows an' see the han'some things, same 's your mother likes to. What was it mother told you about your shawls?"

"To take 'em off an' carry 'em over our arms," piped Susan Ellen, without comment, but in the interest of alighting and finding themselves afoot upon the pavement the shawls were forgotten. The children stood at the doorway of a shop while their father went inside, and they tried to see what the Topham shapes of bonnets were like, as their mother had advised them; but everything was exciting and confusing, and they could arrive at no decision. When Mr. Hilton came out with a hat in his hand to be seen in a better light, Katy whispered that she wished he would buy a shiny one like Judge Masterson's; but her father only smiled and shook his head, and said that they were plain folks, he and Katy. There were dry-goods for sale in the same shop, and a young clerk who was measuring linen kindly pulled off some pretty labels with gilded edges and gay pictures, and gave them to the little girls, to their exceeding joy. He may have had small sisters at home, this friendly lad, for he took pains to find two pretty blue boxes besides, and was rewarded by their beaming gratitude.

It was a famous day; they even became used to seeing so many people pass. The village was full of its morning activity, and Susan Ellen gained a new respect for her father, and an increased sense of her own consequence, because even in Topham several persons knew him and called him familiarly by name. The meeting with an old man who had once been a neighbor seemed to give Mr. Hilton the greatest pleasure. The old man called to them from a house doorway as they were passing, and they all went in. The children seated themselves wearily on the wooden step, but their father shook his old friend eagerly by the hand, and declared that he was delighted to see him so well and enjoying the fine weather.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, in a feeble, quavering voice, "I 'm astonishin' well for my age. I don't complain, John, I don't complain."

They talked long together of people whom they had known in the past, and Katy, being a little tired, was glad to rest, and sat still with her hands folded, looking about the front yard. There were some kinds of flowers that she never had seen before.

"This is the one that looks like my mother," her father said, and touched Katy's shoulder to remind her to stand up and let herself be seen. "Judge Masterson saw the resemblance; we met him at his gate this morning."

"Yes, she certain does look like your mother, John," said the old man, looking pleasantly at Katy, who found that she liked him better than at first. "She does, certain; the best of young folks is, they remind us of the old ones. 'T is nateral to cling to life, folks say, but for me, I git impatient at times. Most everybody 's gone now, an' I want to be goin'. 'T is somethin' before me, an' I want to have it over with. I want to be there 'long o' the rest o' the folks. I expect to last quite a while though; I may see ye couple o' times more, John."

John Hilton responded cheerfully, and the children were urged to pick some flowers. The old man awed them with his impatience to be gone. There was such a townful of people about him and he seemed as lonely as if he were the last survivor of a former world. Until that moment they had felt as if everything were just beginning.

"Now I want to buy somethin' pretty for your mother," said Mr. Hilton, as they went soberly away down the street, the children keeping fast hold of his hands. "By now the old horse will have eat his dinner and had a good rest, so pretty soon we can jog along home. I 'm goin' to take you round by the academy, and the old North meeting-house where Dr. Barstow used to preach. Can't you think o' somethin' that your mother 'd want?" he asked suddenly, confronted by a man's difficulty of choice.

"She was talkin' about wantin' a new pepper-box, one day; the top o' the old one won't stay on," suggested Susan Ellen, with delightful readiness. "Can't we have some candy, father?"

"Yes, ma'am," said John Hilton, smiling and swinging her hand to and fro as they walked. "I feel as if some would be good myself. What 's all this?" They were passing a photographer's doorway with its enticing array of portraits. "I do declare!" he exclaimed ex-

citedly, "I 'm goin' to have our pictures taken; 't will please your mother more 'n a little."

This was, perhaps, the greatest triumph of the day, except the delightful meeting with the judge; they sat in a row, with the father in the middle, and there was no doubt as to the excellence of the likeness. The best hats had to be taken off because they cast a shadow, but they were not missed, as their owners had feared. Both Susan Ellen and Katy looked their brightest and best; their eager young faces would forever shine there; the joy of the holiday was mirrored in the little picture. They did not know why their father was so pleased with it; they would not know until age had dowered them with the riches of association and remembrance.

Just at nightfall the Hiltons reached home again, tired out and happy. Katy had climbed over into the front seat beside her father, because that was always her place when they went to church on Sundays. It was a cool evening, there was a fresh sea wind that brought a light mist with it, and the sky was fast growing cloudy. Somehow the children looked different; it seemed to their mother as if they had grown older and taller since they went away in the morning, and as if they belonged to the town now as much as to the country. The greatness of their day's experience had left her far behind, the day had been silent and lonely without them, and she had had their supper ready, and been watching anxiously, ever since five o'clock. As for the children themselves they had little to say at first — they had eaten their luncheon early on the way to Topham. Susan Ellen was childishly cross, but Katy was pathetic and wan. They could hardly wait to show the picture, and their mother was as much pleased as everybody had expected.

"There, what did make you wear your shawls?" she exclaimed a moment afterward, reproachfully. "You ain't been an' wore 'em all day long? I wanted folks to see how pretty your new dresses was, if I did make 'em. Well, well! I wish more 'n ever now I 'd gone an' seen to ye!"

"An' here 's the pepper-box!" said Katy, in a pleased, unconscious tone.

"That really is what I call beautiful," said Mrs. Hilton, after a long and doubtful look. "Our other one was only tin. I never did look so high as a chiny one with flowers, but I can get us another any time for every day. That 's a proper hat, as good as you could have got, John. Where 's your new hoe?" she asked as he came toward her from the barn, smiling with satisfaction.

"I declare to Moses if I did n't forget all about it," meekly acknowledged the leader of the great excursion. "That an' my yellow-turnip seed, too; they went clean out o' my head, there was so many other things to think of. But 't ain't no sort o' matter; I can get a hoe just as well to Ira Speed's."

His wife could not help laughing. "You an' the little girls have had a great time. They was full o' wonder to me about everythin', and I expect they 'll talk about it for a week. I guess we was right about havin' 'em see somethin' more o' the world."

"Yes," answered John Hilton, with humility, "yes, we did have a beautiful day. I did n't expect so much. They looked as nice as anybody, and appeared so modest an' pretty. The little girls will remember it perhaps by an' by. I guess they won't never forget this day they had 'long o' father."

It was evening again, the frogs were piping in the lower meadows, and in the woods, higher up the great hill, a little owl began to hoot. The sea air, salt and heavy, was blowing in over the country at the end of the hot bright day. A lamp was lighted in the house, the happy children were chatting together, and supper was waiting. The father and mother lingered for a moment outside and looked down over the shadowy fields; then they went in, without speaking. The great day was over, and they shut the door.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN LIFE'S TUNNEL.

BORNE by a Power resistless and unseen
We know not whither,
We look out through the gloom with troubled mien:
How came we hither?

Darkness before and after. Blank, dim walls
On either side,
Against which our dull vision beats and falls,
Met and defied.

Shrouded in mystery that leaves no room
To guess aright,
We rush, uncertain, to a certain doom —
When lo, — the light!

Grace Denio Litchfield.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA — A STORM.

CONVINCED that, owing both to lack of public and government support, and to the growing carelessness as to details among Italian managers and actors, dramatic art was suffering a partial eclipse in Italy, after a tour in 1869 in Spain and Portugal, which, owing to the very heavy expenses, and to the revolutionary movements in progress, produced but scanty returns, I decided to accept the offer of a respected South-American impresario. I was anxious to test the question whether in the New World work and study could look for an adequate reward; and I was attracted also by the foreign appreciation of my country through the agency of art.

The new company which I formed for the year 1871 was made up in part of artists who were in Florence at the time, and in part of others whom I knew by reputation. Isolina Piamonti, a very clever and sympathetic actress, with a melodious voice and an attractive face; Signor and Signora Aiudi, with their daughter Pierina, who afterward became one of the best younger leading ladies on the stage; Lorenzo Piccinini, and Domenico Giagnoni, were my chief supporters, and with them I had twenty of lesser rank whom I need not name. This was a company which for South America might be called extremely good; it was certainly one of the best that had ever played in those countries. Before setting out, I gave twelve representations in Bologna, to get the company well organized and working in unison, selecting those plays which I meant to give in America. At the close of the Lenten season, we all went to Genoa, and embarked aboard the steamer *Isabella*. The cost of the voyage both ways for the entire company was paid by our impresario, Señor Pestalardo of Buenos Ayres, with which city the South-American experience of our company was to begin. The national festival fell just at the time when we were due at Buenos Ayres, and that of Montevideo was to be celebrated during our stay there. Everything was well planned, organized, and provided for, so that the speculation could not fail; the impresario and I counted on sharing a handsome profit, almost a fortune, as a result of the tour.

It was my first voyage to America, the first time that I dared the ocean in a nutshell; and, whatever may be said, this experience must produce a certain impression upon anybody. Hardly had we entered the Gulf of Lyons, which is traditionally unkind to the sailor, when a tempest burst upon us, so furious that we carried away one of our masts, and had our sails torn to ribbons, and suffered some damage about the decks. All the passengers were compelled to keep below to avoid danger from the waves. I begged the captain's permission to remain awhile on the bridge to admire that imposing spectacle of irritated nature. To tell the truth my desire to admire the fury of Neptune had only a secondary place in my mind. I was terrified at the idea of being drowned like a rat in my state-room berth, and I fostered the vain hope that since I was a very strong swimmer I might be able to save myself in the event of shipwreck. So far as I could, in the midst of the violent motion, and my alarm at the danger, I made my observations. What a magnificent spectacle it was! The sky was veiled with impenetrable clouds; the sea was a confused mass of black velvet drapery with tufts of white lace, moved and changed in countless ways by the violent gusts, and hurled with a crash against the sides of our ship. The rain beat against my face, and the lamps shot fitful rays over the horrible but majestic scene, while the detonations of thunder, and the vivid gleams of the lightning, recalled to my mind the siege of Rome.

At daybreak we found ourselves running in dangerous proximity to the African coast. The ship's prow was turned toward Gibraltar, and we made that port with difficulty. It required three days to put the vessel in condition to go to sea again.

A MODEL FOR OTHELLO.

AT Gibraltar I spent my time studying the Moors. I was much struck by one very fine figure, majestic in walk, and Roman in face, except for a slight projection of the lower lip. The man's color was between copper and coffee, not very dark, and he had a slender mustache, and scanty curled hair on his chin. Up to that time I had always made up *Othello* simply with my mustache, but after seeing that superb Moor I added the hair on the chin, and sought to copy his gestures, movements, and carriage. Had I been able I should have imitated his voice also, so closely did that splendid Moor represent to

me the true type of the Shakesperian hero. *Othello* must have been a son of Mauritania, if we can argue from *Iago's* words to *Roderigo:* "He goes into Mauritania"; for what else could the author have intended to imply but that the Moor was returning to his native land?

AT MONTEVIDEO.

By reason of adverse winds and weather our voyage to Montevideo occupied forty-two days, and when the tender of the steamship company came to meet us, it was with the melancholy announcement that yellow fever had broken out in Buenos Ayres, and that the death-rate was eight hundred a day. This was depressing news, especially to me who had submitted to the discomforts of so long a voyage, and had punctually paid my artists thirty per cent. above their regular salary, and ten francs of extra pay each, during a month and a half of idleness, in the hope of replenishing my greatly diminished exchequer with the fruits of my art. But much more than by my personal hardships, and the expenditure of a considerable sum, I was occupied by my responsibility for the safety of my companions, whom I had involuntarily led into this predicament. My impresario had taken refuge in the country beyond Buenos Ayres, and there was no way of communicating with that city, since the sanitary cordon fenced it in, and the telegraph was in operation only for government service. I did not know a soul in the country, I did not speak the language, and for a moment I felt bewildered. On landing, I soon found myself with Signor Sivori, a wealthy Genoese merchant, who had been commissioned by my impresario to place himself at my disposition and to be my guide and helper. The excellent man asked me whether I was in need of funds, but I answered him that I was in need of nothing but a theater. Sivori told me that that had been provided for as soon as the epidemic had appeared in Buenos Ayres, and that the Solis Theater, the best in Montevideo, was at my disposal. A day later our first announcement was issued; but I am sure that the natives, when they read my name on the posters, asked themselves whether I was a tenor or a ballet-dancer. I opened with the "Morte Civile," and the next day there was no further question as to what I was. The newspapers and the Italian residents had made my quality public, and signs of general satisfaction were manifest. After the first night the theater was always crowded. It was the custom of the country to give only three representations a week, but I was requested to give four, to content those who wished to see me oftener. The house, at opera-prices, could hold no more than about $3000; but for my benefit-night the receipts were $4500, for everybody wanted boxes and orchestra-chairs, and the best seats were at a premium. I received a great number of presents, and wreaths and bouquets enough to cover the whole stage.

In connection with this benefit at Montevideo occurred a rather curious episode. As I have said, King Victor Emmanuel had presented me with a diamond which he had habitually worn. On account of my devotion to the "Re Galantuomo," I never took this off my finger, except in those cases in which artistic considerations forbade the wearing of it. One night when the "Morte Civile" was played, I had to take the ring off, because it would not have been proper to retain it in my character of a convict fleeing from prison, and, as was my custom, I placed it with my watch and chain at the back of my dressing-table. After the play, a number of people came to my room while I was dressing, to congratulate me, and my servant handed me my watch and chain, but forgot the ring. My attention was distracted by the conversation of so many people, and I did not notice the absence of the ring; but when I came to go to bed I perceived it, and sent my man to the theater to recover it. The keeper did not live in the building, and all the doors of the theater were closed. The next morning my servant got up very early and hurried to the theater, but the sweepers had already put the actors' rooms in order, and my ring was no longer to be found. Had I lost my finger I should not have felt more lively regret. I lodged a complaint with the police, and several persons were arrested; I had notices posted promising a liberal reward; I had the form of the diamond lithographed with a description of the ring, and sent copies to all the jewelers of America and Europe; but I got no word of it, and never recovered it. All Montevideo talked of this unfortunate accident. On my benefit-night, while I was receiving the ovations of the public, and was almost buried in the flowers that were thrown to me, a beautiful child of five or six years advanced with a silver salver in his hand, and held out to me a small object which was upon it. As I bent down to kiss the little fellow, a quantity of flowers thrown from a box struck the salver, and caused the little packet to fall, and I lost sight of it in the mass of flowers. The curtain fell, and while the audience was demanding me before the curtain a number of people from the wings swarmed around me to find the object which had gone astray; but I was distrustful on account of my previous loss, and shouted in a loud voice: "Off the stage, all of you!" My imperious and threatening command caused the stage to be evacuated at once, while the

little child who had brought the gift fled, terrified and weeping. I began a search alone among the flowers, and I soon found the object, which had fallen out of its box. It proved to be a very beautiful brilliant, to which was attached a card with the words:

You have lost the ring of a King;
The Republicans of Montevideo restore it to you.

The kind thought gave me great pleasure, and the ring was superb; still it could not replace that which had been stolen.

During our stay of two months at Montevideo the epidemic at Buenos Ayres ceased, and communication was reopened. Shortly afterward I announced our last appearance, with "Giosue il Guardacoste" ("Joshua the Coast-guard"). All the arrangements were made with the steamer *America* to carry the company to Buenos Ayres, whence no sanitary bulletins had been issued for two weeks. So lively was the sympathy felt for me by all classes that on my farewell night the audience was not like the public paying homage to an artist; it was an affectionate family which saw with grief the departure of a well-loved member. In the midst of the applause and *bravi*, I distinguished the cry as if with one voice: "*Otra vez! Otra vez!*" ("Once more! Once more!"), with the sense that I should stay one night more to repeat my last play; and there was no way of stopping this cry until I had expressed my formal consent. I secured a delay of twenty-four hours from the management of the steamship company, so that I should not miss my engagement at Buenos Ayres. On the morning following this final representation, two hours before our sailing-time, as I was preparing my small private baggage, I heard a confused sound in the distance, mingled with martial strains, coming from several directions. As I arranged the objects upon my toilet-table, I said to myself: "It remains to be seen whether there is some commotion which will prevent us from getting off!" In a little while two gentlemen presented themselves, one an Italian, the other a native, in dress-coats and white cravats and gloves, and requested the favor of accompanying me on board the *America*. I accepted with pleasure, but I could not make out the occasion of this request. The Italian then told me: "The citizens of Montevideo with the resident Italian colony, of whom we are the delegates, wish the honor and pleasure of accompanying you to the steamer." I then first understood that I was the object of a popular demonstration, and I answered the gentlemen that I was at their orders. I left the baggage to my servant, and descended the stairs with the two delegates, one on each side of me.

When I reached the street two bands struck up, and a great shout of "Viva Salvini!" arose from the throats of a crowd numbering thousands. The streets through which I was to pass were strewn with flowers, the windows were hung with draperies, and filled with ladies and children, who threw down flowers; as to the men, they were either in the procession, or standing at the doors of their houses, holding their hats in the air and shouting. Our advance was very slow on account of the immense crowd which packed the streets, and although I was surrounded by an escort of gentlemen who requested the people to make way for me, we were often compelled to stop, our path being wholly blocked. At short intervals a pause was made, while addresses were read to me in Spanish or Italian. When the reading stopped, the cheers would begin again, and in this way we at last reached the mole, upon which had been erected during the night a large arch of greens and flowers, under which I had to pass. But first all the addresses were presented to me engrossed on parchment, and the people wanted to place around my body an enormous wreath tied with the colors of Italy and of Uruguay. It was not possible for me to walk with this rather voluminous decoration on my back, and I passed under the triumphal arch carrying the wreath in my hands, with the aid of the citizen delegates. Two tugs dressed with flags were waiting to take me out to the *America*. The bands and many citizens went on board of one, and with the two delegates I embarked on the other. At my side I found old Signor Sivori, with tears in his eyes! Before proceeding to the *America* the two tugs steamed around the harbor, passing alongside all the men-of-war of various nations which were stationed at Montevideo. The sailors manned the yards, and the officers were drawn up on the quarter-decks, and all cheered while their flags were dipped in salute. The *America* sounded her whistle to summon her passengers on board, and then a thunderous shout arose from the mole; it was the parting greeting of the people of Montevideo. I went aboard the *America* with my head whirling from so great a manifestation of esteem, and I found my colleagues so full of excitement and emotion that they embraced and kissed me.

BUENOS AYRES AND RIO DE JANEIRO.

At Buenos Ayres I found the populace saddened by the recent epidemic (which had not left a single family unscathed), and in need of distraction and of breathing an atmosphere of less depression, and the Teatro Colon was always filled. Almost all the boxes were closed with gratings, for the families in mourning

did not wish to be deprived of the pleasure of the theater, but did not care to appear openly; so it seemed as if I were playing in a convent or a harem. I heard people applauding me, but I could not see them. In success and financial returns, Buenos Ayres was not behind Montevideo; but we lost the national festivals in both cities — occasions which are always highly profitable to a theater. From Buenos Ayres I went to Rio de Janeiro, where I was disappointed in not finding the Emperor Dom Pedro, who was traveling in Europe. Nevertheless the Princess Regent, daughter of the Emperor, did not miss a single night at our theater, and on the evening of my benefit she had me summoned to her box, and presented to me a beautiful solitaire, which was handed to me by her consort, the Comte d'Eu. She honored me with an invitation to the imperial palace, and I found her of the most exquisite amiability.

I met no actor of distinction in South America. The theaters were all busy with *zarzuele*, as *bouffe* operas are called in Spanish, and these they gave with much spirit and correctness. The audiences show interest, as do all those of the Latin races, but they are much quieter than in Italy. They rise easily to enthusiasm, and as easily forget their impressions.

ERNESTO ROSSI.

After the close of my tour in South America, I returned to Italy, having signed an agreement for the carnival-season at the Teatro Valle in Rome. I had some time to spare, so I gave first a few performances at Bologna and at Naples.

It was, I believe, at about this time that the proposition was made to me that I should play *Pylades*, in Alfieri's "Orestes," with Ernesto Rossi. I have always been delighted at an opportunity to join forces with artists of real worth, and I accepted the offer with the greatest pleasure, all the more so because the part of *Pylades*, in my opinion, has the advantage of lending itself to the production of a great effect with comparatively light fatigue. Be very sure of your lines, keep under control any exuberance in your vocal power, mark the positions liberally, accentuate your phrasing in just measure, hold the interest and curiosity of your audience by the play of your expression, be natural and simple while yet maintaining the dignity of the buskin, and the part of *Pylades* is mastered. I had before this seen Ernesto Rossi in other parts of the highest importance, such as *Paolo* in "Francesca da Rimini," *Romeo*, and *Hamlet*. There was a time when, in the last of these parts, the Italian public considered him as superior to all others who had essayed it. Whether this judgment was right or wrong, it is indubitable that in that rôle he satisfied the canons of Italian taste more perfectly than those of the Anglo-Saxon. While he was still young, his sympathetic face and his voice were well adapted to Shakspere's eccentric personage, as, indeed, to all rôles in which the passion of love was dominant. I do not believe there ever was an artist who could pronounce the words, "I love you!" as Ernesto Rossi said them. The word "love" sounded well on his lips, but that of "rage" seemed astonished to fall from them, and out of place. Impassioned characters found in him an innate comprehension, but he could not sink himself sufficiently in such as were virile and imposing; this was from no defect in his ability, but owing to lack of natural aptitude for such parts. Many of the parts which he played, and which won renown for him, were by his fine and keen intellect, and by his unwearied study, fashioned and polished like a diamond. The cutting of the gem was perfect, its rays projected their multiform colors and dazzled and charmed; yet it could not be maintained that it was of pure water. It had a faint straw tinge, indistinguishable except to experts, but visible to the experienced, to the intelligent, and to careful analysts, and this almost imperceptible tinge was the fact that the art did not sufficiently conceal the man. Very frequently the man himself would be betrayed in a gesture, or an expression, or in the voice. While the audience was impressed by the actor's innumerable endowments, and had before its eyes the very personage and passion that he was portraying, of a sudden its illusion would vanish, and it would be reminded of the man who was playing a part, who was studying his inflections, and designing his motions. In Ernesto Rossi this small defect is like a mole on the face of a beautiful woman, which may even be looked upon as a charm.

FIRST TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES.

After a few months of rest, I resolved to get together a new company, selecting those actors and actresses who were best suited to my repertory. The excellent Isolina Piamonti was my leading lady; and my brother Alessandro, an experienced, conscientious, and versatile artist, supported me. An Italian theatrical speculator proposed to me a tour in North America, to include the chief cities of the United States, and although I hesitated not a little on account of the ignorance of the Italian language prevailing in that country, I accepted, influenced somewhat by my desire to visit a region which was wholly unknown to me. Previous to crossing the ocean I had several months before me, and these served me to get my company in training.

My first impressions of New York were most favorable. Whether it was the benefit of a more vivifying atmosphere, or the comfort of the national life, or whether it was admiration for that busy, industrious, work-loving people, or the thousands of beautiful women whom I saw in the streets, free and proud in carriage, and healthy and lively in aspect, or whether it was the thought that these citizens were the great-grandchildren of those high-souled men who had known how to win with their blood the independence of their country, I felt as if I had been born again to a new existence. My lungs swelled more freely as I breathed the air impregnated with so much vigor and movement, and so much liberty, and I could fancy that I had come back to my life of a youth of twenty, and was treading the streets of republican Rome. With a long breath of satisfaction I said to myself: "Ah, here is life!" Within a few days my energy was redoubled. A lively desire of movement, not a usual thing with me, had taken possession of me in spite of myself. Without asking myself why, I kept going here and there, up and down, to see everything, to gain information; and when I returned to my rooms in the evening, I could have set out again to walk still more. This taught me why Americans are so unwearied and full of business. Unfortunately I have never mastered English sufficiently to converse in that tongue; had I possessed that privilege, perhaps my stay in North America would not have been so short, and perhaps I might have figured on the English stage. What an enjoyment it would have been to me to play Shakspere in English! But I have never had the privilege of the gift of tongues, and I had to content myself with my own Italian, which is understood by but few in America. This, however, mattered little; they understood me all the same, or, to put it better, they caught by intuition my ideas and my sentiments.

My first appearance was in "Othello." The public received a strong impression, without discussing whether or not the means which I used to cause it were acceptable, and without forming a clear conception of my interpretation of that character, or pronouncing openly upon its form. The same people who had heard it the first night returned on the second, on the third, and even on the fourth, to make up their minds whether the emotions they experienced resulted from the novelty of my interpretation, or whether in fact it was the true sentiment of *Othello's* passions which was transmitted to them — in short, whether it was a mystification or a revelation. By degrees the public became convinced that those excesses of jealousy and fury were appropriate to the son of the desert, and that one of southern blood must be much better qualified to interpret them than a northerner. The judgment was discussed, criticized, disputed; but in the end the verdict was overwhelmingly in my favor. When the American has once said "Yes," he never weakens; he will always preserve for you the same esteem, sympathy, and affection. After New York I traveled through a number of American cities — Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, and Boston, which is rightly styled the Athens of America, for there artistic taste is most refined. In Boston I had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with the illustrious poet, Longfellow, who talked to me in the pure Tuscan. I saw, too, other smaller cities, and then I appeared again in New York, where the favor of the public was confirmed, not only for me, but also for the artists of my company, and especially for Isolina Piamonti, who received no uncertain marks of esteem and consideration. We then proceeded to Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Toledo, and that pleasant city, Detroit, continuing to Chicago, and finally to New Orleans. I reached New Orleans at carnival time, and, in a masked procession in which all nations were represented, I was revolted and offended to see Italy figuring as Pope Pius IX. giving his benediction to a band of brigands, who with their daggers in their teeth were kneeling at the Holy Father's feet. I was so much disgusted by this offensive and repulsive travesty, due to the suggestion of some renegade, as well as by the unpardonable ignorance of the carnival committee, that I could not refrain from publishing a letter of protest, over my signature, in which I said:

> Italy for true Italians should be represented by Victor Emmanuel, by Gioberti, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Every good Italian must repel, protest against, and despise this insult offered to a nation which, by its antique traditions, and by its recent deeds, deserves the respect and the admiration of the civilized world; and we are sure of finding an echo of adhesion to this sentiment among the American people, which is accustomed to render homage and justice to all that is noble and generous.

Italians congratulated me, the press kept silence, and the people remained indifferent; and so the matter was forgotten. This was the only disagreeable experience of this tour in America.

From New Orleans we sailed to Havana, but found in Cuba civil war, and a people that had but small appetite for serious things, and was moreover alarmed by a light outbreak of yellow fever. One of my company was taken down with the disease, but I had the

pleasure of seeing him recover. Luckily he had himself treated by Havanese physicians, who are accustomed to combat that malady, which they know only too well. Perhaps my comrade would have lost his life under the ministrations of an Italian doctor. In the city of sugar and tobacco, too, it was "Othello" which carried off the palm. Those good manufacturers of cigars presented me on my benefit with boxes of their wares, which were made expressly for me, and which I despatched to Italy for the enjoyment of my friends. In spite of the many civilities which were tendered to me, in spite of considerable money profit, and of the ovations of its kind-hearted people, I did not find Cuba to my taste. Sloth and luxury reign there supreme.

I returned from Cuba to the United States, and gave five performances in Philadelphia and ten in New York, after which we went to Rio de Janeiro on the steamer *Ontario*, a voyage of twenty-eight days. We stopped on the way at St. Thomas, and at Para, on the great river Amazon. A short time after our voyage, the *Ontario* was lost with all her passengers and crew. My good star has always followed me, and in the innumerable journeys undertaken during the long period of my travels I have never had to lament an accident.

AGAIN IN BRAZIL.

THE Dom Pedro Theater of Rio de Janeiro was the first scene of our activity. The favorable season, the freedom from epidemic, and the certain presence of the Emperor Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, who had returned from his travels in Europe, were most favorable, both to the brilliancy of our artistic success, and to our financial profit. The Emperor had me often at his palace in the city, and invited me to a lunch at the country palace of Petropolis, where I saw the Empress, to whom I could give no greater pleasure than to talk of her dear Naples. The affability, kindness, and learning of Dom Pedro are well known. He was a perfect polyglot, and conversed with me in unimpeachable Italian; the Empress still spoke with the Neapolitan accent. I played ten times at the Dom Pedro, and then I changed to the Fluminense Theater, which was intended for opera, and there I appeared eight times more, with a constantly growing affluence of spectators. On my days off, I enjoyed visiting the enchanting suburbs of the city, and I formed the opinion that the real America is in Brazil. There Nature bestows her gifts with abundance, and all growth is luxuriantly rank. The trees are as high as our campanili, the roses are as large as pineapples, the birds display a thousand hues, the sky is always serene, the men are courteous, the women most amiable, and even the negroes are more docile and civilized than in their native land. The climate, alas! leaves much to be desired, and if a European is not careful to lead a hygienic and well-regulated life, he runs the risk of leaving his bones there. I was under contract to go to Chile, but during my stay in Brazil negotiations were concluded arranging for a few appearances on the way at Montevideo, and at Buenos Ayres. I gave twelve nights more in Montevideo at the Solis Theater, for which the house was taken by storm. For my benefit the boxes and the best places were put up at auction, and nearly twice the proceeds of the regular prices was taken in. The theater-managers each made $2500 for their own account. The people insisted upon my remaining at Montevideo through all the time that I had destined for Buenos Ayres, and I consented the more readily because in the latter city there was some appearance of political disturbance, which soon developed into civil war. The opera, which had suspended at the Solis Theater to make room for me, had to wait, under an indemnity, for two weeks more before opening again. I paid £1000 sterling to the administration of the English steamers for the voyage and return of my company from Montevideo to Valparaiso, and, traversing the Straits of Magellan, in eleven days we were in Chile. I should not be frank if I said that the Chileans received us with enthusiasm. Both at Valparaiso and at Santiago I had a *succès d'estime*, little more, and our business was light, but yet covered the large expenses of so costly a journey. The returns, however, did not compensate for the trouble of going there, especially as we were shut out of Peru by one of the numerous revolutions.

Upon my return I arranged to give a farewell appearance at Montevideo. On the morning of my arrival fourteen persons lay dead in the Plaza de la Matrice, as an accompaniment to the presidential elections. Our play was given, notwithstanding, and to a splendid house. This ended my engagements with the company, and I pursued the voyage on the same English steamer to Bordeaux, while my companions took the Italian ship.

APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

IN Paris I found a letter from the impresario Mapleson, who proposed that I should go to London with an Italian company, and play at Drury Lane on the off-nights of the opera. I was in doubt for a considerable time whether to challenge the verdict of the British public; but in two weeks after reaching Italy, by dint of telegrams I had got together the force of

artists necessary, and I presented myself with arms and baggage in London, in the spring of 1875.

Hardly had I arrived, when I noticed the posting, on the bill-boards of the city, of the announcement of the seventy-second night of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum Theater, with Henry Irving in the title-rôle. I had contracted with Mapleson to give only three plays in my season, "Othello," the "Gladiator," and "Hamlet," the last having been insisted upon by Mapleson himself, who, as a speculator, well knew that curiosity as to a comparison would draw the public to Drury Lane.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRVING'S "HAMLET."

I WAS very anxious to see the illustrious English artist in that part, and I secured a box and went to the Lyceum. I was recognized by nobody, and remaining as it were concealed in my box, I had a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I arrived at the theater a little too late, so that I missed the scene of *Hamlet* in presence of the ghost of his father, the scene which in my judgment contains the clue to that strange character, and from which all the synthetic ideas of *Hamlet* are developed. I was in time to hear only the last words of the oath of secrecy. I was struck by the perfection of the stage-setting. There was a perfect imitation of the effect of moonlight, which at the proper times flooded the stage with its rays or left it in darkness. Every detail was excellently and exactly reproduced. The scene was shifted, and *Hamlet* began his allusions, his sallies of sarcasm, his sententious sayings, his points of satire with the courtiers, who sought to study and to penetrate the sentiments of the young prince. In this scene Irving was simply sublime! His mobile face mirrored his thoughts. The subtle penetration of his phrases, so perfect in shading and incisiveness, showed him to be a master of art. I do not believe there is an actor who can stand beside him in this respect, and I was so much impressed by it, that at the end of the second act I said to myself, "I will not play *Hamlet!* Mapleson can say what he likes, but I will not play it"; and I said it with the fullest resolution. In the monologue, "To be, or not to be," Irving was admirable; in the scene with *Ophelia* he was deserving of the highest praise; in that of the *Players* he was moving, and in all this part of the play he appeared to my eyes to be the most perfect interpreter of that eccentric character. But further on it was not so, and for the sake of art I regretted it. From the time when the passion assumes a deeper hue, and reasoning moderates impulses which are forcibly curbed, Irving seemed to me to show mannerism, and to be lacking in power, and strained, and it is not in him alone that I find this fault, but in nearly all foreign actors. There seems to be a limit of passion within which they remain true in their rendering of nature; but beyond that limit they become transformed, and take on conventionality in their intonations, exaggeration in their gestures, and mannerism in their bearing. I left my box saying to myself: "I too can do *Hamlet*, and I will try it!" In some characters Irving is exceptionally fine. I am convinced that it would be difficult to interpret *Shylock* or *Mephistopheles* better than he. He is most skilful in putting his productions on the stage; and in addition to his intelligence he does not lack the power to communicate his counsels or his teachings. Withal he is an accomplished gentleman in society, and is loved and respected by his fellow-citizens, who justly look upon him as a glory to their country. He should, however, for his own sake, avoid playing such parts as *Romeo* and *Macbeth*, which are not adapted to his somewhat scanty physical and vocal power.

THE DECLINE OF TRAGEDY.

THE traditions of the English drama are imposing and glorious! Shakspere alone has gained the highest pinnacle of fame in dramatic art. He has had to interpret him such great artists as Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Siddons, and Irving; and the literary and dramatic critics of the whole world have studied and analyzed both author and actors. At present, however, tragedy is abandoned on almost all the stages of Europe. Actors who devote themselves to tragedy, whether classical, romantic, or historical, no longer exist. Society-comedy has overflowed the stage, and the inundation causes the seed to rot which more conscientious and prudent planters had sown in the fields of art. It is desirable that the feeling and taste for the works of the great dramatists should be revived in Europe, and that England, which is for special reasons, and with justice, proud of enjoying the primacy in dramatic composition, should have also worthy and famous actors. I do not understand why the renown and prestige of the great name of Garrick do not attract modern actors to follow in his footsteps. Do not tell me that the works of Shakspere are out of fashion, and that the public no longer wants them. Shakspere is always new — so new that not even yet is he understood by everybody, and if, as they say, the public is no longer attracted by his plays, it is because they are superficially presented. To win the approval of the audience, a dazzling and conspicuous *mise-en-scène* does not suffice, as some seem to

imagine, to make up deficiency in interpretation; a more profound study of the characters represented is indispensable. If in art you can join the beautiful and the good, so much the better for you; but if you give the public the alternative, it will always prefer the good to the beautiful.

RECEPTION IN LONDON.

My season in London was a real event. The London public had very great attractions both at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden. At the former such celebrated artists as Nilsson and Tietjens, with the tenors Campanini and Fancelli, and the basso Nannetti, were singing in "Lohengrin," "Fidelio," and "Lucia di Lammermoor"; at Covent Garden, Patti and the barytone Cotogni were delighting their hearers with "La Traviata," "Dinorah," and the "Barbiere di Siviglia." I was acting at Drury Lane on the three alternate nights when opera was not given. Whether it was the novelty, or that "Othello" had not been played for a long time, or merely one of the anomalies of the public, which, when it has once set its face in any direction, can with difficulty be made to change, Drury Lane was crowded on the nights when I played *Othello*. The Prince of Wales did me the honor to summon me to his box to assure me of his admiration. The celebrated poet Browning proved his friendship by securing my admission as a guest to the Athenæum Club. The Garrick Club and the Arts Club tendered me a reception, and granted me honorary membership. I went to call upon the *diva* Patti, who was surrounded by the most select society, on one of her reception-days, and she had the courtesy to make me this compliment: "Do you know, Salvini, that I am a little jealous of you?"

Between April 1 and July 16, 1875, I gave "Othello" thirty times, the "Gladiator" four times, and "Hamlet" on my last ten appearances. The last play gave the final touch to my reputation; to this a few lines which I had from Robert Browning will testify. After playing *Hamlet* I expressed to him my regret that I had not been able to attain in that rôle all that I had aimed at; and he answered me:

> MY DEAR SALVINI: I do not know whether what you say to me is true about the chords of tenderness which you lacked, or which failed to respond to the touch, in your first representation of "Hamlet." But this I know, that during your play on Friday the entire lyre of tragedy resounded magnificently. Ever yours,
>
> ROBERT BROWNING.

I left behind in London many genial acquaintances and enduring friendships, besides a sincere affection for a young orphan girl who became my wife in the course of that year. I went away with much regret, but with the hope of returning to England for the long season of the following year.

A TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I RETURNED to Italy well satisfied with my first experience in London, and I arranged with Colonel Mapleson for a tour in England to begin March 1, 1876, to include the chief cities outside of London, and the season in the capital itself. My new wife was unable to accompany me on the journey which had previously been arranged, and she remained in Florence. I visited Newcastle, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and Birmingham, and on May 15 I appeared again in London, at the Queen's Theater, which has since been pulled down. Mr. Mapleson certainly was not fortunate in his choice of so obscure a theater; yet our performance of "Othello" drew, even if under difficulties, a public generous of applause. After the seventh repetition of the Moor of Venice I fell seriously ill, tortured by a carbuncle between the shoulder-blades which gave me intense suffering. For seventeen days I could not close my eyes, and when wearied nature could no longer resist sleep, the lancinating spasms of my torment counterbalanced the refreshment. The Prince of Wales showed me the thoughtful attention of sending me his own physician, who after consultation declared that my days were numbered. Fortunately he was mistaken; but the gloomy opinion spread, and several newspapers mentioned it. My sole anxiety was the fear that it would reach my wife's ears, and to prevent her from setting out to join me, and spare her the fatigues of the journey and a great anxiety, which would surely have been injurious to her in her condition, I sent her word that a severe attack of rheumatism in my right shoulder prevented me from writing to her with my own hand. In this state of affairs I saw that even if I were to get well I should be an invalid for several months, and I determined to discharge my company and shoulder the financial loss. Although my doctor sought to console me with hopeful words, from the impression betrayed by my dear and good friends who came to see me, I was convinced that all was over with me. Some of them had hardly entered the room and caught sight of me, when they fled without speaking, covering their eyes with their hands, and making other manifestations of grief.

Fate willed that my illness should gradually assume a less alarming character; and after three days, during which I was given up, the doctor declared that the danger was past, but that I should have to undergo, as I had anticipated,

a long convalescence. My appetite returned a little, I was able to keep up my strength with good wine, and soon I was assured that I should live to see again my family and my native land. As soon as I could stand on my feet I arranged everything for my departure. I stopped for two days in Paris to rest. Ristori, who was staying in that capital with her family, had previously invited me to spend a day with her, and she was astonished at my emaciation and at the alteration in my features. When at last I reached Florence, I had to explain everything to my wife, who gave herself up to a torrent of tears at the thought of my danger, and of how she had been cut off from succoring me in this painful experience.

VIENNA.

AFTER a period of rest with my family at San Marcello and Antiguano, I returned to Florence with my health perfectly regained, and with all my former energy, and formed a new company with the purpose of going to Austria and Germany. To secure the applause of a public accustomed to weigh in the balance artists as conscientious, as thoughtful, and as philosophic as the Germans was a prize not to be despised, and I desired to win it. On February 22, 1877, I opened at the Ring Theater in Vienna, with the indispensable "Othello," and although the audience, with a few exceptions, did not understand a word I uttered, I flattered myself that I was received with favor. This confusion of tongues, which, as we are taught, God brought about as a punishment upon the builders of the Tower of Babel, might, one would think, be revoked after so many years, so that all might use one language. But this is not to be! To-day every ignorant person speaks one language; one who respects himself must be master of two; an educated man must know three or four; and a learned man is necessarily a polyglot. Yet it seems to me that all the time that must be spent in the study of language is wasted, and that it could be given much more fruitfully to the acquisition of the sciences. I envy those who can learn many tongues with ease, for this gift has never developed in me; and in Vienna, particularly, because of this, I suffered some embarrassment. We Italians have, however, a facility in making ourselves understood without speaking, supplying the lack of words by gestures, and by the mobility of our expression, and by these means I was often able to unravel difficulties. The most lively interest in my playing was shown by the artists of the Burg Theater, some of whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately; and I shall always cherish the recollection of the courtesies which I received from Sonnenthal, Lewinsky, Mitterwusser, and the clever and amiable wife of the last. The Viennese are full of enthusiasm for the arts; they honor and appreciate highly any one who rises above mediocrity, and give expression to their sentiments by the nightly homage to their favorite artists of a profusion of flowers and wreaths. I made such a collection of souvenirs that my lodgings were hardly large enough to hold them all. The press was unusually favorable to me, and from the translations which I procured of the articles concerning me I found that little or nothing had escaped appreciation of all that I had expected would be lost on account of my foreign idiom. I do not refer to the praises which were addressed to me, but to the detailed studies of my conceptions. There were just observations, judgments seriously weighed, urbane and dignified criticisms, and praise unmarred by exaggeration: nothing could be more correct, more wise, more conscientious.

The German actors have one most valuable quality — that of studying much, a feature which in general is wanting in us Italians, for we are wont to fancy that we have done much study when in fact our preparation is still insufficient. The Germans are more patient in application; they investigate with accuracy the personage whom they are to play, and they lead all the actors of the world in their talent for merging their own personality in that of their rôle. It may be that they are somewhat lacking in life, that they do not rise to the feverish heights of passion, but always remain calm and collected; but what harmony and precision in the whole! One might imagine that they were guided by a mathematical study, as it were, of their art, and that they had undertaken to put it into methodical practice. From this come that unison, that evenness of the whole, which have earned such high encomiums for the Meininger Company. The great actress Wolter, the Ristori of the North, by her intellectual qualities stands in the first rank among the actresses of the century. In talent and penetration, and in identification of herself with her rôles, she is second to none, and she is not wanting in a spark of genius to illuminate her carefully elaborated interpretations.

I remained at Vienna from February 22 to April 8, and played twenty-five times, in "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," the "Gladiator," the "Morte Civile," "David Garrick," and "Ingomar." I made the acquaintance of the author of the last very beautiful and interesting composition, Baron von Bellinhausen, who wrote under the pseudonym of F. Halm, and he was kind enough to declare me his most successful interpreter. If you can only succeed in an enterprise, your temerity in hav-

ing attempted it will always be condoned; and it was in truth a temerity on my part to play in Vienna a German piece which had already been admirably presented by celebrated actors. But "fortune favors the brave!"

A RECITATION AT DOM PEDRO'S.

During my season in Vienna, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Emperor of Brazil, and the most erudite crowned head of the century, was expected in that city. One morning at eight o'clock the secretary of the Brazilian legation came to my hotel to announce to me that the Emperor Dom Pedro desired to see me as soon as possible. I dressed at once, and at nine I was in the presence of his majesty. As soon as he saw me he said to me in pure Italian, and with as much eagerness as if he were asking me to save his throne: "Salvini, you must do me a service!" I was somewhat taken aback, for I did not see how I could be in a position to do service to an emperor. "Your Majesty," I said, "in what can I be so happy as to serve you?" He answered, "You must play the 'Morte Civile.'" I was reassured and breathed freely, and answered: "It will give me much pleasure, your Majesty; but I have already given the 'Morte Civile' five times, and I fear that the public may have had enough of it." "Do it the sixth time for me," said the Emperor, "and never mind the public." I said: "Your Majesty's judgment outbalances that of an entire public, and your desire shall be satisfied as an honor to myself." On that evening all aristocratic Austria crowded the Ring Theater. During Dom Pedro's sojourn in Vienna, I was invited to recite Prati's poem "La Cena d'Alboino," in a large concert-hall, for the benefit of the Viennese students. In addition the entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music. Dom Pedro was among the first of the audience to arrive. While I was waiting my turn, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Francis Joseph invited Dom Pedro to go to the imperial palace on some pressing business. Dom Pedro was visibly annoyed, but he arose and left the hall, so I had to make my recitation without him as an auditor. Before he left Vienna, being unable to return all the innumerable attentions paid to him, he directed his minister to give a grand entertainment, and I was not forgotten. Unfortunately I had to play *Othello* on the night in question. Greatly fatigued as I always was by that play, when it was done I dressed, and went to the Brazilian minister's residence. The crowd of nobles and dignitaries, with all the feminine aristocracy of Vienna, was so dense as to make it almost impossible to pass from one room to another. I placed myself in a door-way, and perceived Dom Pedro before me, who, while talking with the Princess Metternich, kept turning his glance in my direction. Of a sudden he rose, and, coming straight up to me, he requested me to repeat the poem of Prati's of which he was so fond, and which he had been unable to hear at the Academy. I saw that I was lost.

"Your Majesty," said I, "I come from playing *Othello*, and my voice is rough from it; moreover I do not know whether it will be opportune for me to recite in Italian before these ladies and gentlemen who are not acquainted with the language."

"Never mind! Never mind!" he replied. "If these gentlemen do not understand, so much the worse for them; but you will do me a very great pleasure, for I am very fond of those verses of Prati's, whom I know personally."

How could I refuse? Soon the orchestra, which had been playing on a raised dais, passed into another room, and the dais was left free for my stage. Dom Pedro himself directed the placing of chairs in rows like those of a theater, and when all was ready, and the company had been informed of what I was to recite, the Emperor invited me to begin. I found that not all my audience were ignorant of Italian, for from time to time there were spontaneous cries of *Bravo!* and *Bene!* Some understood, some pretended to understand, and most understood not a word. My recitation was nevertheless effective, and when it was done I was surrounded by many beautiful ladies and by many gentlemen, who offered me abundant congratulations — perhaps to pay their court to the Emperor. Dom Pedro waited until the crowd had finished its phrases of admiration, and then approached me, much moved, and spoke in my ear only the words: "Sublime! Thank you." This was at about two o'clock, and I drove back to my lodgings so wearied and worn out that I could not sleep, by reason of my overwrought nerves. The next day I concluded that it was at no little sacrifice that one could win the admiration of an emperor. I ought, however, to be grateful to him, for after such an advertisement the Ring Theater was patronized by the best society during the remaining nights of my season.

PLAYING AT POTSDAM.

From Vienna I went to Pesth, thence to Prague, and then to Berlin. In the capital of Germany I met with a flattering greeting. I had the opportunity to know the most distinguished men in literature and in art. The court displayed much interest in my acting, and the old Emperor William particularly, as I judged, must have felt much sympathy for me,

for he would rise from his chair and go to the back of his box to applaud without being seen. It appears that etiquette imposed upon him reserve in open manifestation of approval. The Crown-princess Victoria, now the widow of the Emperor Frederick, honored me with undisguised marks of her approval, and did not lose a single one of my performances. People wanted me to petition for presentation at court, but I declined, for the reason that I did not care to expose myself to the humiliation of a refusal, and that if any of the august personages desired to know me personally, they had only to command my presence before them. It seemed that etiquette did not admit of that; but my feeling of delicacy kept me fixed in my resolution. At last I received a summons to present myself at court. I was received by the Crown-prince Frederick William and the Crown-princess Victoria, with all their children, then very small, and was treated with the greatest affability and courtesy. Among many questions which they put to me, they asked me whether I should have any objection to give a play with my company in the theater at Potsdam. I could not refuse so kindly an invitation. The evening and the play were decided upon. The next day a chamberlain came to ask me diplomatically what compensation I wished for giving this play at the private court theater. I answered that when I gave my coöperation for an entertainment outside of a public theater it was not my custom to fix a price, and that I would not do it. The chamberlain, however, insisted, saying that it was not proper that the court should accept a gift; to which I replied that it was not my intention to make a gift, and that I would ask as my compensation the gloves which the Crown-princess would have worn when applauding me. I had great trouble to persuade the diplomatic messenger to take back my answer, but he had to content himself with it. On the appointed day I took my company to Potsdam to play "Sullivan," a comedy for which only the dress of to-day is requisite. All my actors were lodged in a wing of the palace, where refreshments were provided, and I was invited to take my place in a carriage in which were the Crown-princess Victoria and her sons, and we drove to Sans Souci to visit the memorials to Frederick the Great and to Voltaire. The princess described every object and locality to me in detail, with the greatest interest and affability, together with all the memories attached to scenes so full of associations. Upon our return to the palace, I made ready to give my play. A sudden indisposition kept the old Emperor from being present. The small but graceful theater was literally packed with the official representatives of all nations, with the most distinguished of the nobility, the diplomatic corps, the magistracy, and the military. The performance was of glacial frigidity, for at court all applause is absolutely prohibited. After the play I was invited to take tea with the Crown-prince and Crown-princess, and I found myself in the midst of all these beautiful and elegant ladies and distinguished gentlemen, who plied me with questions, congratulations, and compliments. Of these one, which surpassed all the others both in its form and in its exquisite idea, was addressed to me by the Crown-princess, who said to me: "Since Rachel, you are the first, Salvini, to tread the stage at Potsdam; I think that its doors must be closed after so great an event!" And in fact the doors of the theater in Potsdam have not been reopened since my appearance there. I went away from Berlin delighted with the kindness and courtesy of the German court, and with a public of such intelligence; and upon my arrival at Trieste, where I stopped to make four appearances, I was informed by the German consul that there was an object addressed to me at the custom-house. I went there, and found a ring with a solitaire diamond, which had been sent to me by the Emperor William and the Crown-prince and Crown-princess, as a souvenir of my appearance at Potsdam.

Tommaso Salvini.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Idleness and Crime.

WE have shown in previous articles in this series that American boys, partly because of the passing away of the apprentice system, and partly because of the hostility of the foreign-controlled labor-unions, are virtually excluded from the mechanical trades. In the present article we shall endeavor to show what an injustice this exclusion is to the boys, and how serious are the consequences to the moral welfare of the whole country. We are bringing up our boys, or a very large proportion of them, in enforced idleness, turning over the fields of honorable and useful toil, which belong by natural right to them, to foreigners, nearly all of whom are ignorant, many of whom are vicious and depraved, and few of whom have any sympathy with American institutions and ways of life. What are the consequences? We will let statistics speak upon this point.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Robert P. Porter, the Superintendent of the Census, we have been allowed to examine the advance proof-sheets of the statistics relating to pauperism and crime, which have been col-

lected and prepared by the Rev. Frederick H. Wines, and which will be published some time during the present year as one of the volumes of the forthcoming Eleventh Census. These tables show that the number of white male prisoners in all the prisons, penitentiaries, and reformatory institutions in the United States in 1890 was 52,894. Of this number 38,156 were native-born; of 20,101 of these native-born, both parents were native; of 2729 of them, one parent was native; of 3560 of them, the nativity of one or both parents was unknown; of 11,766, both parents were foreign-born. Only 13,869 of the 52,894 prisoners were foreign-born. That is to say, nearly three fourths of the convicted criminals in the United States are born in this country, more than half of them of American parents, only a little more than one fourth being foreign-born.

This is a startling exhibit, but before commenting upon it, let us examine the figures which Mr. Wines has collected as to the occupations of prisoners at the time of their conviction. Of the 52,894, it appears that 31,426 had no trade whatever; and of this 31,426, no fewer than 23,144 were native-born. That is to say, nearly three-fourths of those who had become criminals through lack of occupation were Americans. Let us go a little further with Mr. Wines's valuable statistics, and examine the ages of the prisoners at the time of conviction. We find that 11,753 were between 20 and 24 years, 10,642 between 25 and 29 years, 7815 between 30 and 34 years, 5716 between 35 and 39 years, or a total of 36,126 between the ages of 20 and 40,—that is, nearly three fourths of the whole. The average age of all prisoners was less than 32 years; of native-born it was about 30 years, and of foreign-born it was about 31. Mr. Wines says, in a special bulletin on homicide, that of 4425 whites charged with that crime in 1890, 3157 were born in the United States, and he adds: "More than four fifths have no trade. The foreign-born and their children have much more generally acquired a trade than the native whites."

These figures tell their own story with such startling plainness that comment upon them seems scarcely necessary. What they show is that American boys are becoming criminals and filling our prisons, because of lack of occupation. They are denied the privilege of learning a trade, are brought up in idleness, and turned into the world with no means of earning an honest livelihood. It is an old story that idleness leads to vice and crime. In all our large cities there are thousands of boys coming to manhood every year who are denied the opportunity to fit themselves for upright, industrious, and useful lives because the doorway to every trade is shut and barred against them. It is in the large cities that the apprentice rules are most nearly prohibitive, yet it is these cities which offer the best field for mechanical labor, for the best work is done there. If a boy cannot learn his trade there, he cannot learn it thoroughly anywhere on the apprentice plan. It is to the cities that the swarms of foreign laborers come, finding ready admission to all trade-unions, and filling the places which American boys would have were they permitted to learn the trades.

As a nation we are shutting our own sons out of the field of American labor, thus filling our prisons and reformatories and almshouses with them, and are letting into that field for full possession hordes of foreigners who make it a menace to the safety of American institutions, and a constant peril to the peace and welfare of American society. Is this an enlightened policy for a nation to follow? Can we bring up our own sons to lives of idleness and crime, and not reap the consequences in wide-spread national humiliation and disaster? Can we hope to make better citizens out of the socialists and anarchists and other degraded and disorderly elements of foreign countries than we can make out of our sons? If we could perform this miracle, should we still not be guilty of gross, heartless, and shameless neglect of our own offspring?

The evil consequences increase with every year. Statistics of crime show that the proportion of criminals to population has been increasing steadily and rapidly since 1850. In that year we had one criminal to every 3500 of population. In 1890 we have one for every 786.5 of population. This is an increase of 445 per cent. in criminals as compared with an increase of 170 per cent. in population. We cannot charge this increase to our large foreign immigration, because, as the figures cited by us show, nearly three fourths of all our criminals are native-born.

Aside from all moral and political aspects of the case, the pecuniary cost of such a policy is a very serious matter. There are fifty large penitentiaries and over 17,000 county jails in the country, as well as almost innumerable other places of imprisonment. The cost of construction of these institutions has been estimated by good authorities as exceeding $500,000,000. The cost of maintenance is well nigh incalculable.

In every way in which the matter is viewed, the folly of it is apparent, but all other aspects of it sink into insignificance when compared with the injustice which it inflicts upon our sons. No right-thinking American who loves his fellow-man, and has the welfare and honor of his country at heart, can contemplate this without shame and anxiety. One fifth of our entire able-bodied male population is engaged in the mechanic arts. Shall this great body be made up of self-respecting, enlightened American citizens, or shall it be made up of foreigners, more or less disorderly and ignorant, and almost entirely un-American in sentiment? These are questions which every American ought to ponder, and when he has pondered them there can be no doubt of his answer. In subsequent articles we shall treat of the remedies for the present situation, viewing them in the light of the experience of other countries.

A Word Further as to Gold and Silver.

WE have received a very large number of letters in regard to our recent editorial articles on "Two Values of the Silver Dollar" and "Has Gold Appreciated in Value?" It is impossible to publish these, or to reply separately to the questions asked in them; but, as many of the letters touch upon the same general points, we shall endeavor to make the answer to these satisfactory to all our correspondents.

In regard to the first-named article, several correspondents in Colorado have objected because we stated that the silver dollars and silver certificates issued under the Bland act of 1878 were, like the treasury notes issued under the Sherman act of 1890, redeemable in gold. Since that article was written, two most important declarations have been made as

to the policy of the national administration toward silver. The first was given out by President Cleveland on April 23, and in it he said: "The President and his Cabinet are absolutely harmonious in the determination to exercise every power conferred upon them to maintain the public credit, *to keep the public faith, and to preserve the parity between gold and silver and between all financial obligations of the Government.*" The second one was given out by Secretary Carlisle on June 13, in which, after making a statement of the silver, silver certificates, and treasury notes issued, treating all as equal members of our common stock of silver obligations, he quoted the clause of the Sherman act of 1890 in which it is declared to be the "established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other," etc., and then said: "In the execution of this declared policy of Congress, it is the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury, when the necessity arises, to exercise all the powers conferred upon him by law, in order *to keep the Government in a condition to redeem its obligations in such coin as may be demanded, and to prevent the depreciation of either as compared with the other.*"

No exception is made, in either of these declarations, of the silver dollars and silver certificates, aggregating $378,166,793, which were issued under the Bland act during the twelve years of its existence. Of this amount, $330,997,504 were in certificates. According to Mr. Carlisle's statement, the total coinage of silver dollars under all acts since 1878 has been $419,294,835, and of this great total only $58,016,010 have passed into actual circulation. What our Colorado correspondents assume is, that $378,000,000 of the $419,000,000 of legal-tender silver money in circulation, or more than three fourths of it, is not redeemable in gold, and that both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury do not refer to these three fourths when they speak of the Government's obligations. The assumption is preposterous on its face. If it were true, silver would long since have dropped to its own level, and the country would to-day be upon the silver standard. If our Colorado critics will read the language of the Bland act in regard to the silver certificates, and then read the language of the Sherman act in regard to the treasury notes, they will see that the phraseology as to what both shall be receivable for, is identical in the two cases. Of the silver certificates the Bland act says: "Such certificates shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received, may be reissued." Of the treasury notes the Sherman act says, they shall be redeemable on demand, in coin, and "shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received, may be reissued." It is true that the Bland act also says that the silver coin deposited for, or representing, the certificates shall be retained in the treasury for the payment of the same; but that does not affect their value so long as the Government adheres to its policy of maintaining gold and silver at a parity. In fact, the declaration of the Sherman act, in regard to the "established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law," settles the status of all silver dollars and silver certificates. They all buy a gold dollar's worth of goods, buy a gold dollar's worth of taxes or customs duties, and if not technically redeemable in gold, are practically so, for they are interchangeable with treasury notes, which are so redeemable. They circulate side by side with the treasury notes and national-bank notes, and are able to do so because the Government's credit is behind them.

In regard to the question of appreciation in the value of gold, the following, by a reader in Holton, Kansas, is typical of many others which have reached us:

> You would greatly oblige myself,—a constant reader of your monetary articles in THE CENTURY,—as well as many others who, I am led to believe, are not clearly satisfied as to the ample supply of gold to make a single standard of it, if you would inform us, through the columns of THE CENTURY, whether there is enough gold to maintain a single standard.

The talk about there not being enough gold in the world to do the business of the world, has been heard with more or less constancy since 1873. Previous to that time, there was no question of the kind heard. Since 1873, the world's stock of gold, as the annual reports of the Director of the Mint show, has been increased by the addition of about $1,500,000,000. Dr. Soetbeer estimates the production of gold since the end of the fifteenth century to have been $7,549,596,900. As we pointed out in our previous article, the stock of gold does not disappear with use, the annual supply is added to the total supply previously existing, and the total stock to-day is very much larger than it ever was before. The highest authorities on the subject have no doubt that there is an ample supply for the business of the world to conduct its trade upon. They point out, as we did in our previous article, that the tendency of the age is to use continually less and less coin in the transaction of business, and that there never was a period in the world's commercial history when the existing quantity of gold was so large as it is now, in proportion to the uses or purposes it has to serve.

As to the relation between the amount of gold in the world and the amount of business of the world, there is no means for calculating that; but, as Mr. Wells points out in his "Recent Economic Changes," the function of gold, as a medium of exchange, is rapidly diminishing in importance by the supplementation of other and better agencies, while the function of gold as a measurer or verifier of values is increasing. It is because of its exemption from value fluctuations that the whole civilized world is turning to it as the one safe standard of value, and it is because of the uncertain and fluctuating value of silver, that one nation after another has been compelled to abandon that metal as such standard. Why should the United States have fears about the gold supply which no other nation has? If the leading nations of Europe can run the risk of a scarcity, we certainly can do the same. The "scant supply" talk is, in fact, the last bugaboo of the free silver coinage advocates, and, like all their previous bugaboos, ought not to alarm anybody. Before this number of THE CENTURY reaches its readers, we trust that Congress will have taken the first step toward putting the American republic abreast with the financial intelligence of the rest of the world by the unconditional repeal of the bullion purchase clause of the Sherman law. The simple truth is, that silver has ceased to be a precious metal, and nothing that all the nations of the earth can do to restore it to its lost position will affect it a particle. It is a victim of the laws of nature.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Use and Abuse of Executive Clemency.

THE recent pardon of the three anarchists confined in Joliet Prison for their share in the frightful Haymarket massacre of 1886 has brought into renewed prominence the dangerous manner in which the exercise of executive clemency may be abused. By his action in this case Governor Altgeld has perverted the fundamental theory of the pardoning power. He has invaded the jurisdiction of the courts by re-trying the case and examining the law and the facts — a duty which, under our system of government, is left to the judge and jury. In brief, he, who, as chief executive of the State, is bound to exert his utmost power to defend the law, has in this instance seemingly done his best to bring its administration into contempt. The exercise of the pardoning power should be so regulated as to subserve the best interests of the State. Governor Altgeld, however, has used the power of his high office, not to strengthen the hands of those whose duty it is to uphold law and order, but to rebuke and humiliate them.

The necessity for the existence of some power to pardon persons convicted of crime is recognized by everybody. Kent declares that such a power is indispensable, "since, otherwise, men would sometimes fall a prey to the vindictiveness of accusers, the inaccuracy of testimony, and the fallibility of jurors and courts." The exercise of executive clemency is not in itself obnoxious to the general sense of the nation, which is always willing to see justice tempered with mercy. Public opinion, therefore, may be divided as to the propriety of remitting the unexpired portions of the sentences imposed upon the Chicago anarchists, but it is unanimous in resenting the manner in which this particular act of executive mercy was performed. What peculiar facilities has the governor of Illinois for reversing of his own motion, and without any possibility of adequate examination, a case which was subjected to a full and exhaustive review by the Appellate Court of Illinois, and by the Supreme Court of the United States, both of which sustained the verdict of the lower court? Governor Altgeld had an undoubted right to pardon these prisoners if he so desired, but he had no right to assume the functions of an appellate court. He did not stop with the exercise of his prerogative. He was not content with simply pardoning the prisoners, but assumed to review the case and decide upon the legal points, — an unheard-of proceeding, — and then went out of his way to attack at great length the court before which the offenders were tried, the methods used at the trial, the rulings of the judge, and the verdict of the jury.

As everybody knows, there are three great divisions of authority in the government of every State — the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary. For a governor so to encroach upon the functions of the judiciary is a very dangerous thing. Indeed, the pardoning power could not be used more unwisely than by presuming to retry a case, and reverse and overturn all the collected and corroborative decisions of the courts which have considered it. Nothing can be more dangerous to good government than for an executive to interfere with the other two departments of the government, assuming to do their work for them, and differently.

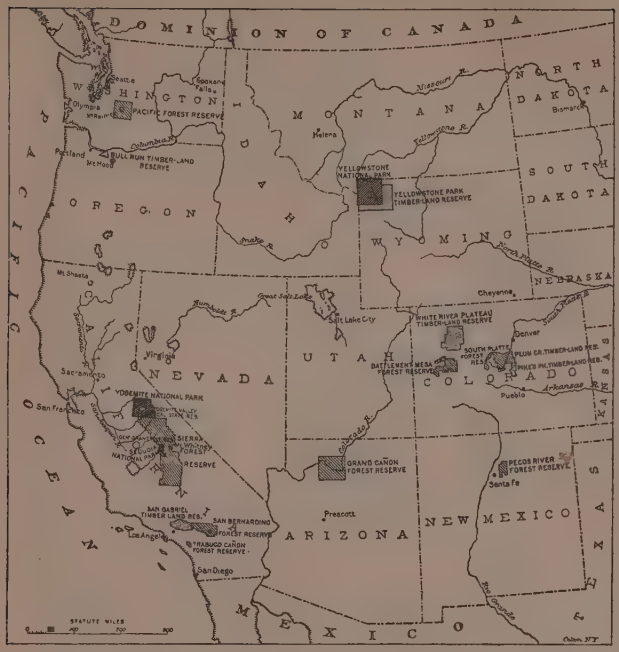
A bill was introduced in the New York legislature last winter which sought to take from the executive the power of pardon, allowing pardons to be granted by the courts alone, upon the presentation of new evidence of an extenuating nature. It is urged that the pardoning power is a judicial function, and that its lodgment in the executive is an anomaly in our institutions. It is also argued that the power is too important to be intrusted to a single official, especially a governor, who is usually overburdened with administrative duties, and who must find it impossible to devote the time necessary to a proper consideration of the numerous cases which are constantly before him. There is much to be said on that side of the question, but it should be remembered that there have been flagrant abuses of the pardoning power in States where the governor does not exercise the power. New Jersey, for instance, has a Court of Pardons; yet in New Jersey not long since the Jersey City ballot-box stuffers were set free through the action of this court. In at least twenty-eight States the pardoning power is vested in the governor alone. He may pardon a criminal without assigning any reasons for so doing, though as a rule the grounds upon which his decision is based are made public. If, however, he sees fit to review the decision of the trial court, and by his own pardon to annul its action, a governor should at least refrain from commenting unfavorably upon the action of the judiciary, which is an independent branch of the government. Such criticism on his part is calculated to work national mischief, since it naturally inspires the criminal classes with contempt for our courts and judicial methods.

Charles Robinson.

Our New National Forest Reserves.

SOME misapprehension exists as to the real meaning and further consequences of the forest-reservation policy recently inaugurated by the General government. The fifteen great timber-land tracts reserved by the proclamations of President Harrison, upon the recommendations of Secretary Noble, are not national parks, although it is hoped that several will become such. The policy of creating such pleasure-grounds as the Yellowstone, Sequoia, General Grant, and Yosemite National Parks does not want for approval or defenders against the few settlers, miners, and herders who resent the withdrawal of such tracts from the public domain. Sentiment applauds the preservation of the natural scenery and the many objects of wonder and interest in those Rocky Mountain and Sierra parks, which under the care of the General government are to be enjoyed by the people for all time.

The practical and far-seeing policy of creating gov-



NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVATIONS. DRAWN BY G. W. COLTON.

ernment forests and timber-land reserves must be popularized by campaigns of education, argument, and proof in the immediate region of the reserves. These forest tracts are reserved as climatic agents in equalizing temperatures; as protective measures to guard, preserve, and regulate the water-supply of neighboring agricultural regions; and as economic measures to preserve and cultivate supplies of timber for a time when the present reckless and wasteful lumbering system will have exhausted all forests not owned and reserved by the Government. Such reservations have been opposed in many sections by the very classes to be benefited and protected by the reserves. The average American, living only for the present day and the dollars of the moment, in this extravagant age of wood does not consider the lumberless condition of the next century, when wood will rank with metal as in Europe, when wood will be little used as a building material, when rails will be laid on metal ties, and stone piers and docks replace our wooden wharves resting on acres of piles. The guarding of the water-supply is the only argument that appeals to Western settlers, and several Colorado valleys with empty flumes and irrigation ditches already offer object-lessons as to the effect of wholesale forest destruction on any watershed.

Germany and France learned a century ago that forest destruction dried up the rivers, turned fertile plains to deserts, and increased climatic extremes. In those countries, forestry is an established profession, and wood-crops are cultivated as much as root or cereal crops. Russia has lately been taught the severe lesson of forest destruction, and in French and German schools has trained foresters to preserve and manage its timber lands and redeem its wastes. India, Australia, and Canada have systems of forest preservation and management. The government forests in India return an average net revenue of $300,000 a year. Great forest fires are a thing of a past dark age in Canada, and its lumbermen coöperate with the Dominion authorities in protecting the forests.

The United States alone lags behind the age. It did not learn from others' experience to reserve in the beginning all timber lands for the General government, to derive a perpetual revenue from them, besides guarding the best interests of the people thereby. The Timber Culture Laws were a failure, as only ten per cent. of nearly 31,000,000 acres taken up were planted with trees as required. More government timber is destroyed by fire each year than is used by the people. In addition to $8,000,000 annually lost in burned timber, the Government recovers an average of but one thirtieth of the value of timber stolen.

The United States sells its forest lands at $2.50 an acre, lumber companies indirectly acquiring a square mile of land for little over $1600, while the timber on it is often worth $20,000. The French government forests return an average profit of $2.50 an acre annually from timber sales, or two and a half per cent. interest on the value of the land. The United States now owns only enough forest land to provide a continual timber-supply to its present population, if forests are managed and lumber used as in Germany. The United States is exactly in the position of a man making large drafts on and using up an immense idle capital, which, if properly invested, would return an intefest sufficient for his expenditures. In 1885 the government of Bavaria sent an expert forester to study the timbers of the United States, who stated: "In fifty years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably have a preference for American kinds, we shall now begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."[1]

The European is amazed at the reckless destruction by lumbering in our Eastern States; Eastern lumbermen comment upon the wasteful methods of Northwest and California lumbermen; while John Muir of California has remarked that in Washington trees are evidently "a larger sort of pernicious weed," to be got rid of in every way possible.

The forest lands in the Eastern and Middle States are all under private control, and will have to be purchased back by the States or associations, if protective forests for guarding the watersheds are to be established. New York State, while holding 715,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack region, contemplates a protec-

[1] See Report of the Division of Forestry, United States Department of Agriculture, 1890. B. E. Fernow, Chief of Division.

tive reserve of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 acres, by the purchase of adjoining tracts. The forests of the Adirondack League, covering 93,000 acres, were the first timber tract in the United States to undergo systematic forest management. Mr. George Vanderbilt's 10,000 acres in North Carolina form the first private estate where forestry is practised—*i. e.*, a treatment of forest areas based upon scientific and rational principles, upon a knowledge of physical, physiological, and economic facts. The citizens of New Hampshire have voluntarily contributed to a fund for saving the remaining forest tracts in the White Mountain region, and the legislature of that State will doubtless take steps to acquire and manage permanent State forests. The Chickamauga Military Park Association is enlarging its area, and will save the acres of hemlock forests which the Tennessee tanning companies are destroying for the bark alone. The General government has lately ceded 40,000 acres of forest lands to the State of Minnesota for a public park. Professor Fernow, chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, in his annual pleas for the reservation and rational management of the government forest lands, has often urged that abandoned military reservations should be planted to forests for the benefit of the adjoining agricultural lands. The methods and benefits of systematic planting and care might be profitably exhibited on all military reservations in the United States, and model arboretums thus created throughout the Western States particularly.

The first steps of inquiry into the extent of forest areas of the United States were taken in August, 1876, when Congress, after repeated appeals, called upon the Commissioner of Agriculture for a report upon the timber lands and forest products of the United States. Professor Sargent's report on the woods and forests of the United States, in the report of the Tenth Census (1880), again called attention to the situation and its needs. A forestry division was established in the Bureau of Agriculture in 1881, but its only work for twelve years has been collecting data, furnishing statistics, and persistently urging and proving the necessity for the Government's reserving and systematically managing the fraction of forest lands remaining in its possession. Since 1882, the Forestry Division has had encouragement and practical aid from the American Forestry Association, which has regularly memorialized Congress, and through its attorneys argued the Government into reserving a part of its forest lands. The association has membership in thirty-four States, and has been instrumental in the organization of State forestry commissions. Its publications[1] supplement the able reports of Professor B. E. Fernow, and continue a campaign of education and enlightenment.

The Timber Culture Laws were repealed by act of Congress, March 3, 1891, and a final clause, which the American Forestry Association has the credit of originating and attaching, provided.

> Sec. 24. That the President of the United States may, from time to time, set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public land bearing forests, any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations, and the President shall, by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation and the limits thereof.

In accordance with this act, Secretary Noble, after investigation by the General Land Office, made recommendations, and President Harrison issued proclamations, withdrawing from entry or sale these fifteen tracts of forest lands, their combined area, exclusive of the Afognak Reserve in Alaska, amounting to about twenty thousand square miles, or about thirteen million acres.

Reserves.	*Date of President's Proclamation.*	*Area.*	
		Square Miles.	*Acres.*
ALASKA—			
Afognak Island, Kadiak Group. Fish-Culture and Timber Reserve	Dec. 24, 1892.		
ARIZONA—			
Grand Cañon Forest Reserve. In Coconino Co.	Feb. 20, 1893.	2,893	1,851,520
CALIFORNIA—			
San Gabriel Timber Land Reserve. In Los Angeles and San Bernardino Cos.	Dec. 20, 1892.	868	555,520
Sierra Forest Reserve. In Mono, Mariposa, Fresno, Tulare, Inyo, and Kern Cos	Feb. 14, 1893.	6,400	4,096,000
San Bernardino Forest Reserve. In San Bernardino Co	Feb. 25, 1893.	1,152	737,280
Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve. In Orange Co.	Feb. 25, 1893.	78	49,920
COLORADO—			
White River Plateau Timber Land Reserve. In Routt, Rio Blanco, Garfield, and Eagle Cos	Oct. 16, 1891.	1,872	1,198,080
Pike's Peak Timber Land Reserve. In El Paso Co.	Feb. 11, 1892, and supplemented March 18, 1892.	288	184,320
Plum Creek Timber Land Reserve. In Douglass Co.	June 23, 1892.	280	172,200
South Platte Forest Reserve. In Park, Jefferson, Summit, and Chaffee Cos.	Dec. 9, 1892.	1,068	683,520
Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve. In Garfield, Mesa, Pitkin, Delta, and Gunnison Cos.	Dec. 24, 1892.	1,341	858,240
NEW MEXICO—			
Pecos River Forest Reserve. In Santa Fé, San Miguel, Rio Arriba, and Taos Cos.	Jan. 11, 1892.	486	311,040
OREGON—			
Bull Run Timber Land Reserve. In Multnomah, Wasco, and Clackamas Cos.	June 17, 1892.	222	142.080
WASHINGTON—			
Pacific Forest Reserve. In Pierce, Kittitas, Lewis, and Yakima Cos.	Feb. 20, 1893.	1,512	967,680
WYOMING—			
Yellowstone National Park Timber Land Reserve. On the South and East of the Yellowstone National Park	March 30, 1891, supplemented Sept. 10, 1891.	1,936	1,239,040

Actual settlers and miners within the boundaries are not interfered with, but as such reservation prevents any additions to the little communities, these pioneers will naturally be inclined to seek more populous neigh-

[1] See also "Publications of the American Economic Association of Baltimore, Maryland," Vol. VI., No. 3, containing three papers on forest administration read at a joint session of the American Economic and American Forestry Associations, December, 1890, by Messrs. Gifford Pinchot, Edward A. Bowers, and B. E. Fernow, which furnish an epitome of the whole subject.

borhoods. While the natural scenery and the wild game are preserved as in a national park, the proper administration and preservation of these protective and economic forests will benefit the adjoining regions, and their treatment upon the best economic principles furnish object-lessons to private owners of forest lands. They must be protected from fire and depredations if nothing else can be done. The preservation of the underbrush and the "forest cover,"—the thick mat of leaves and twigs covering the soil,—upon which tree growth and even water flow so greatly depend, are next considerations, and broad fire lanes must be cut to enable even the temporary patrols to save the forests until they are in charge of foresters. The extension of the Yellowstone National Park was the first reserve made under the new act, and the first proclamation followed as quickly as the necessary plats and papers could be made out. It saved to the people the forest lands bordering the park, and it prevented the vandal plan of lopping off a great corner of the park, which the Cooke City miners proposed as an alternative to running a railway line through the park itself. This forest belt further insured the preservation of the park scenery, and it added to that demesne the picturesque Absaroka range, sheltering the head waters of several streams and breeding-grounds of elk and other large game.

Afognak, the second island in size of the Kadiak group in southern Alaska, was reserved at the instance of the United States Fish Commissioners as a fish-culture and timber reserve. The great forest belt of the northwest coast, the rainiest and most densely wooded region in the world, ends at the Kadiak line. All this wooded coast region of Alaska is virtually a timber reserve. The general land laws have never been extended to that territory. Only mineral claims and town sites may be entered. The great salmon fisheries are not leased or supervised in any way by the Government. Cannery owners may settle upon and purchase any lands needed in one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tracts, at $1.25 an acre. They may exhaust the streams, drive away the fish, use any nets or methods they wish, disregard even a weekly close season, and deprive the Indians of their chief food supply by thus usurping their hereditary fishing-grounds. They pay no taxes on buildings, boats, nets, catch, or shipments, and do not require any license. They may not cut timber save on their own tracts, nor ship any lumber out of the territory.

Some of the most important reserves were made in the last fortnight of Secretary Noble's term of office, among them that bordering the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona. This great tract of nearly two million acres is almost square. Its lines begin five miles east of the Hualpai Indian Reservation, which tourists cross in driving from Peach Springs station, on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to the cañon. The reserve holds nearly one hundred miles of the finest cañons, including the western end of Marble Cañon, and among other lookouts Spanish Point, from which Coronado viewed the wonderful gorge in 1542. It preserves the extensive Coconino forests lying south of the cañon's edge, and many plateaus covered with dense growths of *Pinus ponderosa*. The first thought of those who favored this reservation was the protection of the marvelous scenery of the region, while the Forestry Division regards it as one of the most important reserves for the benefits it secures to future residents of the adjoining regions.

Secretary Noble merely withdrew from entry the two tracts of land in eastern Arizona covered with the fragments of the petrified forests, admitting that the Supreme Court might decide that petrified forests were not legitimate timber reserves under the provisions of the act. The withdrawal of these lands prevents the petrified forests from falling into the hands of speculators and toll-collectors when increased travel and railroad extension shall have made Arizona's wonders more accessible. Future legislation may empower the President to proclaim them as national parks or protected reserves.

California has gained much by the new forest policy, and the most important of all the reserves made, as regards its immediate benefit to the greatest number of people, is the vast Sierra Forest Reserve, of 6400 square miles, or 4,096,000 acres, in southern California. The proclamation of February 14, 1893, set aside this great tract, which, beginning at the southern boundaries of the Yosemite National Park, forms with that tract, the Sequoia, and the General Grant National Parks a continuous public reservation running for 220 miles along the crest of the Sierras, and averaging about fifty miles in width. It protects the watersheds of eight rivers and hundreds of tributary streams draining into the San Joaquin River, and preserves the water-supply of half that great agricultural valley. In these forests are many scattered groups and groves of giant sequoias, belts of magnificent sugar-pines, and other growths peculiar to the Sierras. Mount Whitney (14,898 feet) and the highest peaks of the range are within the reserve, and the cañons of the King and Kern rivers, which with the Tuolumne and American River cañons in the Yosemite National Park provide as many more rival Yosemites for the enjoyment of the people. The value of this reserve as a protective and economic measure cannot fail to be appreciated by agriculturists dependent upon irrigating systems in other parts of the State, and to hasten the policy suggested by so practical a man and miner as the late Senator George Hearst of California, who believed that all Sierra and other mountain lands above a certain elevation should be reserved by the General government. Nothing could better conduce to the future prosperity of the Pacific States than to have such a mountain-summit reserve extending from the Mojave desert to British Columbia on the Sierra and Cascade lines, and another stretching from the redwood regions of Humboldt and Mendocino counties along the Coast and Olympic ranges to the Straits of Fuca.

The San Gabriel Timber Land Reserve, lying along the Sierra Madre range north of Los Angeles from Salidad Cañon to Cajon Pass, protects the watershed of the San Gabriel and Los Angeles rivers, and insures the continued fertility of the beautiful valley at the base of the mountains. The San Bernardino Forest Reserve adjoins it, extending from Cajon Pass to San Gorgonio, and protecting the watershed of the Santa Ana river, whose tributaries supply the Colton and Riverside citrus regions. The little Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve preserves the forests along the Santa Ana slopes near the coast, and insures the water-supply of the Santa Ana and Capistrano regions.

The Colorado forest reserves have been urged and

applauded by the State Forestry Association, but the Colorado senators, representing miners, settlers, and other objectors, have succeeded in restricting the area of the reserves, and delaying action upon reserves already determined. The Pike's Peak Timber Reserve, some thirty miles long and ten miles wide, surrounds the great landmark of the plains with a protective inclosure. The Plum Creek Reserve joins it on the north, and the South Platte Reserve joins the latter on the west, the three reserves forming a large irregular tract in the very center of the State, covering the wildest of the mountain region between Denver and Leadville. This preserves the remaining forests, protects the head waters of the South Platte and many feeders of the Arkansas, and, insuring the water-supply of Denver and other towns at the edge of the plains, has a considerable influence upon the fertility of the adjoining prairie.

The White River Plateau Reserve to the northwest of these central forest tracts is the largest in the State. It was reduced to its present size from an originally larger reserve, and settlers and miners are making every effort now to have it further reduced in their interests. The tract shelters the head waters of the White, Green, and Grand rivers, and preserves much natural scenery. The Battlement Mesa Reserve lies along the range between the Grand and the Gunnison rivers, holding the sources of many of their tributaries, and surrounds the Grand and Battlement Mesas with their strange formations and picturesque groupings.

The Pecos River Reserve in New Mexico preserves the thin forests along the crest of the mountains north of Santa Fé and Las Vegas, protecting the water-supplies of those places and the adjoining plains, occupied by agriculturists and stock-raisers.

Secretary Noble was able to make but one reserve in the State of Oregon. The Bull Run Reserve, which might have enjoyed several other equally descriptive and more attractive names, slopes from the northwest side of Mount Hood almost to the banks of the Columbia. It protects the head waters of Bull Run, Hood River, and the Multnomah, whose beautiful fall on the banks of the Columbia near the Cascades is the chief object of beauty seen by travelers between The Dalles and Portland. It is greatly to be regretted that the snowy peak of Mount Hood (11,225 feet) was not at that time made the center of a reserve four or six times the size of this trifling Bull Run tract.

The Pacific Forest Reserve, immediately surrounding the peak of Mount Rainier, is in form nearly square, measuring forty-two miles from north to south and thirty-six miles from east to west. The reserve is seen from the cities of Tacoma and Seattle, and its boundaries are almost touched by the Northern Pacific Railway at Stampede Pass, at Wilkeson, and at Carbonado. The natural scenery in the reserve is not surpassed by anything in the Sierras, and the densest of the Cascade forests clothe its slopes. The proclamation declaring the reserve was delayed several weeks by a contest between the citizens of Seattle and Tacoma as to the name the tract should bear—whether the Mount Rainier or the Mount Tacoma Reserve should be established. The same controversy, once settled by the decision of the United States Board of Geographic Names that Vancouver's name, Mount Rainier, must remain unchanged on all government maps, charts, and publications, again raged in the two communities last winter. "Cascade Reserve" should have been the name by all rights, Rainier being the highest (14,444 feet) peak of that range, but that title having been chosen for an Oregon reserve then under consideration. "Pacific" was chosen because the Pacific Ocean may be seen from Rainier's summit, the highest point within the reserve. Only thirty-eight people in all have reached the summit of Mount Rainier, and not all of them saw the ocean, 120 miles distant, at the base of the Olympic range. The Pacific Reserve holds so much natural scenery, so much of interest and wonder, that it is certain to become a national park, with hotels, roads, and trails. Its great attractions, besides the twin craters and steaming ice caves at the summit, are the dozen splendid glaciers descending by magnificent ice-falls to the level of a thousand feet; the many curious evidences of volcanic action; the circle of beautiful parks near the timber line, with lakes and trout-streams, lesser cones and craters; a wonderful flora, and forests which are fancifully said to be those of the Carboniferous age. The great peak has been ascended as late as October, and experienced Sierra climbers pronounce the view from Eagle Cliff, near the west border of the reserve, the finest mountain view on the Pacific coast, far surpassing the outlook from Inspiration Point on the Yosemite's edge. When this reserve is declared a park, some more appropriate name, as Tahoma, Puyallup, Nisqually, Conifer, Cascade, or, best of all, Glacier Park may be adopted.

Fearful destruction has been wrought in this reserve by forest fires already, and its further protection should be a matter of pride with citizens of Washington until the General government has authority to patrol and protect it. With all the rank, luxuriant growth of the Cascade region, the tracts burned by a retreating band of Nisqually Indians in 1853 have not recovered their forest growths naturally, even after forty years. Bleached trunks and stumps alone show above the acres of bush and scrub undergrowth. Destructive floods and an unequal water-supply have already followed the ruin caused by fire and ax around the great mountain. Herders, campers, hunters, and mountain-climbers are responsible for many recent forest fires. A great tract was but lately desolated in order to open a trail up Nisqually bluff to the camping-grounds in Paradise Valley. Campers have fired many trees in the high parks for the pleasure of seeing the moss-hung spruces swept by sheets of flame, or burn at night like huge signal-torches. Sheep-herders have destroyed forests of larches and miles of underbrush on the eastern slopes by firing the grassy parks in the fall.

Additional forest reserves were contemplated in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, California, and Washington; and Secretary Noble's recommendations waited only upon President Harrison's attaching his signature to the necessary proclamations. While heartily in accord with his Secretary of the Interior, President Harrison preferred leaving these reservations to be considered and acted upon by the new administration. Since there is no protection or management provided for the reserves already proclaimed, they are saved from settlers' and lumbermen's axes, only to be left to the mercy of any careless or malicious persons who may fire them. Two bills were introduced in the last Congress looking to the protection and management of these government forests, but neither became a law.

The Paddock bill, introduced in the Senate, June, 1892, provided for a thorough system of forest management by the Department of Agriculture, with a competent commissioner and inspector, resident foresters and rangers, "to protect and improve the forest cover within the reservations, for the purpose of securing favorable conditions of water flow and continuous supplies of timber to the people of the districts within which the reservations are situated." Military aid in protecting the reservations from fire and trespassers, and enforcing rules and regulations, was provided, also coöperation with State forest management. Land best adapted to agriculture was to be restored to the public domain; mining to be prosecuted within the reserves under special regulations, and wood to be cut under a system of licenses by lumbermen and others; cutting or removing timber, burning, injuring, tapping, or girdling timber, to be punished by fine and imprisonment upon judgment of any United States court or commissioner; ship-owners and railroad companies transporting any lumber or timber product unlawfully obtained to be liable to the same penalties; and all revenue derived from the reserves in any way to constitute a separate fund to be expended by the Secretary of Agriculture for the care and preservation of the reservations. This bill was drawn up at the instance of the American Forestry Association, and received the active support of its members, and the zealous attention of its attorney. It found a place on the calendar, but did not become a law. The McRae substitute bill in the House was introduced in January and reported in February, but failed of consideration by the Fifty-second Congress. The McRae bill provided only for the immediate protection of the reserves by troops; for selling timber of commercial value to the highest bidder; for restoring agricultural lands to the public domain; and for creating a fund for reservation use from timber sales.

The fact that the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day and President of the American Forestry Association, has since become the Secretary of Agriculture, to whom the management of the government forests will be intrusted, is promise enough of the attitude of the present administration toward the new national forest policy. The appointment of Mr. Edward A. Bowers, the secretary and formerly the attorney of the American Forestry Association, as Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office, is another assurance that the best interests of the Government and the people will be guarded in these initial years of the great undertaking.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

Money and a Day's Work.

I HAVE read with interest and profit your editorial in the June CENTURY, "Has Gold Appreciated in Value?" It occurs to me that there is a primary measure of value, which you do not mention, but tried by which the value of gold will be found to have deviated but little in thirty years past. I refer to labor,—not the price of labor, but "days' works." I have not at hand exact data, but practical miners tell me that the average result from a day's work in gold-mining is not perceptibly different from thirty years ago, while the average day's work in the silver-mines will produce three times as much as in 1865. On the theory that the natural relative price of commodities is determined by the *brawn* expended in the production, while *demand* is but a modifier of the rule, it would seem that much of the mystery relating to the deviation in values may be explained.

WATERTOWN, SOUTH DAKOTA. *Doane Robinson.*

Christianity Outside the Churches.

IN the "Forum" of October, 1890, Bishop Huntington emphasized anew the fact to which Professor Ely had already called attention—viz., that a wide-spread alienation, and indeed distrust, of the church existed even among those working-men who would yet applaud the name of Christ and listen respectfully to his teachings. This is a fact to the very serious significance of which the ecclesiastical authorities and leaders of our churches have given, as yet, far too little weight.

But there is another fact, due primarily to much the same causes, of perhaps even more serious import, but to which even less attention has been given. This is the extent to which some of the most sincere Christian believers of our day, especially among men of intellect, of education, and of moral culture, have come to hold aloof from the institutional fellowship of Christ's professed disciples. The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, in his precious little volume, "Personal Creeds," says (p. 75):

"There is now a good deal of unformulated and even unbaptized Christianity in the thought and life of men outside of the church. Christ is becoming more real in many ways to this generation. His doctrine, although perhaps not so fully apprehended as it might be, is entering effectively into much of the best striving and working of men who are standing aloof from the churches." And again (p. 102): "With a high sense of moral honor, they prefer to go without any belief in a divine plan of salvation, rather than to profess belief in some conceptions which take no active hold on their experience of life."

In even stronger language writes Professor Bruce ("Kingdom of God," p. 144): "I am even disposed to think that a great and steadily increasing portion of the moral worth of society lies outside of the church—separated from it, not by godlessness, but rather by exceptionally intense moral earnestness. Many, in fact, have left the church in order to be Christians." And again (p. 272): "Instead of claiming for the church that within it alone is salvation to be found, earnest men are more inclined to ask whether salvation is to be found in it at all, and does not rather consist in escaping from its influence. A good many are asking such revolutionary questions even now; and it is foolish for churchmen simply to be shocked and to characterize them as profane. The church is only a means to an end. It is good only in so far as it is Christian. There is no merit or profit in mere ecclesiasticism. Whatever reveals the true Christ is of value and will live. Whatever hides Christ—be it pope, priest or presbyter, sacraments or ecclesiastical misrule—is pernicious and must pass away."

Few things are more difficult than to form a calm and an unprejudiced judgment of our own times, and especially of any course of events in which we are ourselves taking, however slight, yet an interested part. We read the published story of the past with the feeling that personal equations have been largely allowed for already by the judicious historian. But in the attempt to judge of that history which is still "in the

making," not only must an allowance for the personal equation be made by us in the reception of every witness and in the weighing of every opinion; but it must be made by the writer, most of all for himself, and by the reader, in his turn, for both the writer and himself.

Now it may be "a short and easy method" with the writers of such language as that quoted above to rebuke them and to deny the truth of the witness which they bear. There is a precedent, in the case of St. Stephen, for stopping our ears and running upon such preachers with one accord and casting them out. The clergy and other religionists who intrench themselves at once in the *a priori* position that there can be no such genuine extra-institutional Christianity, and who take counsel only among themselves and will receive no witness that will not bear the test of their own orthodoxy, may so dispose of this whole subject.

But let the Christian minister or loyal churchman who is so happy as to have even one honest and earnest friend of clear head, of true judgment, and of high moral life,—a business man of integrity, a lawyer of unsullied honor, an authority in science,—among "them that are without,"—a friend between whom and himself there is such mutual trust that either will speak to the other with entire candor,—let that churchman ask that friend whether the language in question is or is not true. Let the father whose sons have never come to feel that they may not tell him honestly all that is in their thoughts, and who, at the same time, associate on terms of free, unmeasured, earnest, mutual confidence with the more thoughtful, high-hearted, and upright young men of their own age and interests—let that father ask his sons whether this is not especially true of very many of the best later graduates and undergraduates of our colleges.

It is the misfortune or the weakness of most of us, and notably of the clergy, that in proportion to our own personal sincerity in the faith which we profess, and our devotion to the church of our allegiance, our friends and even our sons hesitate to tell us plainly, because of the pain it will give us, just what they see and hear, what they believe and know. We unconsciously withdraw from the testimony we ought to hear and out of the reach of such plain speaking; and then we pronounce confidently on a state of things of which we really know nothing.

The fact probably is that both Dr. Smyth and Professor Bruce have borne only faithful witness. The present writer, as at present informed, has no reason to abate one word of such witness. He has not found that testimony directly to the point was either far to seek or hard to get; and so far as he has been able to get direct access to the facts, they fully confirm it.

There has probably been no epoch in Christian history when the best intellects were more deeply interested in religious questions than now; when young men of early advantages and of education were more eager to know what is truth or to give themselves to its proclaiming and to its defense. There never was a time when God was more real to educated and to thinking men generally; when there was, among such men, more real interest in the Bible and desire to study it; when such men were more ready to listen to the story of Christ and to his doctrine, so only it be his and not some gloss which the theologians or ecclesiastics have put upon or substituted for it.

Why then this holding aloof of just such men from the churches which appeal to them in Christ's name and, as they claim, by his authority? Why this self-dissociation from the organized fellowship of those who are united on these very grounds?

The answer to such questionings is at hand if we are ourselves candid enough to suffer it to be given us.

We shall be told, in the first place, that the scientifico-theological philosophy of the day, of which it is claimed that the great law of evolution holds the master key,—that the best biblical criticism of the last generation,—that the powerfully revived Greek doctrine of the divine immanence as distinguished from the Latin doctrine of the divine transcendence,—that these have greatly revolutionized as well as given a new and strong impulse to the best thinking of earnest men; and that it has been made impossible for them any longer either to accept, or to profess without accepting, the old ways of regarding religious data, or the old traditional ideas and formulas of the churches or the dogmatic teachings based upon them.

We shall, at the same time, be reminded that the churches—at all events, those who are the presumably representative authorities and teachers in them—are, as a rule, slow to realize the facts or to admit the force of these changes in religious thinking; that they insist dogmatically upon the old confessions and traditions as part and parcel of the very warp and woof of divine truth; and that it is therefore difficult for those with whom this new religious philosophy and these new convictions find acceptance not to feel themselves virtually excluded from the churches, indeed absolutely repelled by them. At all events, if not drawn to some one minister by teaching which commends itself at once to their intellect and to their conscience, they certainly are not interested, as they might once have been, in the discussion of the claims of the rival churches upon their adhesion or upon their loyalty, upon the acceptance of this or of that confession, of a given form of ecclesiastical polity, or even of the apostolic succession of its chief ministers. They do not care to study or even to consider these questions. They will hold as apostolic and will follow that ministry which leads them most directly Christward, which most truly and most consistently bears witness to him. No other argument has force with them.

Such will be the first reply given us. Let us give it its full weight. And yet there is another and probably a more powerful reason for the facts under consideration than even this,—one indeed which gives to this much of its effect.

For the present has been truly said to be "a day of light and revelation," in which the light is searching all things and discriminating what is real and eternal from the superficial and transitory, and still more from what is unreal.

And it is, therefore, above all other reasons, because those most under the influence of this new theological philosophy feel that the churches are less loyal to truth for its own sake than to their own traditions; less anxious to be faithful to Christ than to adhere to themselves, to their own interpretations of his teachings, to the ecclesiastical habits and even to the ignorances and unreal conventionalities of their past, that they hold aloof from them.

However unjust and prejudiced this may seem to us,

who will venture to say that the churches have given no warrant for any such feelings? It will be difficult to maintain such a defense so long as the churches refuse to consider how far there may perhaps be grounds for such a feeling, and so long as any one who may honestly and loyally raise this question and ask for such self-examination is promptly suppressed. The churches which will not suffer such questions to be asked loyally by their own faithful sons must expect to have them asked in far sterner accents by their enemies.

But when the churches, when any one of them, by her leaders and representative men, shall, with honest and manly candor, court criticism and the most searching trial of all things which may have become unreal, when they manifest a sincere devotion, above all things else, to Christ's Christianity, even should the theological traditions of their past be convicted of error in the new light of truth, and the customs and methods and ecclesiastical life, which are now taken for granted, of unreality by the new revelation, when any church thus illustrates its supreme loyalty to truth and to Christ, then those who now stand so utterly apart, in their own loyalty to both, will return by one and another and at last in flocks to ecclesiastical allegiance.

There is, indeed, great reason to hope that this may soon be; for, to continue the quotations made above, Dr. Smyth goes on to say: "Within the Church itself there is beginning to make itself felt and efficacious, a revival of simpler and more real Christian life." And Professor Bruce (p. 356): "If, as both faith and philosophy attest, Christianity be the absolute religion, perennial because perfect, not destined to be superseded by any better, because better is impossible, it must be able to shake itself clear of whatever hampers the free expression of its eternal vitality. . . . The need of a new hour of emancipation is a prophecy of its coming."

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Wm. Chauncy Langdon.*

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

THE picture "The Angel with the Flaming Sword," on page 696, was painted by Edwin Howland Blashfield in Paris in the winter of 1891, exhibited in the Salon of that year, and is now in the American section of the Fine Arts Building at the World's Fair. It is a canvas of large size, of much story-telling power, and is notable for stately simplicity. Mr. Blashfield has evidently approached his task in a devout spirit. The angel appears to recognize the justice of the sentence, and as a true servant wishes to execute the divine commission, but he does so with sorrow, as though he would fain hear the voice of his Master calling to the erring to return. The artist, who has admirably managed the mixed expression of justice and sorrow on the face of the angel, is to be congratulated on having produced a picture with rare religious feeling. Technically this painting is the peer of Mr. Blashfield's other works. In one respect — namely, the firmness of its drawing — it is a step in advance.

For a more extended notice of Mr. Blashfield's work the reader is referred to this magazine for Dec., 1892.

LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

LYDIA FIELD EMMET, whose picture "In her First Youth" appears on page 728, was born in Pelham, New York. Her first art knowledge was derived from her talented sister, Rosina Emmet Sherwood. While still in her teens she became, at the Art Students' League, a pupil of W. M. Chase, and later of Boulanger and Lefebvre at the Académie Julien, Paris.

Miss Emmet has done much pretty and graceful illustrating for children's books and periodicals. Her most important work is a wall-painting of large proportions, representing Music, Literature, Painting, Sculpture, and Embroidery, in the hall of the Woman's Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

At the Sign of the Skull.

A STRANGE old tavern have I seen:
The walls are thick, the garden green;
'T is damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor.
They come by night, and they come by day,
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow,
And, though he looks exceeding thin,
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests — who, after a while,
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;
And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made.
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare —
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off — but I never found
That any one knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

O strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"

Theodore C. Williams.

The Poverty-Party at Papineau's Hall.

AUTUMN it was, and the evenings grew long,—
  Sure it was time for a wee bit of fun;
Music and dancing can never be wrong
  When the day's labor is over and done.
    Forty-four couples we gathered in all
    At the Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

All of us poor folk, but all of us young;
  High beat our hearts with the joy of full life;
None of us boys but was secretly stung—
  Stung with the hope of possessing a wife!
    Never again will such pleasure befall
    At a young people's party at Papineau's Hall!

Cornet and organ made music divine!
  Smooth was the floor and the lamps brightly gleamed;
Brighter than stars did Peggy's eyes shine:
  She was the lassie of whom my heart dreamed;
    She was the fairest, the belle of the ball
    At our Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

Waltzes and schottisches, polkas and reels,
  Followed each other like gems round a crown.
Peggy well heeded my earnest appeals,—
  Ten times or over I wrote her name down;
    And I took her to supper and carried her shawl
    At the Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall.

Late was the hour when the party was done;
  Yet the last dance would none of us miss.
Seeing 'em home was the cream of the fun:
  Peggy she gave me her first little kiss!
    Now we are old, but we often recall
    The Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Sayings for the Sexes.

A PERFECT woman may be adorable; a woman who is perfect would be beyond endurance.

WHEN the heart is breaking from an old love, there is apt to be a crevice through which a new attachment enters, and wholly heals the fracture.

LOVE at sight is not considered nearly so good a security, in the matrimonial market, as love twelve months after date.

SHORT courtships make long miseries.

SOME marriages seem to be, in the main, only an alliance between a man and a woman for offensive purposes toward one another, and for defensive purposes against the outside world.

WOMEN are prone to be sentimental and sympathetic. A man they might not ordinarily admire or esteem, may arouse their profound interest by appearing to be wretched. Then their pity is in peril of becoming passion. "I am so unhappy," from a man's lips, has perhaps inflamed as many feminine hearts as his most ardent "I love you."

FORTUNE is malicious. She provides luxuries for those who are dying of dyspepsia.

LAUGHTER reveals one's true nature; it expresses the inmost. Shrewd rascals seldom laugh.

MANY persons think they need sympathy, when all they want is flattery.

UNDER the shadow of gratitude lurks resentment—the resentment of incurring obligation undischarged.

HE who is without enemies deserves no friends, and rarely has any.

Junius Henri Browne.

Poetic License.

SHOULD I tell you, sweetest heart!
  How I feel;
If I humbly at your feet
  Were to kneel;
Should I mention that I loved
  None but you;
If I begged for "just a kiss"
  —As I do;

Ordinarily, I know
  What you 'd say,
And can very clearly see
  Just the way
You would most superbly rise,
Would express your great surprise,
And, with fire in your eyes,
  "Fire" me.

But pray ponder, gentle girl,
  Upon this:
Such confessions no one need
  Take amiss;
The poets, with credentials
  Such as these,
By poetic license say
  What they please.

So you cannot stop my bold
  "I love you!"
Nor forbid that for the kiss
  I should sue.
Nor, moreover, can you, pray—
Can you swear that all I say
Is but in a poet's way,
  And not true?

As for me, must I confess,
  "'Neath the rose,"
That no better can I guess
  (For who knows?)
If you might not whisper, "Yes,"
Or demurely acquiesce,
And permit the sweet caress,
  Were this prose?

W. D. Ellwanger.

"What Shall we Name the Baby?"

"WHAT shall we name the baby?"
"Some sweet old Irish name,
That shall wake the fairest fancies
Whenever we say the same:
Something that breathes of the shamrock,
Something that speaks of the sea,
Something that shows old Ireland
As bright as bright can be.

"When we were young together,
We roamed old Ireland through,
And Molly was the sweetest name,
The sweetest name I knew:
We 'll name the baby Molly—
Oh, the name it is so dear!
'T will waken blessed memories
Through every changing year."

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

The Voice of Dreams.

As dreams obey caprice and not our will,
So with the Muse, that wayward voice of dreams:
To-day the pipes of Pan, Pierian streams,
To-morrow withered reeds by waters warped and still.

Edith M. Thomas.

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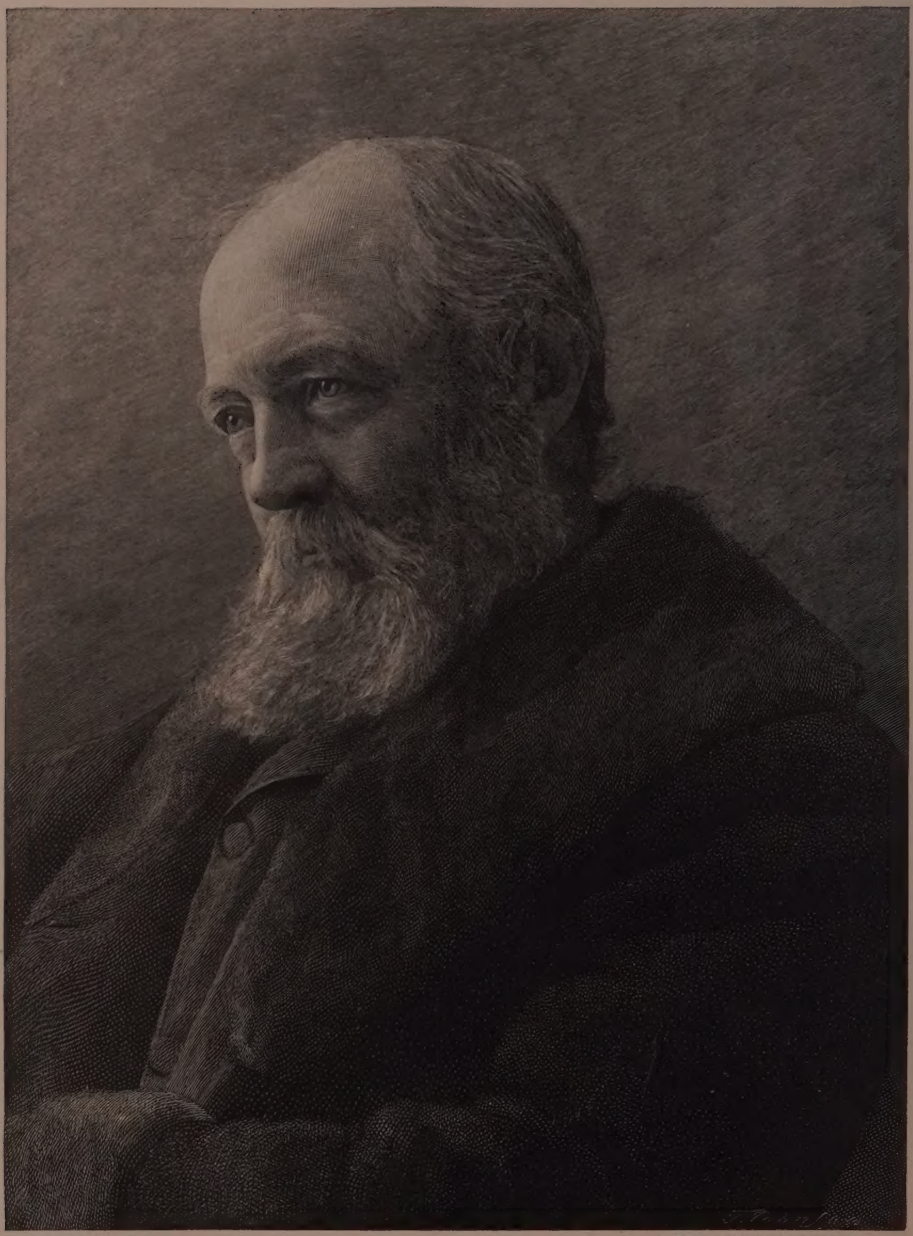

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FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.